THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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DRAWN BY
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

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TISH DOES HER PART

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

FROM the very beginning of the war Tish was determined to go to France. But she is a truthful woman and her age kept her from being accepted. She refused, however, to believe that this was the reason, and blamed her rejection on Aggie and me.

"Age fiddlesticks!" she said, knitting violently. "The plain truth is—and you might as well acknowledge it, Lizzie—that they would take me by myself quick enough just to get the ambulance I've offered if for no other reason. But they don't want three middle-aged women, and I don't know that I blame them."

That was last September, I think, and Tish had just received her third rejection. They were willing enough to take the ambulance, but they would not let Tish drive it. I am quite sure it was September, for I remember that Aggie was having hay fever at the time, and she fell to sneezing violently.

Tish put down her knitting and stared at Aggie until the paroxysm was over.

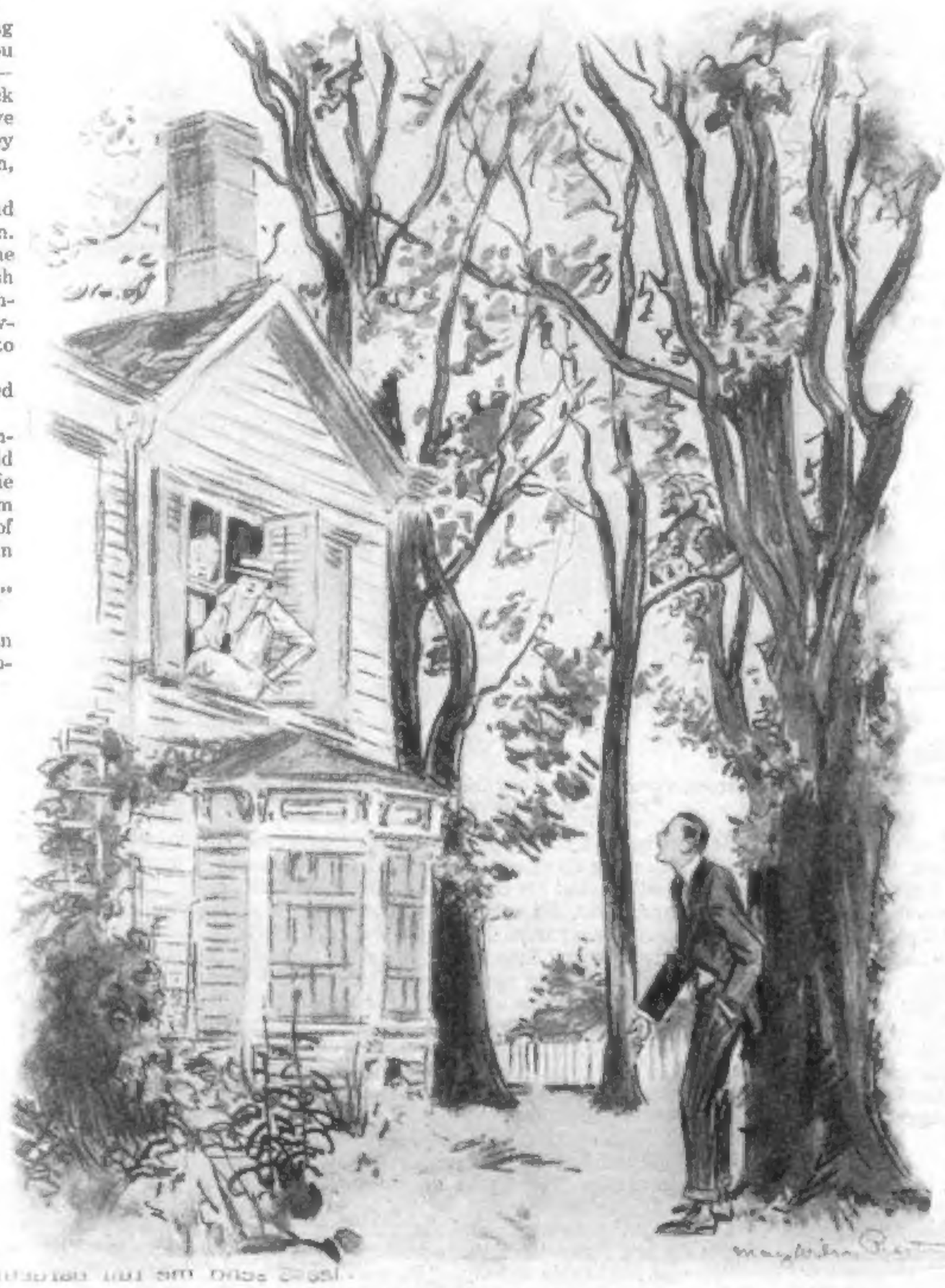
"Exactly," she observed coldly. "Imagine me creeping out onto a battlefield to gather up the wounded, and Aggie crawling behind, going off like an alarm clock every time she met a clump of goldenrod, or whatever they have in France to produce hay fever."

"I could stay in the ambulance, Tish," Aggie protested.

"I understand," Tish went on in an inflexible tone, "that those German snipers have got so that they shoot by ear. One sneeze would probably be fatal. Not only that," she went on, turning to me, "but you know perfectly well, Lizzie, that a woman of your weight would be always stepping on brush and sounding like a night attack."

"Not at all!" I replied, slightly ruffled. "And for a very good reason: I should not be there. As to my weight, Tish, my mother was always considered merely a fine figure of a woman, and I am just her size. It is only since this rage for skinny women ——" But Tish was not listening. She drew a deep sigh and picked up her knitting again.

"We'd better not discuss it," she said. "But in these days of efficiency it seems a mistake that a woman who can drive an ambulance and can't turn the heel of a stocking to save her life should be knitting socks that any soldier with sense would use to clean his gun with or to tie round a sore throat, but never to wear."



"I've Decided Not to Marry You. No Matter How Much I Care for You, I Cannot Marry a Slacker"

It was, I think, along in November that Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew, came to see me. He had telephoned and asked me to have Aggie there. So I called her up, and told her to buy some cigarettes on the way. I remember that she was very irritated when she arrived, though the very soul of gentleness usually.

She came in and slammed a small package on my table.

"There!" she said. "And don't ever ask me to do such a thing again. The man in the shop winked at me when I said they were not for myself."

However, Aggie is never angry for any length of time, and a moment later she was remarking that Mr. Wiggins had always been a smoker, and that one of his workmen had blamed his fatal accident on the roof to smoke from his pipe getting into his eyes.

Shortly after that I was surprised to find her in tears.

"I was just thinking, Lizzie," she said. "What if Mr. Wiggins had lived, and we had had a son, and he had decided to go and fight!"

She then broke down and sobbed violently, and it was some time before I could calm her. Even then it was not the fact that she had no son which calmed her.

"Of course I'm silly, Lizzie," she said. "I'll stop now. Because of course they don't all get killed—or even wounded. He'd probably come out all right, and everyone says the training is fine for them."

Charlie Sands came in shortly after and, having kissed us both and tried on a nightshirt I was making for the Red Cross, and having found the cooky jar in the pantry and brought it into my sitting room, sat down and came to business.

"Now," he said, "what's she up to?"

He always referred to Tish as "she," to Aggie and myself.

"She has given up going to France," I replied.

"Perhaps! What does Hannah report?"

I am sorry to say that, fearing Tish's impulsive nature, we had felt obliged to have Hannah watch her carefully. Tish has a way of breaking out in unexpected places, like a boil, as Charlie Sands once observed, and by knowing her plans in advance we have sometimes prevented her acting in a rash manner. Sometimes—not always.

"Hannah says everything is quiet," Aggie said. "Dear Tish has apparently given up all thought of going abroad. At least, Hannah says she no longer practices first aid on her. Not since the time Tish gave her an alcohol bath and she caught cold. Hannah says she made her lie uncovered, with the window open, so the alcohol would evaporate. But she gave notice the next day, which was ungrateful of her, for Tish sat up all night feeding her things out of her first-aid case; and if she did give her a bit of iodine by mistake ——"

"She is no longer interested in first aid," I broke in. Aggie has a way of going on and on, and it was not necessary to mention the matter of the iodine. "I know that, because I blistered my hand over there the other day, and she merely told me to stick it in the baking-soda jar."

"That's curious," said Charlie Sands. "Because —— Great Scott, what's wrong with these cigarettes?"

"They are violet-scented," Aggie explained. "The smell sticks so, and Lizzie is fond of violet."

However, he did not seem to care for them, and appeared positively ashamed. He opened a window, though it was cold outside, and shook himself in front of it like a dog. But all he said was:

"I am a meek person, Aunt Lizzie, and I like to humor whims when I can. But the next time you have a male visitor and offer him a cigarette, for the love of Mike don't tell him those brazen gilt-tipped incense things are mine!"

He then ate nine cookies, and explained why he had come.

"I don't like the look of things, beloved and respected spinsters," he said. "I fear my revered aunt is again up to mischief. You haven't heard her say anything more about aëroplanes, have you?"

"No," I replied for us both.

"Or submarines?"

"She's been taking swimming lessons again," I said thoughtfully.

"Lizzie!" Aggie cried. "Oh, my poor Tish!"

"I think, however," said Charlie Sands, "that it is not a submarine. There are no submarine flivvers, as I understand it, and a full-size one would run into money. No, I hardly think so. The fact remains, however, that my respected and revered aunt has made away with about seven thousand dollars' worth of bonds that were, until a short time ago, giving semiannual birth to plump little coupons. The question is What is she up to?"

But we were unable to help him, and at last he went away. His parting words were:

"Well, there is something in the air, and the only thing to do, I suppose, is to wait until it drops. But when my beloved female relative takes to selling bonds without consulting me, and forgets my birthday, and goes out, as I met her yesterday, with her hat on front side behind, there is something in the wind. I know the symptoms!"

Aggie and I kept a close watch on Tish after that, but without result, unless the following incident may be called a result. Though it was rather a cause, after all, for it brought Mr. Culver into our lives.

I think it important to relate it in detail, as in a way it vindicates Tish in her treatment of Mr. Culver, though I do not mean by this statement that there was anything of personal malice in the incident of June fifth of this year. Those of us who know Tish best realize that she needs no defense. Her motives are always of the highest, though perhaps the matter of the police officer was ill-advised. But, now that the story is out and Mr. Ostermaier very uneasy about the wrong name being on the marriage license, I think an explanation will do dear Tish no harm.

I should explain, then, that Tish has retained the old homestead in the country, renting it to a reliable family. And that it has been our annual custom to go there for chestnuts each autumn. On the Sunday following Charlie Sands' visit, therefore, while Aggie and I were having dinner with Tish, I suggested that we make our annual pilgrimage the following day.

"What pilgrimage?" Tish demanded. She was at that time interested in seeing if a table could be set for thirty-five cents a day per person, and the meal was largely beans.

"For chestnuts," I explained.

"I don't think I'll go this year," Tish observed, not looking at either of us. "I'm not a young woman, and climbing a chestnut tree requires youth."

"You could get the farmer's boy," Aggie suggested hopefully. Aggie is a creature of habit, and clings hard to the past.

"The farmer is not there any more."

We stared at her in amazement, but she was helping herself to boiled dandelion at the time, and made no further explanation.

"Why, Tish!" Aggie exclaimed.

"Aggie," she observed, "if you would only remember that the world is hungry you would eat your crusts."

"I ate crusts for twenty years," said Aggie, "because I'd been raised to believe they would make my hair curl. But I've come to a time of life when my digestion means more to me than my looks. And since I've had the trouble with my teeth ——"

"Teeth or no teeth," said Tish firmly, "eating crusts is a patriotic duty, Aggie."

She was clearly disinclined to explain about the farm, but on being pressed said she had sent the tenants away because they kept pigs. Which was absurd and she knew it.

"Isn't keeping pigs a patriotic duty?" Aggie demanded. But Tish ignored the question.

"What about the church?" I asked.

Tish had always given the farm money to missions, and is therefore honorary president of the missionary society. She did not reply immediately, as she was pouring milk over her cornstarch at the time, but Hannah, her maid, spoke up rather bitterly.

"If we give the heathen what we save on the table, Miss Lizzie," she said, "I guess they'll do pretty well. I'm that fed up with beans that my digestion is all upset. I have to take baking soda after my meals, regular."

Tish looked up at her sharply.

"Entire armies fight on beans," she said.

"Yes'm!" said Hannah. "I'd fight on 'em too. That's the way they make me feel. And if a German bayonet is any worse than the colic I get ——"

"Leave the room!" said Tish in a furious voice, and finished her cornstarch in silence.

But she is a just woman, and though firm in her manner she is naturally kind. After dinner, seeing that Aggie was genuinely disappointed about the excursion to the farm, she relented and observed that we would go to the farm as usual.

"After all," she said, "chestnuts are nourishing, and might take the place of potatoes in a pinch."

"Look Here, Tish," I Said, "Is There Something in This Barn You Do Not Wish Me to See?"

Here we heard a hollow groan from the pantry, but on Tish's demanding its reason Hannah said, meekly enough, that she had knocked her crazy bone; and Tish, with her usual magnanimity, did not pursue the subject.

There was a heavy frost that night, and two days later Tish called me up and fixed the following day for the visit to the farm. On looking back I am inclined to think that her usual enthusiasm was absent, but we suspected nothing. She said that Hannah would put up the luncheon, and that she had looked up the food value of chestnuts and that it was enormous. She particularly requested that Aggie should not bake a cake for the picnic as had been her custom.

"Cakes," she said, "are a reckless extravagance. In butter, eggs and flour a single chocolate layer cake could support three men at the Front for two days, Lizzie," she said.

I repeated this to Aggie, and she was rather resentful. Aggie, I regret to say, has rather a weakness for good food.

"Humph!" she said bitterly. "Very well, Lizzie. But if she expects me to go out like Balaam's ass and eat dandelions, I'd rather starve."

Neither Aggie nor I am inclined to be suspicious, and though we noticed Tish's rather abstracted expression that morning we laid it to the fact that Charlie Sands had been talking about going to the American Ambulance in France, which Tish opposed violently—although she was more than anxious to go herself.

Aggie put in her knitting bag the bottle of blackberry cordial without which we rarely travel, as we find it excellent in case of chilling or indigestion—and even to rub on hornet stings. I was placing the suitcase, in which it is our custom to carry the chestnuts, in the back of the car when I spied a very small parcel. Aggie saw it too.

"If that's the lunch, Tish," she said, "I don't know that I care to go."

"You can eat chestnuts," said Tish shortly. "But don't go on my account. It looks like rain anyhow, and the last time I went to the farm in the mud I skidded down a hill backward and was only stopped by running into a cow that thought I was going the other way."

"Nonsense, Tish!" I said. "It hasn't an idea of raining. And if the lunch isn't sufficient there are generally some hens from the Knowles place that lay in your barn, aren't there?"

"Certainly not!" she said stiffly, though it wasn't three months since she had threatened to charge the Knowleses rent for their chickens.

Well, I was puzzled. It is not like Tish to be irritable without reason, though she has undoubtedly a temper. She was most unpleasant on the way out, remarking that if the Ostermaiers' maid continued to pare away half the potatoes, as any fool could see round their garbage can, she thought the church should reduce his salary. She also stated flatly that she considered that the nation would be better off if someone would uncork a gas bomb in the Capitol at Washington, in spite of the fact that my second cousin, once removed, the Honorable J. C. Willoughby, represents his country in its legislative halls.

It is always a bad sign when Tish talks politics, especially since the income tax.

Though it had no significance for us at the time, she did not put her car in the barn as she usually does, but left it in the road. The house was closed, and there was no cool and refreshing buttermilk with which to wash down our frugal repast, which we ate on the porch, as Tish did not offer to unlock the house. Frugal repast it was indeed, consisting of lettuce sandwiches made without butter, as Tish considered that both butter and lettuce were an extravagance. There were, of course, also beans.

Now, as it happens, Aggie is not strong and requires palatable as well as substantial food to enable her to get about, especially to climb trees. We missed her during the meal, and I saw that she was going toward the barn. Tish saw it also, and called to her sharply.

"I am going to get an egg," Aggie replied with gentle obstinacy. "I am starving, Tish, and I am certain I heard a hen cackle. Probably one of the Knowles chickens ——"

"If it is a Knowles chicken," Tish said virtuously, "its egg is a Knowles egg, and therefore we have no right to it."

I am sorry to relate that here Aggie said "Oh, rats!" but, as she apologized immediately, and let the egg drop—figuratively, of course—peace again hovered over our little party. Only momentarily, however, for a short time after, a hen undoubtedly cackled, and Aggie got up with an air of determination.

"Tish," she said, "that may be a Knowles hen or it may be one belonging to this farm. I don't know, and I don't give a—I don't care. I'm going to get it!"

"The barn's locked," said Tish.

"I could get in through a window."

I shall never forget Tish's look of scorn as she rose with dignity and stalked toward the barn.

"I shall go myself, Aggie," she said as she passed her. "You would probably fall in the rain barrel under the window. You're no climber. And you might as well eat those crusts you've hidden under the porch if you're as hungry as you make out you are."

"Lizzie," Aggie hissed when Tish was out of hearing, "*what is in that barn?*"

"It may be anything from a German spy to an aëroplane," I said. "But it's not your business or mine."

"You needn't be so dratted virtuous," Aggie observed, scooping a hole in the petunia bed and burying the crusts in it. "Whatever's on her mind is in that barn."

"Naturally," I observed, "while Tish is in it!"

Tish returned in a short time with one egg, which she placed on the porch floor without a word. But as she made no effort to give Aggie the house key, and as Aggie has never learned to swallow a raw egg, though I have heard that they taste rather like oysters, and slip down in much the same way, Aggie was obliged to continue hungry.

It is only just to record that Tish grew more companionable after luncheon, and got into a large chestnut tree near the house by climbing on top of the henhouse. We had always before had the farmer's boy to do the climbing into the upper branches; and I confess to a certain nervousness, especially as Tish, when far above the ground, decided to take off her dress skirt, which was her second-best tailor-made, and climb round in her petticoats.

She had to have both hands free to unhook the band of her skirt, and she very nearly overbalanced while stepping out of it.

"Drat a woman's clothes, anyhow!" she said. "If we had any sense we'd wear trousers."

"I understand," I said, "that even trousers are not easy to get out of, Tish."

"Don't be a fool, Lizzie," she said tartly. "If I had trousers on I wouldn't have to take them off. Catch it!"

However, the skirt did not fall clear, but caught on a branch far out, and hung there.

Tish broke off a small limb and poked at it from above, and I found a paling from a fence and threw it up to dislodge it. But it stuck tight, and the paling came down and struck Aggie on the head. Had we only known it, this fortunate accident probably saved Aggie's life, for she sat down suddenly on the ground, and said faintly that her skull was fractured.

I was bending over Aggie when I heard a sharp crack from above.

I looked up, and Tish was lying full length on a limb, her arm out to reach for the skirt and a most terrible expression on her face. There was another crack, and our poor Tish came hurtling through the air, landing half in Aggie's lap and half in the suitcase.

I was quite unable to speak, and owing, as I learned later, to Tish's head catching her near the waistline, Aggie had no breath even to scream.

There was a dreadful silence. Then Tish said, without moving:

"All my property is to go to Charlie Sands."

"Tish!" I cried in an agony; and Aggie, who still could not speak, burst into tears.

However, a moment later Tish drew up first one limb and then the other, and observed that her back was broken.

She then mentioned that Aggie was to have her cameo set and the dining-room sideboard, and that I was to have the automobile; but the next instant she felt a worm on her neck and sat up, looking rather disheveled but far from death.

"Where are you hurt, Tish?" I asked, trembling.

"Everywhere!" she replied. "Everywhere, Lizzie. Every bone in my body is broken."

But after a time the aching localized itself in her right arm, which began to swell. We led her down to the creek and got her to hold it in the cold water; and Aggie, being still nervous and unsteady, slipped on a mossy stone and sat down in about a foot of water. It was then that our dear Tish became like herself again, for Aggie was shocked into saying "Oh damn!" and Tish gave her a severe lecture on profanity.

Tish was quite sure her arm was broken, as well as all the ribs on one side. But she is a brave woman and made little fuss, though she kept poking a finger into her flesh here and there.

"Because," she said, "the first-aid book says that if a lung is punctured the air gets into the tissues, and they crackle on pressure."

It was soon after this that I saw Aggie, who had made no complaint about Tish's falling on her, furtively testing her own tissues to see if they crackled.

Leaving my injured there by the creek, I went back to the tree and secured my paling again. By covering it with straw from the barn I was quite sure I could make a comfortable splint for Tish's arm. However, I had but just reached the barn and was preparing to crawl through a window by standing on a rain barrel when I saw Tish limping after me.

"Well?" she said. "What idiotic idea is in your head, Lizzie? Because if it is more eggs ——"

"I am going to get some straw and make a splint."

"Nonsense! What for?"

"What do you suppose I intend it for?" I demanded tartly. "To trim a hat?"

"I won't have a splint."

"Very well," I retorted. "Then I shall get some straw and start a fire to dry Aggie out."

"You'll stick in that window," Tish said in what in a smaller woman would have been a vicious tone.

"Look here, Tish," I said, balancing on the edge of the rain barrel, "is there something in this barn you do not wish me to see?"

She looked at me steadily.

"Yes," she said, "there is, Lizzie. And I'll ask you to promise on your honor not to mention it."

That promise I am glad to say I have kept until now, when the need of secrecy is past, Tish herself having divulged the truth. But at the time I was greatly agitated, and indeed almost fell into the rain barrel.

"Or to try to find out what it is," Tish went on sternly.

I promised, of course, and Tish relaxed somewhat, though I caught her eye on me once or twice, as though she were daring me to so much as guess at the secret.

"Of course, Lizzie," she said as we approached Aggie, "it is nothing I am ashamed of."

"Of course not," I replied hastily. I took my courage in my hands and faced her. "Tish, have you an aëroplane hidden in that barn?"

"No!" she replied promptly. She might have enlarged on her denial, but Aggie took a violent sneezing spell just then, pressing herself between paroxysms to see if she crackled, and we decided to go home at once.

Here a new difficulty presented itself. Tish could not drive the car! I shall never forget my anguish when she turned to me and said:

"You will have to drive us home, Lizzie."

"Never!" I cried.

"It's perfectly easy," she went on. "If children can run them, and the idiots they have in garages——"

"Never!" I said firmly. "It may be easy, but it took you six months, Tish Carberry, and three broken springs and any number of dead chickens and animals, besides the time you went through a bridge, and the night you drove off the end of a dock. It may be easy, but if it is I'd rather do something hard!"

"I shall sit beside you, Lizzie," she said in a patient voice. "I dare say you know which is your right foot and which is your left. If not I can tell you. I shall say 'left' when I want you to push out the clutch, and 'right' for the brake. As for gears, I can change them for you with my left hand."

"I could do it sitting in a chair," I said in a despairing voice. "But, Tish," I said in a last effort, "do you remember when you tried to teach me to ride a bicycle? And that the moment I saw something to avoid I made a mad dash for it?"

"This is different," Tish said. "In a car ——"

"And that I rode about a quarter of a mile into Lake Penzance, and would likely have ridden straight across if I hadn't run into a canoe and upset it?"

"You can always stop a car," said Tish. "Don't be a coward, Lizzie. All you have to do is to shove hard with your right foot."

Yet when I did exactly that she denied she had ever said it. Fond as I am of Tish, I must admit that she has a way of forgetting things she does not wish to remember.

In the end I consented. It was against my better judgment, and I warned Tish. I have no talent for machinery, but indeed a great fear of it, since the time when as a child I was visiting my grandaunt's farm and almost lost a finger in a feed cutter. In addition to that, Tish's accident and her secret had both unnerved me. I knew that calamity faced us as I took my place at the wheel.

Tish was still in her petticoat, as we were obliged to leave her dress skirt in the tree, and Aggie was wrapped in the rug to prevent her taking cold.

"When we meet a buggy," Tish said, "we'd better go past it rather fast. I don't ache to be seen in a seersucker petticoat."

"Fast!" I said bitterly. "You'd better pray that we go past it at all."

However, by going very slowly I got the thing as far as the gate going into the road. Here there was a hill, and we began to move too rapidly.

"Slower!" said Tish. "You've got to make a turn here."

"How?" I cried frantically.

"Brake!" she yelled.

"Which foot?"

"Right foot. Right foot!"

However, it seems that my right foot was on the gas throttle at the time, which she had forgotten. I jammed my foot down hard, and the car seemed to lift out of the air. We went across the ditch, through a stake-and-rider fence, through a creek and up the other side of the bank, and brought up against a haystack with a terrific jolt.

Tish sat back and straightened her hat with a jerk.

"We'd better go back and do it again, Lizzie," she said, "because you missed one or two things."

"I did what you told me," I replied sullenly.

"Did you?" said Tish. "I don't remember telling you to leap the creek. Of course, cross-country motoring has its advantages. Only one really should have solid tires, because barbed-wire fences might be awkward."

She then sat back and rested.

"Well?" I said.

"Well?" said Tish.

"What am I to do now?"

"Oh!" she said. "I thought you preferred doing it your own way. I don't object if you don't. You are quite right.

Unfortunately Aggie Still Had the Bottle of Blackberry Cordial in the Air, and His Expression Altered When He Saw Her

Roads do become monotonous. Only I doubt, Lizzie, if you can get over this stack. You'd better go round it."

"Very well," I said. "My own way is to walk home, Tish Carberry. And if you think I am going to steer a runaway automobile you can think again."

Aggie had said nothing, but I now turned and saw her, pale and shaken, taking a sip of the blackberry cordial we always carry with us for emergencies. I suggested that she drive the thing home, but she only shook her head and muttered something about almost falling out of the back end of the car when we leaped up out of the creek. She had, she asserted, been clear up on the folded-back top, and had stayed there until the jolt against the haystack had thrown her forward into the seat again.

I dare say we should still be there had not a young man with a gun run suddenly round the haystack. He had a frightened look, but when he saw us all alive he relaxed. Unfortunately, however, Aggie still had the bottle of blackberry cordial in the air. His expression altered when he saw her, and he said in a disgusted voice:

"Well, I'm damned!"

Tish had not seen Aggie, and merely observed that she felt like that and even more. She then remarked that I had broken her other arm, and her nose, which had struck the wind shield. But the young man merely gave her a scornful glance, and leaning his gun against the haystack came over to the car and inspected us all with a most scornful expression.

"I thought so!" he said. "When I saw you leaping that fence and jumping the creek I knew what was wrong. Only I thought it was a party of men. In my wildest dreams—— Give me that bottle!" he ordered Aggie, holding out his hand.

Now it is Aggie's misfortune to have lost her own teeth some years ago, owing to a country dentist who did not know his business. And when excited she has a way of losing her hold, as one may say, on her upper set. She then speaks in a thick tone, with a lisp.

"Thertainly not!" said Aggie.

To my horror the young man then stepped on the running board of the car and snatched the bottle out of her hand.

"I must say," he said, glaring at us each in turn, "that it is the most disgraceful thing I have ever seen." His eyes stopped at Tish, and traveled over her. "Where is your clothing?" he demanded fiercely.

It was then that Tish rose and fixed him with a glittering eye. "Young man," she said, "where my dress skirt is does not concern you. Nor why we are here as we are. Give Miss Pilkington that bottle of blackberry cordial."

"Blackberry cordial!" jeered the young man.

"As for what you evidently surmise, you are a young idiot. I am the president of the local branch of the W. C. T. U."

"Of course you are!" said the young man. "I'm Carrie Nation myself."

He then selected a large stone and smashed the bottle on it.

"Now," he observed, "come over with the rest of it, and be quick!" But here he seemed to realize that Tish's face was rather awful, for he stopped bullying and began to coax. "Now see here," he said, "I'm going to help you out of this if I can, because I rather think it is an accident. You've all had something on an empty stomach. Go down to the creek and get some cold water, and then walk about a bit. I'll see what I can do with the car."

Aggie was weeping in the rear seat by that time, and I shall never forget Tish's face. Suddenly she got out of the car, and before he realized what was happening she had his gun in her good hand.

"Now," she said, waving it about recklessly, "I'll teach you to insult sober and God-fearing women whose only fault is that one of them hasn't all the wit she should have, and let a car run away with her. Lizzie, get out of that seat!"

It was the young man's turn to look strange.

"Be careful!" he cried. "Be careful!! That gun's loaded, and the safety catch is ——"

"Get out, Aggie!"

Aggie crawled out, still holding the rug round where she had sat down in the creek.

"Now," Tish said, addressing the stranger, "you back that car out and get it to the road. And close your mouth. Something is likely to fly into it."

"I beg of you!" said the young man. "Of course I'll do what I can, but—please don't wave that gun round."

"Just a moment," said Tish. "That blackberry cordial was worth about a dollar. Just give a dollar to the lady near you. Aggie, take that dollar. Lizzie, come here and let me rest this gun on your shoulder."

She did, keeping it pointed at the young man, and I could hear her behind me, breathing in short gasps of fury. Nothing could so have enraged Tish as the thing that had happened, and for a time I feared that she would actually do the young man some serious harm.

He sat there looking at us, and he saw, of course, that he had been mistaken. He grew very red and said:

"I've been an idiot, of course. If you will allow me to apologize ——"

"Don't talk!" Tish snapped. "You have all you can do without any conversation. Did you ever drive a car before?"

"Not through a haystack," he said in a sulky voice.

But Tish fixed him with a glittering eye, and he started the engine.

Well, he got the car back and turned round, and we followed him through the stubble as the car bumped and rocked along. But at the edge of the creek he stopped and turned round.

"Look here!" he said. "This is suicide. This car will never do it."

"It has just done it," Tish replied inexorably. "Go on!"

"I might get down, but I'll never get up the other side."

"Go on!"

"Tish!" Aggie cried, anguished. "He may be killed, and you'll be responsible."

Aggie is a sentimental creature and the young man was very good-looking. Indeed, arriving at the brink, I myself had qualms. But Tish has a will of iron, and was, besides, still rankling with insult. She merely glued her eye again to the sight of the gun on my shoulder, and said:

"Go on!"

Well, he got the car down somehow or other, but nothing would make it climb the other side. It would go up a few feet and then slide back. And at last Tish herself saw that it was hopeless, and told him to turn and go down the creek bed.

It was a very rough creek bed, and one of the springs broke almost at once. We followed along the bank, and I think Tish found a sort of grim humor in seeing the young man bouncing up into the air and coming down on the wheel, for I turned once and found her smiling faintly. However, she merely called to him to be careful of the other springs or she would have to ask him to pay for them.

He stopped then, in a pool about two feet deep, and glared up at her.

"Oh, certainly," he said. "I suppose the fact that I have permanently bent in my floating ribs on this infernal wheel doesn't matter."

At last he came to a shelving bank and got the car out. I think he contemplated making a run for it then and getting away, but Tish observed that she would shoot into the rear tires if he did so. So he went back to the road slowly, and there stopped the car.

However, Tish was not through with him. She made him climb the chestnut tree and bring down her dress skirt, and then turn his back while she put it on. By that time the young man was in a chastened mood, and he apologized handsomely.

"But I think I have made amends, ladies," he said. "I feel that I shall never be the same again. When I started out to-day I was a blithe young thing, feeling life in every limb, as the poet says. Now what I feel in every limb does not belong in verse. May I have the shotgun, please?"

But Tish had no confidence in him, and we took the gun with us, arranging to leave it at the first signpost, about a mile away.

We left him there, and Aggie reported that he stood in the road staring after us as long as we were in sight.

Tish drove the car home after all, steering with one hand, and taking a wheel off a buggy on the way. I sat beside her and changed the gears, and she blamed the buggy wheel on me, owing to my going into reverse when I meant to go ahead slowly. The result was that we began to back unexpectedly, and the man only saved his horse by jumping him over a watering trough.

I have gone into this incident with some care, because the present narrative concerns itself with the young man we met, and with the secret in Tish's barn. At the time, of course, it seemed merely one of the unpleasant things one wishes to forget quickly. Tish's arm was only sprained, and though Aggie wore adhesive plaster round her ribs almost all winter, because she was afraid to have it pulled off, there were no permanent ill effects.

The winter passed quietly enough. Aggie and I made Red Cross dressings for Europe, and Tish, tiring of knitting, made pajamas. She had turned against the Government, and almost left the church when she learned that Mr. Ostermaier had voted the Democratic ticket. Then, in January, without telling anyone, she went away for four days; and Sarah Willoughby wrote me later that the Honorable J. C., her husband, said that a woman resembling Tish had demanded from the gallery of the Senate that we declare war against Germany and had been put out by the sergeant-at-arms.

I do not know that this was Tish. She returned as unannounced as she had gone, and went back to her pajamas, but she was more quiet than usual; and sometimes, when she was sewing, her lips moved as though she were rehearsing a speech. She observed once or twice that she wanted to do her part, but that she considered digging trenches considerably easier than driving a sewing machine twelve miles a day.

I remember, in this connection, a conversation I had with Mrs. Ostermaier some time in January. She asked me to wait after the Red Cross meeting, and I saw trouble in her eye.

"Miss Lizzie," she said, "do you think Miss Tish really enjoys sewing?"

"Not particularly," I admitted. "But it is better than knitting, she says, because it is faster. She likes to get results."

"Exactly," Mrs. Ostermaier observed. "I'll just ask you to look at this pajama coat she has turned in."

Well, there was no getting away from it. It was wrong.

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"That Last Car is Done for if I Know Anything About Barbed Wire, and They're Not Likely to Chase a Machine on Foot"

Black Sheep Among the Neutrals

By CARL W. ACKERMAN

AH, DELICIOUS PERFUME!
NOT THAT, SIR. I AM SERVING THE CONSOMME, SIR!
DONE IN OIL, SIR!
SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE, SIR!
10 CENTS WILL KEEP A BABY ALIVE FOR A WEEK!
YOU SLACKER DO YOUR BIT!
THE SOUP-
THE FISH -
THE ENTREE -
THE ROAST-
THE HOME GUARD IS CALLED OUT, SIR. YOU ARE ASSIGNED TO GUARD THE GAS HOUSE, SIR!
TAX RECEIPTS
THE SALAD -
THE DESSERT -
HERE'S YOUR TIP!

A Wartime Dinner

I WANT to know," says the impatient American to-day, "why Germany isn't exhausted. If England and France are 'shot to pieces,' as they say; if Italy is faced by gigantic economic problems, Russia by indecision and chaos—how, in the name of the Seven Seas, can Germany keep on fighting? How long can she hold out?"

The answers are the names of four nations. They are: Norway; Denmark; Sweden; Holland.

Without the neutrals' aid Germany would be doomed. She cannot harvest enough food, she cannot produce the necessary war munitions in her own land or in the occupied territory to feed and supply the army and people too. But as long as Germany can import billions of marks' worth of edibles and raw materials from these countries, as she has so far during the war, she will be able to fight the rest of the world. Thrown upon her own resources, hermetically sealed within her own borders, the breath of belligerency will depart from the Imperial Military Organization.

Dutch Food-Smugglers

GOVERNMENT authorities estimate that sufficient food is shipped into Germany from her four neutral neighbors to feed the entire German Army. Denmark, as late as June, 1917, was exporting seven thousand head of cattle a week across the German frontier. Holland is sending smoked meats, butter, cheese, eggs, vegetables and fish by the carload every day. Whale oil, sardines, herring and sea food go from Norway. Sweden is selling millions of kronen's worth of war materials to Berlin. During the first three months of this year Sweden shipped nearly seventeen million tons of iron ore to Germany.

These are the ways the belligerent neutrals supply our enemy. They are the chief reasons why Germany can keep going. But they are not entirely to blame. Without supplies from the United States none of these countries would be able to work for the Kaiser. Holland, Denmark and Sweden must have fodder and grain from the United States to fatten their livestock. All the neutrals must have our supplies to substitute for those exported to Germany.

When I was living in Berlin I had to go to Copenhagen frequently to get food for my own household. I could purchase ham, bacon, eggs and butter and take them to Berlin without difficulty. If I desired to eat the ham or bacon in Denmark it would cost about forty cents a pound, because it had been imported from Chicago. But if I wished to take smoked meat across the Baltic I had to buy it of S. Johannsen & Co., the "court packer," who could grant export permission. He charged one dollar a pound for Danish goods. The Copenhagen merchants, through the Danish Government, had promised the Allies that none of the food imported from the United States would be re-exported to Germany, but no pledges were given regarding food produced in Denmark. The result was that the Danes ate American food and sold everything they raised to the German Food Department for one hundred per cent more than the American goods cost. The process required little effort and it paid enormous profits.

One time when the Allies tried to stop the shipment of pork from Holland into Germany, Von Kuehlmann, German Minister at The Hague, remarked to a caller that there could be no objection to this because "a Dutch pig is American maize on four legs."

Recently I saw an official report made to the government of one of the nations now at war with Germany. The first paragraph read:

"From Holland and the Scandinavian countries Germany still obtains supplies which are not negligible. They may be estimated in gross for 1916 at 2,600,000 tons, of which 1,250,000 tons came from Holland, 800,000 tons from Norway and 560,000 tons from Denmark. There was no estimate for Sweden. This is enough to feed nearly the entire German Army one year. Now it is reliably reported that seven thousand head of oxen go from Denmark to Germany weekly."

These figures do not take into consideration the enormous amounts of food smuggled into Germany from these four countries and Belgium. Unfortunately a great deal of food has been smuggled from this little occupied country. It was customary, for instance, every time a Zeppelin flew from Namur or one of the other Belgian cities to Darmstadt, Germany, where the great repair station is located, for the gondolas to be filled with food instead of bombs. It was manna from heaven for the Germans.

Weilkenraet is a small Belgian-German town with the Border down the middle of Main Street. When the army of occupation arrived a barbed-wire fence was built through this street and armed sentries were placed on guard. When food began to get scarce the German inhabitants of Weilkenraet offered large sums of money to their Belgian neighbors, and every day hundreds of baskets of food were lifted over the fence as the sentries, smoking heavy pipes, leisurely walked by.

In Cologne and Düsseldorf food smuggled from Belgium and Holland is sold at big profits, and the wealthy citizens of these two cities have no difficulty in getting it. Small hams bring as much as ten and fifteen dollars each. Butter and cheese bring from one dollar to one dollar and a half a pound. The Business-as-Usual sign has been turned to the wall.

Publicly the Dutch Government guards its food neutrality very well. It arrests hundreds of smugglers every week and imposes prison sentences; but the rewards are so great for success that smuggling cannot be stopped. At one place along the Dutch Border the interurbans from Rotterdam run along the top of a high hill. The Holland-German Border is somewhere between the hilltop and the valley. For many months it was customary for Dutch citizens to take pleasure rides and drop baskets of supplies out of the car windows as the train skirted Germany. Food and supplies used to roll down this hill every time a car passed. Men stood with bicycles on the back platform and shoved them off to the waiting Germans in the valley below. All the baskets, boxes and wheels were tagged with the name of the shipper and the consignee. It was a war-emergency business measure. After this had continued for many months the Allies compelled the Dutch Government to bar the car windows and make it unlawful for passengers to throw things out of the windows!

The Fatal Rubber Sack

EVERY day passenger trains run from Holland into Germany. Formerly they were carrying vans for smugglers, but now everything is taken away from travelers, even cakes of soap. When the train reaches the Dutch Border station passengers are not permitted to go into the railroad restaurant to eat one more hearty meal before proceeding to Germany. It is *verboten*. But in the freight yards are trainloads of food being shipped into Germany with official sanction. There are carloads of meat, vegetables, cheese and butter. Even the official German food-buying company, the Zentral Einkaufgesellschaft, the renowned Z. E. G., sends its white-and-black trains into Holland to receive the food that Holland permits to be exported. The Dutch motto is "Stop the man with a cake of soap, but ship food by the trainload."

I was arrested at the Dutch Border one time for having a few pounds of oatmeal and a rubber hot-water bottle in my traveling bags. This food could not be bought in Germany and it was needed for a six months' old baby. Rubber was so scarce that the government had confiscated all rubber goods. The customs officer seized my supplies, kept me under arrest for five hours, and then permitted me to entrain for Berlin.

Six months later I received an imposing document "In Name of the Queen" charging me with violating Dutch neutrality and with smuggling food and "a rubber sack with a top." The officer who drew the indictment did not know what a rubber water bag was used for and decided I was trying to smuggle rubber into Germany. I was summoned to appear on September fourteenth at Almelo with attorney and witnesses to answer the charges. I notified Ambassador Gerard in Berlin, who communicated with Dr. Henry van Dyke, the United States Minister at The Hague, and Mr. Lansing. Mr. Gerard wrote he was convinced there was no effort at smuggling, but before Washington could act the date of the trial arrived.

I set out the night before for The Hague to consult my lawyer and to see Doctor van Dyke, but at the German Border, despite my official permission to leave, I was detained until the Border authorities telephoned to Berlin, because, it was explained some weeks afterward, it was feared I knew something about Von Mackensen's victory in Rumania.

At Almelo I was placed in the docket with one hundred and twenty-five other smugglers to await my turn at the bar.

On a long platform in front of the court room sat three judges in black robes. At the right sat the clerk, and on the left, near the entrance, stood the stern-faced prosecutor, dressed in a black gown. As each case was called my attorney explained the proceedings. The cases were quickly disposed of. Every five minutes a trial ended!

An old woman, nervous and fearful, wearing a black dress and a purple-black bonnet, faced the judges. A Border guardsman swore that she had been caught handing twenty pounds of butter over her back fence to her German neighbor. She was given a month! Two men were arrested for driving a farm wagon across the Border with one hundred pounds of lard hidden under the seat. They were given three months. Thus the cases continued.

Everyone was sentenced to jail, and then the court crier, armed with a sword and dressed in green and wearing a yellow feather in his hat, called my name. I was escorted to the platform. My attorney explained, after consulting the prosecutor, that because the Dutch laws guarantee to every man trial in his own language, a banker in town who could speak English had been summoned to act as interpreter. There was a comfortable-looking chair on the platform, and I was about to sit down when my lawyer admonished me that in Holland a defendant is not permitted to be seated. So I stood, facing the court, as the crowd of smugglers and curious citizens discussed my case at my back.

When the banker arrived the presiding judge rose, greeted him and offered the big armchair. The indictment was read. I pleaded not guilty to both charges. Then the presiding judge asked the interpreter to ask me why I bought the oatmeal. I explained to the court's satisfaction that it was needed for my family. The proceedings were moving rapidly and apparently in my favor when one of the judges noted the charge that I was "smuggling a rubber sack with a top!"

"What was that for?" asked the court.

I explained that it was a rubber hot-water bag, very common in the United States, and that it was used to keep the baby's feet warm. The interpreter explained to the judges, and I saw a skeptical frown come over their faces. I had been smiling, and so had those in the court room who understood English. But the court asked the interpreter to ask me:

"How can you keep the baby's food warm with a rubber sack with a top?"

Norway's Growing Appetite

I COULD not repress another smile. I explained that the honorable judges had not understood, and my interpreter laughed. The Dutch words for feet and food are pronounced the same, and the court, being unfamiliar with rubber water bottles, had misunderstood.

This part of the testimony proved my undoing. The prosecutor read a telegram from the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, saying that the United States Government, convinced that there was no intention of smuggling on my part, would appreciate it if the charges against me were dismissed.

But the gray-haired presiding judge was not convinced. He fined me thirty gulden.

"If you do not pay within two weeks you will be imprisoned the next time you come to Holland," he warned.

I bowed to the court and was about to step off the platform when my attorney grabbed my arm. "Thank the court for its consideration and promise to pay immediately," he said. I did as I was instructed, and the court crier, in a monotonous and weary tone, called the next case.

On that fateful day one hundred and twenty-five persons were convicted in that court alone, and I was one of them.

The next morning I took the train for Berlin. At the Border the customs officer who had seized my supplies before asked me if I had anything other than personal belongings in my suitcases.

"I have nothing from Holland," I replied; "and I have just dusted my shoes!"

In the railroad yards was a Prussian black-and-white train, marked "Zentral Einkaufgesellschaft, Berlin," packed with food en route to Germany. Our train and this one presented an interesting contrast. Customs officers searched every compartment, looked under the seats with electric flash lamps, confiscated bars of soap and sandwiches. The freight train, sealed and stamped by the Dutch Government, sped on its way, unexamined and undisturbed.

"But Norway is the worst sinner," remarked an Allied investigator. "During the first six months of last year Norway exported one hundred and five million kronen's worth of herring and other fish to Germany. Observers have made the following report based upon actual shipments and not upon 'official' figures:

EXPORTS FROM NORWAY TO GERMANY DURING 1916

	TONS
Butter and cream	82,000
Meat	115,000
Pork, bacon, lard	68,000
Milk	70,000
Fish	407,000
Cheese	80,500
Eggs	46,000
Total	868,500

"From July to December, 1916," said my informant, whose name, for diplomatic reasons, cannot be given, "Norway imported 2684 tons of pork and bacon. The six months' average from 1911 to 1913 was only 797 tons. From the United States during the first three months of this year Norway imported 1000 tons of meat, exclusive of canned meats. Before the war Norway produced enough of this kind of food stuff for her own consumption and had 203 tons surplus to export. This shows a remarkable growth in the Norwegian appetite."

Discussing imports into Norway of canned and bottled goods, including meats and fruits, the same official said that during the first six months of 1916 Norway received 1405 tons. *During a respective six months' period before the war Norway produced enough for her own use and had 4275 tons to export.*

Last year Norwegian shippers sold twenty million kronen's worth of cod liver oil and hardened fats to Germany.

At one time the Norwegian Parliament passed a bill prohibiting the exportation of canned fish. It was done to satisfy a section of Norwegian public opinion and to comply with the Allies' demands. But the wealthy fish dealers went to Berlin and signed contracts to supply sardines and olive oil if they could erect canning factories at Hamburg. In this way the law was evaded.

All through the war it has been possible for any traveler from Copenhagen to Berlin to take smoked meat, butter and eggs. All one had to do was to pay one dollar a pound for meat and butter and ten cents each for eggs, and purchase them from a special firm officially designated by the Danish Government as a go-between between hungry Germans and Danish farmers. Every train was packed with travelers carrying large cases of food, which often was sold at one hundred per cent profit in Berlin. About nine months ago it was so easy to get this food that if one had a friend in Denmark who would go to the government firms and give the order the food could be sent into Germany by parcel post. Many Germans formed coöperative organizations and sent resident buyers to Copenhagen to purchase certain quantities of food every day and ship to addresses within Germany, often to officers and soldiers at the Front.

It is true that every train was searched before it was switched onto the ferry at Gjodsor for Warnemünde, Germany; but if one had the official permits no questions were asked.

But smuggling continues on a large scale here too. Where there is food, money and war there is smuggling.

One of the stories told in Copenhagen shows the extent of the schemes to get food, in addition to that legally exported.

A Danish skipper, who had made a fortune carrying supplies from Scandinavia to Italy, announced one day that he would bring two hundred German school children from Germany to Denmark for a vacation in the wartime country of milk and honey. His humanitarian plan was approved by the German and Danish governments. On a sunny morning in June he set out from a Baltic port for Denmark and unloaded his joyful cargo in his native land. Friends and relatives were enthusiastic in their praise and approval. The old skipper was the hero of the day. When the two weeks' vacation was ended the boys and girls, with red cheeks and a peacetime thrill in their hearts, reluctantly clambered aboard the ship and waved farewell to their new friends in Denmark.

Out from shore a few miles Danish Government authorities searched the ship. It contained two million marks' worth of fats. The two hundred children were a disguise. The Danish captain's idealism was streaked with Prussian deception. He sold his birthright to the Kaiser.

I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the entire story, but it was told in diplomatic circles in Copenhagen when I was there early this year. This vigilance of the officials does not prevent smuggling, however. The court records are as crowded with cases as are those of Holland.

One of the records shows that a Danish exporter was arrested and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary for attempting to ship coffee into Germany. Pure coffee cannot be purchased in Germany to-day. The Germans drink a strong mixture of roasted barley, twigs and chicory. This merchant saw his fortune made if he could send the real article across the Border, but he was caught, the scheme was uncovered and the fortune he saw in the vapors of Germany's second national drink did not materialize. Instead he sits in his cell, under a twenty-year sentence, an example to others not to try to ship food to Germany without official permission.

How Sweden Helps Germany

EXPORTS from Sweden to Germany are different from those of any other country. The Swedes send very little food, but great quantities of war materials. Sweden supplies the German Army direct. Often at the German Front in Russia I have seen trainloads of Swedish horses and cattle en route to the battle line in Swedish freight cars.

Sweden to-day is shipping the following supplies to Germany: Iron ore; pig iron; rolled iron and iron bars; lathe machines; pyrites and purple ore; copper-bearing ore; copper; carbide; various steel-hardening materials; sulphite pulp and sulphate for manufacturing nitrate; ball bearings; rosin; leather; hides and skins; agricultural and electric machinery; steel and waste rubber. It may be roughly estimated that in 1916 Sweden shipped 4,500,000 tons of iron ore to Germany. In two years, 1915 and 1916, ten million tons of iron ore were exported. Last year 75,000,000 tons of pig iron were shipped to Germany, and during the first three months of this year Sweden imported from the United States 16,332,000 tons of pig iron. This is considered by Allied authorities as one of the best examples of replacement that can be cited. Sweden is shipping her own products to Germany and importing materials from the United States to take their places.

Rosin, which is a very important war material inasmuch as it is used in great quantities for manufacturing shrapnel, was shipped to the extent of fifteen hundred tons in 1916, all of which was imported from the United States. In two years, 1915 and 1916, Sweden sold four thousand tons of copper to Germany.

Since March, 1915, the Allies have been blockading Germany, but they have not been able to make it effective enough to stop leaks through neutral countries because so much of the food and materials was coming from the United States. Now that America is an ally the enemies of Germany hope to stop, as far as it is humanly possible, these neutral countries from giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Some of the Scandinavian countries have sent missions to the United States to see that Congress and the Government do not stop exports from this country. Business in Holland and the North demand this, but the position of the United States as a belligerent alters the former relationship. If we continue to sell goods to the belligerent neutrals as we have in the past we shall be aiding our enemy to continue the war. It is self-evident from data in the possession of every Allied country that the blockade must be made stricter. The Allies are asking the United States to make the neutral countries pledge, before exporting a pound of food, that none of the food, equivalent in any way to the importations from the United States, will be exported to Germany. Unless this is done, it is pointed out, "American corn on four legs" will continue to be shipped from Holland. Denmark will continue to eat American ham and ship Danish food to Germany.

The Allies ask that the European neutrals give pledges that they will not export any derivative of products imported from here to Germany. This will stop the shipment of many war materials from Sweden.

The third point which our allies make is that as long as the Scandinavian countries manufacture munitions of war for

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What You Will Find When You Get to France—By Frederic Coleman, F. R. G. S.

TO THE YOUNG AMERICAN WHO MAY FIGHT IN EUROPE

FIGHTING in France is a very different matter to-day from what it was when I went there with General Sir John French's First British Expeditionary Force, in August, 1914. Compared with the Germans, we knew but little of the machinery and organization of modern warfare.

In those days we fought against all sorts of odds. Not only did the Huns have a preponderance of men and guns, aircraft and transport, and the usual impedimenta of campaigning, but they developed a habit of introducing new moves into the game with disconcerting rapidity.

Trench bombs and trench mortars; hand and rifle grenades; fresh intricacies of barbed wire; fine night lights—which fortunately illuminated the darkness for us as well as for the enemy; sniping brought to an exact science; gas and gas shells; trench and dugout construction on a business-like basis, and innumerable other attributes of trench fighting were practiced by the *Boches* first, to be taken up, well learned, then gradually improved upon by us in turn.

The French helped us in some ways. Their gunners were worth their weight in rubies to our gallant artillerymen. But most of our lessons came straight from Brother *Boche*. We paid for them. Like most lessons for which high prices are paid, they were well learned.

Infantry From the Trenches in a July 14th Procession

The Day of the Junior Sub

"THE only way they will learn is by their own experience" is a hackneyed phrase long since grown familiar when one is discussing new arrivals at the Front. But words of advice may be spoken to good effect, nevertheless. I can remember with heartfelt gratitude more than one straight tip that saved me from undue exposure to danger and unnecessary hardship. "The crossroads in a village in this part of the world," said my general to me one day in October, 1914, when our division was holding the Messines line, "is a good place to avoid when possible. Crossed paved roadways send shell splinters whirring in all directions. The enemy may chuck shells on such points at any time, at random, on the chance of causing us inconvenience." That seemed reasonable. I arranged my halts at a respectful distance from crossroads.

A couple of days later a new division, fresh from England, came through Neuve Eglise, a Flemish town some miles back from the firing line. A halt was made. The men strolled curiously about the village crossroads for half an hour. Smash! Bang! came a shell. Crash! came another. Just two. Two odd ones, apparently. No special reason could be assigned for their coming. Just two shells at random, striking the junction of two roads for general effect. But those two shells caught the new lot halted at the crossroads, and killed twenty-two of them and wounded as many more. Had the officer in charge of that company been given the warning my general had given me I do not doubt that he would have passed it on to his men; and thereby a handful of lives might have been saved. The little obvious things, however, sometimes escape the telling.

On the other hand, I ran across gratuitous advice at times. More than once I have had it hurled at me in no uncertain tone. Once I walked upright toward a machine-gun emplacement in a depression in the ground. I did not know of its proximity. Neither did I know I was at that particular point in range of a Hun rifle. I was told to get down in a manner and with a sufficiency of trimmings that would have induced haste in any case. As I dropped, a half score of wicked little Mauser bullets sang over my head; and to the accompaniment of the peculiar swish-swish of an itinerant pellet I was given an opportunity of listening, for some minutes, to a low-voiced but marvelously complete symposium on the subject of foolish folk attached to headquarters staffs who put more valuable units of the command into needless danger of discovery. I remembered that tirade, however, for a long time. Out of it I sorted some of the most valuable advice ever proffered me.

I have had advice from all ranks too—from generals and from colonels, from noncoms and from Tommies. Probably the most valuable of all has come to me from time to time from the junior subs. These officers in the British Army correspond in rank with our American second lieutenants. They are mere kids, many of the junior subs at the Front, but their wisdom is frequently as that of Solomon. Few indeed are the better-class homes in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales that have not contributed their quota to the army of junior subs in France and Flanders. Few homes have escaped the loss of one or more of the youngsters, the best of Britain's blood. One had but to know them to love them—these splendid, brave young sportsmen, to whom to play the game and fight and die like Englishmen came naturally, as a precious heritage of race.

At the commencement of the war the junior sub cut little figure, comparatively. The company commander or the squadron leader, and the incomparable, sometimes grizzled British noncommissioned officer, were the principal actors. But the war has changed all that. The subalterns have been given added responsibility. In a modern attack the junior sub is a veritable young brigadier, in real earnest.

More Individual Responsibility

THE noncommissioned officer, too, has much more importance in the general scheme of the actual attack than he once had. Units are smaller. The work is under more close and efficient organization. Each little group has its own particular work cut out for it. Each man feels that his own individual conduct may mean much. The success or failure of a mere half dozen men in a line of thousands upon thousands may mean a big factor in the success or failure of the whole.

The rate of individual responsibility has not only risen, but the possibility for individual prowess has increased—or at least the results of such prowess are easier to trace. Small groups are more than ever in the limelight. Their members feel the special responsibility and the rare opportunity that may be theirs, and are rendered more and more keen as they are given a part to play the connection of

One of the Orchards Wantonly Destroyed by Retreating Germans

which with the whole big game is less and less hard to distinguish. That is where the American soldier will shine. As I remember the sort of fellows I had for comrades in the Spanish-American War and the war in the Philippines that followed it, I long to see how our boys will take to the work when they get into the front trenches in France. Individual initiative, individual intelligence, adaptability to strange environments and circumstances, physical capability of a high order will help make the American soldier in the field one of the finest fighting units the world has ever seen.

Since the earliest days in France I felt that the day would come when my own country would be compelled to take a hand. I ever thought that one day the Stars and Stripes would float over American soldiers on European soil. That day has arrived at last.

Much that the American soldier in France will have to learn no one can tell him effectively, but from out all the varied bouquets of advice that have been thrown my way I may be able to select a few blooms that may stay some time unwithered, and some that, even though their freshness be one day gone, may yet remain in a corner of some soldier's mind, run across sometimes, perhaps, as one stumbles unthinkingly upon a pressed posy between the leaves of an old book.

High privates in the rear rank, as we proudly used to call ourselves in the days when I was carrying an American army rifle, can thank their stars that they are going to play a part in a war wherein the man in the ranks is something more than mere cannon fodder; that they are a part of the scheme of things to which advice is just as necessary and the acting upon it just as important as in the case of their superiors in rank.

The lessons I have learned, and which I hope in some measure to be able to pass on, apply as much to the man in the ranks as to the officer, and vice versa.

Precautions Against Trench Feet

ONE of the most brilliant British commanders in the field, a man who had been through such early experiences as the terrible First Battle of Ypres, where he earned considerable official commendation, was chatting to me recently about the prospective American Army.

"The success of the new American Army that will soon be in the making," said the general, "will depend primarily upon its spirit and discipline. To be quick to follow the lessons learned by actual experience is, we have found, a characteristic of the splendid Canadian troops we have seen here; and there should be equal keenness along this line among the American contingents. That quickness is one of the most valuable assets a fighting unit can possess. Without it a heavy price may be paid for that which, given real quickness of perception and accurate grasp, may be had at little or no cost.

"Too great emphasis cannot be laid on the necessity of taking every minute precaution for sanitation and health. Continual vigilance must be employed in insisting that precautions against 'trench feet' are carefully and systematically carried out."

Trench feet! One who has seen a regiment suffering from trench feet is not likely soon to forget it. I remember the first time such an experience came my way. We had found it necessary to pay a call at the headquarters of a division that had newly come into the firing line—but very few days after its arrival in France. They do such things differently now, of course. In those days we were very short of troops in Flanders, and there was no time to place them back of the Front a bit for some final touches of training, as is the custom to-day. The division was composed of troops of the British Regular Army, many of whom had seen no little campaigning in other parts of the world. They were fit enough, but had had no time to become acclimatized to the weather of an early spring in damp, sodden Flanders.

I was standing in the village street in front of Division Headquarters. The actual firing line was quite three to four miles distant, at its nearest point. Up the roadway from the direction of the trenches came a slowly moving procession through the cold dusk of the approaching night. As they drew near they looked like casualties; and so they proved to be, almost to a man, though they had escaped projectile, bullet, and all other common dangers of that unhealthy locality from which they had just come. They were casualties—more surely so than any of us at that time realized. Limping haltingly, dragging throbbing, aching feet step by step, they were a sad lot. Some had wrapped their feet in sacking after discarding boots that acute swelling had rendered useless.

When they reached me I questioned them closely. They had been in apparently very good shape the day before. They had been marched unusually hard in order to reach the position in such time as to render a night relief possible. They were tired, but the taking over of the front line from the French troops that they had found holding it proceeded without a hitch and with very few untoward incidents. The trenches were wet, but gossip as to trenches in France and Belgium had led them to expect that. The night was cold, bitterly cold toward morning. They had suffered somewhat from the cold and the wet, but standing in almost icy water all night could hardly produce comfort.

They had been cold all day following that night of cold. As the day wore on, specific complaints as to swollen feet—become so tender the men could hardly bear weight upon them—became frequent. A sullen drizzle, half rain, half mist, set in. The commander of the company to which the score or more I met were attached wisely sorted out the worst cases and sent them back to billets. But the way to billets was long and over an unfamiliar road. They lost their way once, they said. They were uncomplaining, but each man was obviously suffering acutely.

That division was not in the trenches many days before its casualties from trench feet reached several thousand. Later, at one of the base hospitals, I encountered some of them. Few who had so suffered would be fit for soldiering again for many long weeks. The majority would require months of rest, care and recuperation. All too many would never again be of use as infantrymen. It was really appalling.

I studied the matter all the more closely for the reason that my own division was due in the trenches not long after. When we did go in we had learned our lesson, however, as to trench feet. Our divisional chief medical officer was a genuine hustler. He arranged points for foot baths and foot inspection, relays of dry socks, and a supply of a solution we knew as antifrostbite. We had a bad ten days in a part of the line that was plentifully blessed with water, but our foot casualties from frostbite and exposure were less than half a score; and some of those were chaps who had gone out at dead of night, over the top into No Man's Land, on reconnaissance.

Now and again these brave boys would be all but discovered in the glare of a trench light or Verey pistol, and thereafter have to lie doggo for hours before they dared attempt to wriggle back home. One night the ground froze solid, and with it the feet of one of our best stalkers. He returned safely so far as perforation was concerned, but for one long, tense hour he had lain motionless close to the *Boche* wire, hoping to be mistaken for a German corpse. His poor wet feet could not withstand that icy vigil. He lost most of one of them, and though the surgeons saved the other the gallant lad came through pitifully crippled for life. But, what was most important to him, he gathered some very useful information on that stalk, and splendidly got back to his own lines with it after the odds had become a thousand to one that he would never do so.

To return to my friend the general, he was most interested to hear how well the American soldier handled his rifle. "No one who has not been through it out here can realize the importance," he said, "of training the men to use their rifles—to shoot and to be handy with their bayonets."

Many observers go astray on this point. The overwhelming position in the picture occupied by the big guns, the machine guns and the Lewis guns, the importance of trench mortars, hand grenades, bombs, rifle grenades, and other accessories of trench warfare, make some men think that the day of the rifle as an important adjunct to success in battle is well-nigh past. Such is not the case. Those of us who can remember the brave advances of the Prussian Guard at Ypres, when they marched in battalion formation right up the Menin Road, straight at our trenches—on one occasion, if not more, marching to almost sure death at the goose step—know the value of accurate, rapid rifle fire. So do those Prussian Guardsmen, if any of them are still alive. Not many of them were left when the broken waves of gray were swept back, like leaves by an autumn wind.

The Wisdom of Larry, the Sub

THE rifles did most of it. Machine guns we had, to be sure, but woefully few of them. Those that we had were overworked to a point that made us wonder, not when they jammed but when they worked long without jamming. The rifle, in the hands of a man who can shoot straight and shoot with great rapidity, is a wicked weapon still; and the value of the cold steel, though it is not a subject on which men who have seen it used love to dwell, has not, so far as I can see, changed greatly, if at all, in the three years of grim war in Europe.

One bit of advice that my friend the general tendered indirectly to the new American armies was easier to give than to act upon. "Get rid of incompetent leaders," he said, "before they come over to France and make mistakes!" We can all say amen to that. We can all be sure, too, that our high command will, so far as in them lies, see to it that nothing but competency counts. Care in that direction means the saving of more lives than a few.

Larry is a cheery bird. In years he is a babe; in war wisdom a patriarch. He has seen enough of horror and sudden death to have made the average man quiet and sober, if not misanthropic. But Larry is never quiet, and the glint of fun ever in his blue eyes gives piquant turns to his conversation.

Larry is now a junior subaltern. He came to France as a private in a special battalion that was composed of splendid young officer material, of which he is a good type.

(Continued on Page 46)

The Society of Remembrance Marching to Decorate the Strasburg Monument

"American Palace," a Soldiers' Camp in a Village Destroyed by the Germans

Above: The Forge in the Ruins

A WOMAN BY CANDLELIGHT

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THE heart of woman was hidden from Wilbur Cole; to him that secret beauty was as unfamiliar as great music. He was not hard, but he was young, and blind with first success. This January day he had finished his first trip as traveling salesman—as gripman for the St. Sebastian Wholesale Grocery Company.

He was a conqueror, and St. Sebastian was a city worthy to greet a conqueror's triumph. Snobs from the East, from Chicago and Eau Claire, say that St. Sebastian is a scattering of dumpy buildings; but in the silo country we consider it oppressively grand.

It has twelve thousand inhabitants and a roundhouse and a state normal school.

To Wilbur Cole, reared in a farm shanty concealed only by a willow windbreak from the devouring prairie, and trained in a crossroads general store, St. Sebastian was a metropolis crammed with fascinating people—people who had six-cylinder cars and knew about dress suits and auction bridge.

"I've Never Been Brought Up to Real Pretty Things Much. I Guess I'm Pretty Ignorant About This Decoration Stuff"

As soon as he had reported to the office he began to wait for half past seven, when he would be able to go and call on Myrtle Hillbridge, who wore a wrist watch and was the daughter of the head of the Hillbridge Farm Machinery Agency. He went to his room and tried to read the accumulation of St. Sebastian papers; but he fidgeted and spent an hour manicuring his nails, occasionally rushing to the window on the totally unreasonable chance that Myrtle might be passing. He pictured her, in the jumper and linen skirt she usually wore, as a combination of outdoor wholesomeness and city smartness. He saw clearly the triangle of cheek beneath each of her eyes. He would sit near her—this same evening!—just a few hours, now! Perhaps he would dare to touch her hand. Then she would become silent, and he would move nearer to her.

Though her house was luxurious, what did he care for the cabinet of cut glass, the lace table cover, or the expensive framed color photographs from Yellowstone Park, which proved that the Hillbridges had traveled? No; he would adore Myrtle if she were a squarehead on a cleared farm.

He could not sit through supper at his boarding house; to the grief of the landlady, he couldn't get down any of the lemon meringue pie. He wanted to be out and alone, thinking of the goddess. He may have been a bulky figure for a lorn lover, in the coonskin overcoat, sealskin cap, red flannel wristlets and knee overshoes of the region; but his chin was high and his breath made passionate puffs of steam as he tramped past the Hillbridge house, which he managed to do six several times. At first he went by on the theory that he was hastening to some important engagement a great distance off, and didn't even see the house. Then he half stopped, as though he were startled by the revelation of architectural charms in the front porch, which had turned columns and diamond-shaped shingles of red and green and yellow.

He was trying to keep himself from arriving before half past seven; but at twenty minutes past he could stand this exile no longer, and he rang the bell. . . . She herself was coming down the hall! He could see her shadow against the ground glass of the door. During the seven seconds while she put an inquiring hand up to her back hair and fumbled with the knob, he was boiling with anticipation. She was going to be more beautiful than he had pictured! She was going to look at him with tremulous shyness. Maybe she would be wearing the lovely yellow dress with that lace stuff at the neck.

He was frightened. He wanted to bolt. He wouldn't dare to look at her—much less touch her magnetic hand.

Then Miss Myrtle Hillbridge had opened the door and was saying:

"Oh, hello! Oh, it's Mr. Cole! Oh, I thought you were out of town! Oh, you must have got back!"

"Yes, I got back." He beamed fatuously.

"Oh! Oh, isn't it cold! Oh, do come in, so I can shut the door. Oh, you missed it, going away; we had the peachiest party at Hildy's! Oh, I wish I'd known somebody was coming to-night; I would have dressed up. Isn't this flannelette blouse dreadful! Oh, let me take your hat. Isn't it cold! Let's sit in the sitting room; it's so much warmer there. Papa and mamma have gone over to aunty's to play cribbage. Oh, did you have a good trip? Oh, let me tell you the latest—you mustn't tell a soul; it isn't supposed to be out—Bessie is engaged to Ben! Who would ever have thought it! Don't you think Bessie is a perfect fright in that pink charmeuse? Oh, listen; I've got a trade last for you."

"Well, I—uh—can I give you a compliment of my own for the trade last? I thought about you lots while I was on the trip. Say, by the way, I had a slick trip. I tell you, it's pretty darn' important—a fellow's first trip out on the road for a house. Of course I know the retail grocery business O. K., but I didn't know how it would be selling to dealers, but it went fine, and I landed a new customer for the house ——"

"That's nice; it isn't a trade last at all unless it's something you heard somebody else say, all right, Mister Smarty; I won't give you my trade last at all. Oh, I must tell you about the funny thing that happened at Hildy's party: You know how her house is, with that dinky little conservatory—it isn't really a thing in the world but a bay window, even if Hildy does call it a conservatory—you know, on the dining room ——"

As Wilbur had hoped, they were sitting side by side. He told himself that she was an "awful cute kid—not many girls can jolly a fellow along like this." Also, the Hillbridge house was of an even more gorgeous fancifulness than he had remembered, in its tapestry and velours rockers with carved arms, and the storm of light from the bracket lamps and from the electrolier of crimson, pearl and orange mosaic glass. But in the midst of these observations, so comforting to one recently returned from a round of smoking cars and uncarpeted hotels, Wilbur made two startling discoveries: He wasn't afraid of trying to hold Myrtle's hand, and he didn't want to hold her hand, anyway!

While she was confiding to him—but he mustn't tell a single soul!—that she could have snitched Ben from Bessie, Wilbur smiled politely, and nodded his head at regular intervals, and didn't hear a word she said.

He was wondering how he had lost all that exquisite fear of her. He wasn't in the least awed. To prove it he seized her hand.

She blushed and squeaked, though she let him keep the hand. But he did not wish to keep it. He was decidedly embarrassed by the possession of it. He did not know what to do with it. A plump hand—not a tingling electrode, but just an ordinary smallish hand, such as almost everybody had—seemed a foolish thing to be holding. Her knuckles were puffy and her fingers were fat, he noted.

She babbled "My, but you are the fresh thing!" and he tried to live up to this new rôle as a perfect devil with the ladies by stroking her hand. A point in the setting of her small turquoise ring jabbed his finger. He carefully laid the hand down on the couch. She left it there for a moment, then took it back, drooping her head toward him and sighing in a pleased manner: "Oh, aren't you the bad one!"

He felt like different kinds of a fool and made an excuse to flee. She followed him to the door, and he combined an impression that he was highly honored with a desire to dodge.

His boarding-house room seemed as bare to him as the hotels. In it he began to remember how warm and filled with curtains and newish furniture was the Hillbridge mansion, and again he saw Myrtle as something costly and beautiful.

Two days later, as he took the northbound train during the first gray blast of a coming blizzard, he was certain that he was longing for Myrtle.

II

WILBUR should have reached Gopher Prairie in seven hours, with a stop at Joralemon; but for twenty-four hours the train struggled in the blizzard. Between gusts it made a mile, two miles, gasped a little, balked, and stopped. Wilbur covered himself with his coonskin coat and a strip of coco matting from the aisle in the cold car and watched the outside world turn to roaring steam. Through the night he slept raggedly, and smoked till his throat was parched, and talked to the seven passengers and the trainmen till they reached religion and politics, and became personal.

The train was finally stalled three miles from Gopher Prairie. It would not move till the rotary plow dug its way through from Ferguston. The storm passed; the world was a level plain of snow, which covered the track from embankment to embankment, all achingly brilliant with sun from a blue porcelain sky. Farmers began to fight through with bobsleds. With his bags, Wilbur was

bundled into the hay-covered bottom of a sled, and thus did he crawl into the town of Gopher Prairie.

The rows of two-story brick stores running off into straggling frame houses, which made up Gopher Prairie, were covered with snow like a counter of goods with a linen cover smoothly drawn across them. Lovely was the molding of the snow; it swooped in long curves from eaves to sidewalk; it was eight feet deep beside windbreak fences, it made of the squat buildings a series of Chinese pagodas. But none of this too-familiar beauty was interesting to Wilbur Cole. It meant only that he would be imprisoned here till the trains were running again. To north, south and east the service was shut off. Telephone and telegraph wires were down. There would be no mail, not one message from the world beyond the waste of snow, for two or three days. And Wilbur knew no one in Gopher Prairie. On his previous trip he had met two men in the grocery dealing with his house; but they had not warmed to him yet.

He stumbled along the paths that were being gouged through the drifts and spent an hour in the store. The clerks were affable, but they were too busy telling of their heroism in reaching the store to listen to his account of being stalled; and they did not invite him to supper. At last there was nothing to keep him from toiling to the hotel, mountain-climbing over drifts on the way.

He hoped to find a bunch of jolly fellow salesmen; but the only other guests at the hotel were a cranky old jewelry salesman who regarded himself as in some way an artist, as a superior person entitled to glance at you over his eyeglasses, together with a silent man who seemed to Wilbur to have no purpose whatever in existing except to monopolize the warmest hot-air register in the office.

A floor which has been scrubbed for so many years that the knots stand up out of the soft pine boards can be more desolately bare than a dirty floor scattered with different interesting things; and the hotel office was nothing but a waste of scrubbed floor, dotted by a desk of grained wood, a brown writing table decked with advertisements of the bus line, and a row of wooden chairs. Even less adorned was Wilbur's bedroom, its bureau listed to starboard, its one chair, and the bed with the dirty red comforter—which was so much like the other dirty red comforters in all the other hotel rooms on his route that it might have been a pursuing haunt.

He walked up and down the office, made halting efforts to get acquainted with the two morose salesmen and the sleepy night clerk, and crept out into the cold, to go to the movies. It was like ice water, that cold; he was gasping and struggling with it the moment he plunged into it. He made his way a block down to the movie theater only by darting in at stores to get another supply of warmth.

Over the theater was the sign "Closed to-night, acct. storm."

He struggled back to his room and made an occupation of getting ready to read. He did not undress—he took off his coonskin coat, and shivered, and hastily put the coat on again. He moved his chair two inches to the right, then an inch to the left, and sat with his feet on the bed. For two hours he solemnly read a two-days-old copy of the Minneapolis News. He turned the pages very carefully, exactly creasing the paper each time. He rattled it rather unnecessarily—the sound was cheerful in this room, surrounded by the bulky silence of the snowbound village. Now and then he looked up and said, aloud: "Let's see: To-morrow the train might get through—I'll get to —— No, I don't suppose there'll be a train—wish I could see Myrtle and sit and jolly with her! Oh, this is a sweet life! Let's see: Larsen took two cases of apricots this time. . . ." He was comforted by his own voice. But he hadn't much to say. His brain felt dead as a bone, dead as the silence packed in about him.

He read every obituary and want ad in the paper. He considered the desirability of jobs as textile chemist, curtain hanger, Italian-Greek salesman, actuary, oxyacetylene welding expert, designer of little gents' garments, and bright boy. He learned the diverting news that "peas, Scotch, choice, 100 lbs., were 13.50 @ 13.75"; that the "Fifth Race, for three-year-olds, selling, one mile and seventy yards," would be run by an amazing company consisting of Garbage, Springtide Reverie, Oh You Kid, Tippytoes and Pink Suspenders; that "John Swan, Mary Ammond Swan, and their heirs-at-law, devisees, and next of kin, and other persons, if any there be, and their names are unknown to the plaintiff," were warmly invited to a guessing party; that "deb 5s, rtfs of dep, stpd"; that "1 do cvt 4s ser B55 55 55"; and that "J. B. Terrell as exrx &c of S. L. Barnes dec'd pltf."

In the midst of this last thriller he hurled the newspaper across the room and, as it fell in a shower of detached sheets, he cried:

"I want you so, my dear Myrtle ——"

They are heroes, these salesmen and agents, who sit so quietly in trains and small hotels.

For all of another day the train service was interrupted, and Wilbur trudged through drifts, unnoticed, while about him were the shouting of men shoveling walks or driving horse plows down the street, and the laughter of children skiing. He managed to spend two hours in the grocery store, helping the clerks arrange a display of canned goods. As he returned to his hotel in the early darkness, he could see happy families in lighted homes, and the prospect of this second evening of loneliness was not boredom—it was fear.

He got to the hotel at five. He skipped when he heard the voices of Fred Oberg and two companions in the office!

Fred Oberg was one of the best-known traveling men in the state. He was a practical joker, a teller of stories, a maker of love, and an inspired player of poker. His two companions were noisy of tie and laughter. They had got through from Curlew by bobsled, and they were going to make a night of it. Would Wilbur join them in a little game, with a few bottles, in Fred's room? Wilbur thankfully would. He sat down with these older, more poised men, and laughed with them. He sounded a little hysterical.

Now it is a rule of the road that young traveling men must be broken in, and there are certain tricks that may lawfully be played upon them, to the joy and righteous approval of all beholders. . . . Fred Oberg slipped out of the hotel. He went to the drug store, next door, where there was a telephone. Fred Oberg could make his voice soft and feminine. . . .

While the other salesmen were encouraging Wilbur to tell them all about how successful his first trip had been, the telephone in the hotel office rang. It was a call for Mr. Wilbur Cole, said the night clerk, coughing and hiding his mouth with his hand.

Wilbur rushed to the telephone and heard a voice as of a large pleasant woman with a cold:

"Hel-lo-uh? Oh! Oh, is this Mr. Cole? Oh, Mr. Cole, this is Miss Weeks, the milliner. I just heard that you were in town. I am a cousin of Mr. Gasthof, of your firm. I'm so sorry to hear of your having to stay at that horrid hotel. Won't you come over and have a homy supper to-night? I'd just love to have you! I live over my shop, one block down Main Street, toward the depot."

"You Can Go, Mr. Wilbur Cole; and You Can't Go One Bit Too Soon for Me!"

Wilbur did a two-step down the office to the other salesmen, who grunted: "What's the excitement, little one?"

"I'm invited out for supper!"

"The deuce you are! Gwan! Don't believe you."

"You bet I am! Oh, you fellows can stick to the roast pork and apple sauce. Watch little Wilbur wade into the fried chicken!"

"Who's the fall guy?"

"Never you mind who it is."

"Gwan—tell a fellow."

"It's Miss Weeks, the milliner. She's a cousin of a friend of mine."

"The little Weeks? Oh, you lucky dog! Why, she's the swellest skirt in town."

"Is she—honest?"

"Is she? Why, don't you know her? Why, say, she's pretty as a magazine cover—nice and round and plump, and not a day over twenty, and lively —— Say, I bet you have some evening! Now ain't that luck for you! Some men are just nachly born lucky."

Wilbur's cheerfulness was in no wise lessened by the envy headlined in the faces of the two salesmen; and when Fred Oberg returned, and was informed of Wilbur's good fortune, Fred sighed that he wished he could make a hit with the ladies like that. Wilbur tried to look modest; but he cocked his hat over one eye and lit a cigar.

"Say, we got to help the boy dress up for the occasion," Fred tenderly proposed; and the three of them dragged Wilbur upstairs.

They insisted that he ought to wear a red necktie; and Fred produced from his grip a tie like a fireman's shirt. Solicitously Fred said:

"We got to brush your hair right, kid. Stand there in front of the bureau. I got a slick new patent hairbrush that shines 'em up like a St. Paul barber."

The three of them seemed to have a good deal of difficulty in getting just the right light on Wilbur's hair, and during an altercation as to whether he ought to stand on the right or left of the incandescent they almost rended him.

"Ouch! Say, quit! Quit, I say! You're almost tearing my arm off," wailed Wilbur.

The salesmen dropped his arms. In tones of deepest grief Fred Oberg protested:

"Gosh, that's what you get when you do your best to help a brother knight of the grip make a hit with a squab! All right, sir. Sorry we bothered you."

"Aw, thunder, Fred; I didn't mean to be ungrateful."

"Well, stand there then."

He stood there, while Fred brushed his hair with an instrument of torture which dug its claws into his scalp. Wilbur tried to look patient, though he winced at every stroke. One of the salesmen had a fit of coughing that sounded somehow like laughing, and Wilbur became suspicious.

"That's enough, Fred. You don't need to take my scalp off."

"Well, maybe I was digging in a little more than I had to; but I had to get even with you for swiping the swellest little chicken in town. But you're wise to all these rough-house stunts, all right, Wilbur. You're going to make a great hit on the road."

"Well, I hope I'm not entirely a darn' fool," said Wilbur, much pleased.

One of them polished his shoes with a dirty handkerchief. Another offered him a drink from a pint flask of rye; but he politely refused. The three kept up their sighs of envy: A home supper with a peach! Oh, but Wilbur was the society favoryte! And would Wilbur be so good as to join them in the poker game when he got back?

They accompanied him to the street door, bidding him hurry and not keep the fair one waiting.

Wilbur found Miss Weeks' Millinery Emporium in the Colby Block, a row of two-story brick stores adorned with a galvanized iron cornice. It occupied half of a shop, the other half of which belonged to a jeweler and optician. Beside the shop was a stairway, an incredibly broad and dark stairway, smelling of yellow soap. He stumbled up it, and stopped under a small incandescent, which showed the K. P. Hall on one side and an attorney's office on the other. Miss Weeks' rooms must be at the back. Through the darkness he felt along the wall, stumbled over a door mat, and knocked at a door.

"Yes?"—in a weary voice.

"Is this Miss Weeks' residence?" said Wilbur elegantly.

"Yes."

The door opened. He saw a woman three or four years older than himself, a tired-eyed, restrained, businesslike woman in a spinsterish blue-and-white wash dress. Gentle she seemed, but not round nor jolly.

"Miss Weeks?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Cole."

"Yes?"

"Wilbur Cole."

"Why—who were you looking for?"

"Didn't you telephone me at the hotel?"

"I'm afraid there is some mistake."

Then was Wilbur aware that down the hall was a rustle and a masculine giggle, as of two or three men. He was filled with fury that he had been tricked; that they had even followed, to watch him make a fool of himself. But he had to relieve Miss Weeks. She was holding the door tight, beginning to close it, looking anxious.

He spoke softly, so that his tormentors should not hear:

"I know what it is now. I'm new on the road—salesman—and some of the boys at the hotel were kidding me, and pretended it was you telephoning to invite me to supper. I don't care about myself—I can get back at them; but, honest, Miss Weeks, I'm terribly sorry it was you I had to bother. I guess maybe it must be kind of scary, living here alone; but don't be scared. I'll beat it now. It was a good joke on me—heh? You see, I been stuck in town, with the storm tying up the trains, and I was so proud of being invited to a home feed that prob'ly I boasted a little; so I guess I deserved all I got."

"You poor boy—you are only a boy—it was horrible of them!"

"Oh, I'm not a boy. I'm twenty-eight"

Her weariness smoothed out in a darting smile as she mocked:

"Oh, so old; so very old! I'm older than that myself."

"Say, sometime on some other trip, may I drop into the store and have a chat, and make up for those other fellows? But I know they didn't mean to get you in Dutch. They were just kidding—they're a wild bunch—but they don't mean any harm; and a fellow sure is ready for any kind of a jamboree to break the monotony when he's on the road."

"Yes." Her face lighted again, as though she had an inspiration.

"Well, good night."

"Wouldn't you like to really stay and have supper?"

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes. . . . I think I do."

As he followed her in, she banged the door shut with a sudden nervous energy and sighed:

"There! Let's shut out the loneliness. I know how it is at your hotels. I get that way myself, living alone; and I've never dared to invite a man to supper, because people gossip so here. But we'll forget all that to-night, and I'll see what I can scratch up for supper. I was going to have scrambled eggs and tea; but we'll have to have something grander than that—for company."

While she searched the cupboard he sat on the edge of a chair and clung to his cap. No man feels entirely abandoned to a situation so long as he keeps hold of that symbol of his royalty, his headgear. Wilbur would have felt more independent had it been a derby; but still, a sealskin cap was a solid masculine thing.

He was puzzled by her and by her living room. He told himself that she was like a school-teacher. The room seemed bare. There was no carpet; only a large rag rug. The table was of reddish wood, with something like a double set of legs. It seemed to be the dining table as well as library table. There wasn't a real sideboard, with the beveled glass and brass handles, and rows of cut glass, which spelled elegance in St. Sebastian, but only another reddish-wood thing, very plain, with small glass knobs, and covered with a plain blue cloth, set with two brass jars.

The only chairs were black wooden things—not even rockers. He "liked them, sort of," he announced to himself; "they were kind of pretty, but awful plain and old-fashioned."

Most curious of all was the fact that the room was lighted only by candles.

Even on the farm they had had lamps, and every nice house in St. Sebastian had so many electric clusters that you could read fine print in the farthest corner. Yet somehow it was "restful, the way the candlelight shone on the reddish wood, even if it was tabby."

"How do you like my candles and mahogany?" Miss Weeks interrupted his inspection.

"Oh, is that mahogany, that red wood? I've heard of that."

"Yes; my grandfather brought that table from Vermont to Minnesota. It's a gate-legged table."

"Oh, is it? I've read about them."

"Do you disapprove of my candles much? All my women friends here in Gopher tell me that candles are used only in the log cabins, way up North; but then an old maid needs a dim light to look attractive in."

"Oh, they're just envious. Don't get silver candlesticks like those in any log cabin, let me tell you! I like candlelight. It's—oh, it's ——"

"Yes; it really is. Do you think you could stand some shirred eggs with canned mushrooms and some nice little sausages for supper?"

"That would be corking!" he breathed. He was telling himself "I bet she's educated."

While she prepared supper he was uneasy. He did not feel that he had a right to be here, and he pictured Fred Oberg and his confederates waiting for him in the hall, possibly knocking at the door or sending a foolish message to him. He did not gain confidence till he sat opposite to her at supper.

She still seemed to him of the forbiddingly bluestocking sort who "expected a fellow to be interested in suffrage and all that stuff." But his high-brow heart, which was so hungry for beauty without knowing that it was hungry, was pleased by her fine nose, her intelligent eyes, her quick and fragile fingers. He had a perplexed feeling that the supper table, with its four candles and thin china, was more impressive than even a Sunday dinner table of St. Sebastian. He tried to tell her his feelings:

"I've Never Felt—Oh, So Happy Before! Can't We be Married?"

"I've never been brought up to real pretty things much. I was raised on a farm; and then I got busy *mit* groceries at Jack Rabbit Forks; and then—oh, you know—a boarding house at St. Sebastian and out on the road. I guess I'm pretty ignorant about this decoration stuff, and so on and so forth, never being in the furniture line or anything."

"Ignorant? Heavens, so am I!" Her eyes glowed. He had a sense of impersonal friendship such as he had never known with women.

She mused, while he was pleased by the turn of her wrist as she dropped lumps of sugar in his tea.

"Yes, I'm afraid I'm a bluffer about silver and candles. I talk so glibly about grandfather's table—it was his; but, just the same, dear old granddad died in the poorhouse, and I never was able to get his mahogany back till a few years ago. A farm? Heavens, child, I lived on a farm for eighteen years. And taught district school, and made the fires every morning, and sometimes scrubbed the floor. But I always wanted to handle pretty things; and so, when mother died and I didn't have to be a schoolma'am any more, I went to Winona and learned millinery, so I could play with pieces of velvet and ribbon and jet ornaments—and oh, things from Paris and Vienna, and all sorts of far, far-off places—long red feathers that make me think of the tropics—palms and parrots ——"

"Yes, I know; I've always wanted to travel too."

They laughed at each other—friends now, these children of the new settlements.

Because they did belong to the new settlements they could not keep up the strain of rhapsodizing. It didn't seem to Wilbur quite decent to talk about beauty. As though the label on a tomato can had any use except to make it sell! They gossiped about the blizzard, the governor, and the prospect for a good crop. Wilbur was permitted to smoke after supper, and he was in a state of fullness and friendly comfort, though not in any artistic fervor. But when she brought out a genuine Rue de la Paix hat ornament, set with brilliants, and laughed at herself because she could not bear to sell it, he began to confess that he had felt emotions in the presence of wild roses.

She read aloud a poem from a magazine—a slight verse with none of the boom and red-bloodedness of the verses he had approvingly read in newspapers. It concerned an English watering place and a seller of periwinkles. There was a line which Miss Weeks repeated:

"The 'winkie woman's coming in the twilight by the sea."

Wilbur knew but little regarding periwinkles and the vending of periwinkles, and he had never thought of the sea except as a means of importing olive oil; but always he was enthralled by dusk, and wondered whether he wasn't a little "soft." Now he perceived that there might be others like himself.

He took leave in such a high mood of goodness and happiness as he had not known since Sunday afternoons on the farm. He thanked her for taking him in, and they shook hands at the door.

He crept into the hotel, avoiding Fred Oberg and his associated jesters. He could not endure the questions and rib-pokings with which they would soil his memory of the evening. Next morning the trains were running again, and he slipped away from town, the memory in his heart like something delicate and of pearl.

III

THROUGH springtime and summer Wilbur covered his territory, not by train, but by a little runabout motor, such as traveling men were beginning to use everywhere. These were the good days of youth and first success, travel and discovery, dawns of starting and dusks of whistling arrival, great skies, and the vast and breathing land.

He issued early from frame hotels to rush to the garage and be chummy with the repair man, and wise about mixtures, and that heat pipe which was working loose. He started in the cool hour of dew and meadow larks.

He drove from the larger towns to German or Norwegian settlements, each with a large brick church, a large saloon, a small smithy, with the smith in wooden shoes, and a hum of flies about the hitching posts in the street.

His laugh became more confident; his cheeks resumed the tan of farm days; his eyes, pale amid the brick red of his flesh, were calm with visions. He followed fenceless roads that were close in amid the grain, while overhead rolled the bellying clouds. He was alone most of the day, but he was not friendless now. The grocers had come to accept him; they liked his eagerness and truthfulness.

At one end of the route, which he covered once every two weeks, he had Myrtle Hillbridge for stimulant, and he was on first-name terms with her; he strolled with her beneath the lindens and box elders, and laughed a good deal, and pretended he was going to try to kiss her.

Midway on the route he had an inspiration in a Gopher Prairie milliner named Miss Weeks.

He could not again have supper in her rooms. The little town, with its poverty of melodrama, was hungry for scandal, and she clung to her immaculate reputation. She scorned herself for her timidity, she said; but there it was. He called on her at the millinery shop and touched with his horny, blunt forefinger the bits of colored fabric she loved. They planned that some day, when he was the owner of a chain of five hundred grocery stores, they would buy a yacht and sail off to Hong-Kong and the isles of the sea, and bring back carved ivory and dusky opals, and the feathers of cockatoos.

Most of this fancy was hers; it was she who, from her yearning study of magazines, had garnered the names that studded their game: Taj Mahal and Singapore and Colombo, Kioto and the Hôtel du Chemin de Fer of Buitenzorg. His contribution was an insistence that the yacht should have stores of city food and enormous boxes of candy; and mahogany and candles, for which decorations he had come out strongly.

On a moonlit evening in August he begged Miss Weeks to walk out beyond the town to see the moon on the prairie.

He was excited; he was proud of her, as a treasure he had found. But he talked casually, trying to be very cultured. They passed a house on a hill. He knew it was a

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'Twixt the Bluff and the Sound

IMPROBABLE PEOPLE OF AN IMPOSSIBLE LAND

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HOBOHEMIA was what Sinclair Lewis called it not long ago. It is an impossible land, peopled by a race of highly improbable persons. It adjoins Hallroomania and lies south by southwest of the Furnished Flatlands. Its shores are well defined and the approaches to it have been fully charted by a hundred writers before me; but, when you arrive where by rights it should be, you find it isn't there at all. Bohemianism is a state of mind; in some instances a state of the absence of same.

At odd intervals during the past decade I myself have sought diligently to find Bohemia. I estimate that the spaghetti consumed by me in the course of my questing, if stretched in a single strand end to end, would reach from the Battery to Forty-second Street and return, with enough left over to provide string portières for all the windows in the new Public Library; and that the red ink by me in the same connection purchased would make a pool deep enough to drown Omar Khayyám in. Yet to date my efforts have not been diademed with success. So I have decided that, physically, Bohemia does not exist; that it is a figment of the imagination; a mirage born of fable and fancy. Looking for Bohemia is like walking through a fog. It is visible just ahead of you and it is quite thick all about you, but where you stand it shreds away to a misty nothingness.

In my life in New York I have met just one individual that I regarded as being an authentic and orthodox Bohemian. Farther along in this article I shall touch briefly upon this rare specimen. But I have met hundreds of deluded creatures of both sexes who believed themselves to be Bohemians, and hundreds more who hoped to be, and any number who thought they were and fooled nobody but themselves. Of the last named, New York contains a horde as innumerable almost as the nuts on the trees.

Some folk regard it as being Bohemian to eat a sixty-cent dinner once in so often in a restaurant down in a sub-basement on the Lower West Side. Some think to be Bohemians by encouraging their dandruff and slighting their teeth. Some seek to achieve the delectable state of Bohemianism by wearing soft collars and loose black neckties, very Roycrofty; some by professing mildly anarchistic tendencies, or by leaning to socialism, or by favoring the latest and most advanced and, therefore, the most radical wrinkles in art, the drama or literature; or by attending a costume ball once in a while; or by residing in a studio apartment which differs from any other top-floor room in the downtown district in that it has a skylight in the roof top instead of windows and is ventilated on the principle of a slot machine.

Safe From Predatory Squirrels

MANY novices serve their apprenticeship by defying the conventions in dress and manners; and many more—a goodly host these last—by acquiring membership in a club frequented by actors, or artists, or newspaper men, or all three, not knowing, in their ignorance, that real artists almost without exception are smart business men who dress and behave unostentatiously, and that actors, as a class, are the most conventionally minded persons in the world. Actors in their hours of ease would rather go to the country and put on overalls and raise chickens or fuss about vegetable gardens than do anything else imaginable. Their vocation condemns them to live in a world of make-believe a good part of the time; when they can they like to hark back to what is natural and simple. As for newspaper men, they are a breed greatly changed from their professional predecessors of the old days. These times a newspaper is not a whit readier to sign up a brilliant man who drinks and leads a dissipated life than a bank would be.

Greenwich Village is where the Bohemians are encountered in the greatest profusion and luxuriance. This neighborhood offers them the largest possible measure of security from their natural enemies, there being no squirrels at large upon Manhattan Island south of Central Park. It is easy to figure out another reason why they have flocked thither.

Years ago a colony of artists—painters and sculptors and illustrators in black and white—established themselves in the district adjacent to Washington Square. On quiet by-streets and up secluded alleyways they turned old stables into workrooms. They made their homes in the old-fashioned red-brick houses so common in this section.

Here are to be Discovered Phil Bert, the Male, and Hazel, the Female, of the Imitation Bohemian Species

For a while they had the place to themselves. Some of the finest creations of the modern American school of art were turned out here. Scattered about the vicinity were divers small good restaurants, run mainly by Frenchmen and Italians, where men and women who had learned in their student days to love the café life of Paris and Rome might meet after work hours and in congenial privacy talk shop with their own kind. It was the nearest approach to the Latin Quarter to be found on this side of the Atlantic.

But an evil day befell. Obscurity had made the neighborhood what it was. Publicity was to ruin it for its original discoverers. The newspapers—and notably the magazine sections of the Sunday editions—began printing pieces about the artistic colony of Washington Square. The alarm had been given, and the happy secluded days of the real artists were ended. With glad yelps, with watering jaws, with the whole-souled enthusiasm of Switzer hounds trailing a cheese, the spurious Bohemians poured in. They have been pouring in ever since. Probably as I set down these words they are pouring in. They come from everywhere, but they are all headed for one spot.

The original pioneers, the pathfinders, have suffered the fate of pioneers and pathfinders the world over. They have been crowded out, dispossessed, driven away. A few of the earlier settlers—painters who really could paint and writers who really could write—declined to be forced out. They yet remain—a small, dwindling, heroic band, holding the last ditch, fighting the desperate fight of the forlorn hope against the vandal invaders. But for them the handwriting is on the wall. Theirs is a lost cause, and in their hearts they know it. Some of these days the final survivor, finding existence unendurable among weird creatures who copy his mannerisms, apelike, and prattle his language, parrotlike, will pack up his palettes and his skillets and pull his freight for a more congenial clime, and after that the counterfeits will have the place all to themselves.

Indeed, they have it pretty much to themselves now. Here, on free lunch, free verse and free love, fattens the greasy he-alien who has hit upon the delectable knack of existing without working. Here behold the single lady leading a double life because she thinks her soul demands expression untrammeled by the laws of society. In this rich mulch of pretense she flourishes in an effluence attainable nowhere else. Hither comes the playwright who would be crowding Augustus Thomas and 'Gene Walter right out of the front rank of native dramatists were it not for a hellish conspiracy on the part of the Broadway managers to stifle real genius and extinguish real talent. Hither repairs the novelist whose books are unpublished and the poet whose songs are unsung, owing to the failure of a vulgar and commercialized public to recognize true worth. Hither comes also the painter whose work will revolutionize the art world some of these days when people have been educated to understanding and appreciation. Here are to be discovered Phil Bert, the male, and Hazel, the female, of the imitation Bohemian species, who neither sing nor write, neither do they paint, and who, therefore, are driven to proving their right to a place in the Bohemian sun by the garments that they wear. Hazel bobs her hair short and favors a loose smock. By such means she expresses herself; so runs the phrase of Bohemia. As for dear old Phil Bert, he lets his hair grow luxuriantly long and reefs up his unpressed trousers with a simple cinch. Waistcoats he knows not, nor suspenders, for these be the signs of the social serf and the vassal to convention. How is one to live one's own life when one is hampered by the linen collar of the proletariat and bound by the fettering grip of the wage slave's elastic suspender? One simply can't.

In accordance with the same yearning for the greater freedom Hazel has put aside corsets forever. Sometimes, as a result, her figure is lithesome, and sometimes it is just plain lumpy. It depends very much upon the way Hazel was built before she quit wearing stays. You take one of those large billowy Hazels, and when she mingles in the mazes of the dance at a studio party or at a costume ball the sight, as she seems to dash up and down, is such as to give acute distress to a person subject to seasickness.

Babes of War and Boudoir

I WOULD not be understood as intimating that morals to any considerable extent are loose in New York's best Bohemian circles merely because most of the shirt fronts there are. Your typical Bohemian loves to talk of the soul-need of defying the hampering and inconvenient rules of organized society; but that very often is merely the jargon of his kind that he utters; and the same is true of the female of the species. He takes it out in talk; she by smoking cigarettes in a defiant manner in places of public assembly. The chances are that both of them were reared on the American plan in some small inland town, and though they came to the big city for the express purpose of enjoying that larger independence of thought and action which is impossible in the small narrow community—so they will tell you—the fact remains that deep down in their souls the Seventh Commandment is so deeply branded that among them there is perhaps as little of transgression as among any other group of folks in town. Children born out of wedlock are not common in Bohemia; indeed they are most remarkably uncommon. War babies? No! Boudoir babies? Yes!

The little foreign-looking cafés—cafés that were foreign, too, in their characteristics and cuisines—which once formed so attractive a feature of the neighborhood, have mainly vanished. Their proprietors could not stand the competition from the counterfeits which sprang up so thickly after the Sunday papers had spoiled everything. Or perhaps it was that they did not care to try to stand such competition. For the most part the supposedly distinctive eating-places that are scattered about over lower Greenwich Village these days offer fine protective coloration for the majority of their habitués. If the regular clients be bogus, the establishments are no more than pale carbon copies of the old-time shops which they have succeeded. Some of these restaurants even advertise their Bohemianism in the daily newspapers, seeking thus to capitalize a notoriety—a notoriety that was immediately fatal to those snug and cozy little grub shops that used to be and now are gone forever. A converted cellar which still shows signs of backsliding to the sinful state in which it was prior to conversion is, by the standards of the pinchbeck Bohemians of Greenwich Village, regarded as the best possible site for a Bohemian resort. If the tables are painted in one striking color and the chairs in another; if the walls are whitewashed; if the chief qualification of the *vin ordinaire*, or stock dyestuff, is that it doesn't taste as red wine should ever taste, the establishment is considered to be the last word in true Bohemianism. And the victuals!

Oh, table d'hôte, how many crimes are committed in thy name! For one whose palate and whose stomach are not used to dishes which seemingly contain nearly everything except something to eat, the safest course is to depart entirely from the regular menu and call for hard-boiled eggs and baked potatoes as a special order. Even a Washington Square chef catering to Greenwich Village Bohemians can't do much damage to a hard-boiled egg. N. B. But do your own peeling!

To such a place as this at eventide repair the denizens of the district. Every form of egomania that has ever been exhibited before the eyes of mortal man, from Ophelia's time to the present, is presented to the purview of the onlooker; every variation of pose, whether original with the poser or borrowed from some earlier and greater posee, is offered for the admiring gaze of the credulous visitors from uptown who have been lured south in the belief that they are to be vouchsafed a peep at the care-free, irresponsible Bohemians in their favorite haunt. A dozen nationalities are represented among the regulars. The garlic temperament is plainly evident. In the smoke-laden atmosphere is a suggestion of the Far East — the Far East Side. With some the air of carelessness of attire is an acquired and studied thing; to others this negligence of the person and in things sartorial comes with perfect naturalness, these being members of that class, mainly of foreign extraction, who abhor the idea of bathing and haven't the time to spare in which to go somewhere and be dry-cleaned. In a tramp this would be frowziness; in a make-believe Bohemian it goes by the name of picturesqueness. It is the point of view which makes the difference. So the merry Greenwich Villagers supply the unkemptness and the goggle-eyed gudgeons from north of Fourteenth Street provide the point of view.

The Growth of the Costume Ball Industry

AND, oh, the gallons of pink coloring matter that are drunk! And, oh, the shoals of cigarettes that are smoked, perfuming the atmosphere with the noble incenses of Northern Connecticut! And, oh, the running yards of spaghetti that are consumed! And, oh!—most ohful of all these ohs—the freehand lying that is done, and the artcraft jewelry that is worn, and the hair that is bobbed, and the posturing and the affectation and the bunkum and the hokum and the blufferino! A lot of fiction, which to the lay mind perhaps sounded far-fetched, has been written about the professional and the semiprofessional Bohemians of New York. Believe me, the plain facts in the case are very often more impossible than fancy could paint them or would dare to paint them. In fiction one must stick pretty close to the verities. Reality has a little way about her of departing altogether from the realm of the probable and lapping clear over into the field of the impossible.

I remember that it was in a giddy, gaudy bat cave of a table-d'hôte shop on the Lower West Side that I met one who was introduced to me with much gusto as His Highness the Something or Other, and who was vouched for to me by his sponsor as a scion of royalty, one who in some obscure and far-distant land on the other side of the planet might in his own right be a king, were it not that, despising the gauds of imperialism and the empty bauble of power, he had renounced his expectancy of a throne and a crown in order that he might live his own life among kindred spirits here in dear old Greenwich Village—or words to that effect.

None in the small coterie which surrounded him seemed to doubt him. But right away I generated a private suspicion of his authenticity. It struck me that, physically speaking, his credentials were out of focus. It was not that he failed to look kingly. The trouble with him was that he did look kingly.

Now in my meanderings about this and other continents I have seen in my time several kings—seven, I think, in all—four tame ones and three wild ones. And those of the domesticated or civilized variety that I have encountered were always such docile-looking little men. Invariably they had about them the air of being, as it were, queen-pecked. It took uniforms and decorations and brass bands and retinues in attendance to distinguish them from the run of the human beings about them. But this man was different. See him in a nightshirt, and still he would look like a king. His manner was regal; his bow was lordly; the wave of his hand with which he motioned the waiter with the bar check along to his affluent neighbor on the right was absolutely a princely gesture. And all that was what gave me my inner misgivings. He seemed so like a king that I couldn't bring myself to believe he might by any possibility really be one.

Afterward, months later, I heard that, for kingly purposes, he had practically been ruined. It turned out His Highness was not a Highness at all: he was a hindling. In his own country he had been a waiter, and not a very good waiter either, they said who came with the evidences and exposed him. Also it developed that he owed a lot of back board and had been circulating trifles of bogus check paper here and there and everywhere. So the villagers threw him out, and he packed up his pretensions and the shattered fragments of his grandeur, and, as the saying goes, went away between two suns. Or possibly it was between two policemen that he went I forget the exact circumstances now. At any rate he went. And Washington Square was left without a king to its back, until another pretender came along from Far Cathay or Far Rockaway or somewhere.

It wasn't very long, either, until one did come along. The next time I fared villageward the reigning favorite of the hour was an exiled Russian nobleman of anarchistic and hairy tendencies. At least he said he was an exiled Russian nobleman. His name consisted of a series of typographical errors, and to me he looked as though he might have been born of poor but Jewish parents. However, as in the case of his predecessor, the Hobohemians accepted him without cavil or question, being proud, one and all, to have him share in their simple red-ink revels. Up to the time of settling the bill, when he became for the moment deeply preoccupied, he was the veritable life of the party. It was impressed upon me that these care-free enemies of convention, who babbled of the universal brotherhood of man and the equality of the races and the blessedness of the communionship of kindred spirits, were just as ready to fuss over the owner of a title, or the owner of a supposed title, as any other set of American-bred beings were—which meant to the umptyumpth degree of sickening adulation.

Here recently the Washington Square district has come to be the breeding place and the home spot for two forms of activity more or less allied with certain ramifications of the Bohemian instinct. I refer to the costume ball and the tabloid, or broken dose, drama. To my best information and belief there was a costume ball held under alleged Bohemian or artistic auspices every week night last winter, from the holidays clear on until well into Lent. The aggregate of these divertissements was second only in number to those of 1916. It being a leap year there was naturally one more costume ball in 1916 than in 1917.

The villagers go in very enthusiastically for the costume ball. Participation in it is somehow held to betoken a devotion to true Bohemianism in its most advanced stages. These affairs, generally speaking, are presumed to be patterned after the fêtes of the Parisian art students and studentesses, but for all the trouble and all the pains that are spent upon them by their promoters they somehow fail to equal the abandon of the genuine French article from which they take example. The Anglo-Saxon is never quite so sad as when he cuts loose, regardless, to enjoy himself, and never quite so mature as when he decides to be a child again just for a night. That is why, when he fares forth for an evening of pleasure, he wears a piebald, half-mourning design called a dress suit, which makes him look a good deal like a black-and-white penguin. Even when he attires himself in character, with intent to represent a pirate or a Pantaloon or a Pierrot, still do the influences of his hereditary impulses and his early training burden him sorely, making him feel embarrassed when he craves to be care free. So he seeks to atone for his temperamental handicaps by flinging about great quantities of confetti and festoons of colored paper strips. Confetti, the civilized world over, is esteemed to emphasize the carnival spirit. I wonder why?

The Anglo-Saxon is Never Quite So Sad as When He Cuts Loose, Regardless, to Enjoy Himself, and Never Quite So Mature as When He Decides to be a Child Again Just for a Night

The Epidemic of Infantile Theaters

IN THE detail of garbing oneself for a costume ball one is allowed the utmost latitude. There is much more of latitude than of longitude in this matter. Hazel, mapping out the costume she will wear, goes upon the principle that, like the banana, the more extensively she is peeled the more attractive she will be. Her habiliments, therefore, leave little to the imagination and a great deal to the climate. I recall one fancy-dress function of the past season whereat a female villager of slender proportions appeared dressed almost exclusively in a coat of metallic paint. She purported to represent a bronze Diana, and was pained to find herself mistaken for a set of exposed plumbing. Gentlemen wearing bearskins and nothing else to speak of are not uncommon. They forget that it takes brawn as well as peltry to convert a modern ex-bookkeeper into a personable likeness of a Spartacus or a Hercules. A Hercules with the torso of a sparrow and the knee joints of a jacksnipe is not convincing. We do not think of Hercules as suffering from varicose veins and pernicious anæmia.

A costume ball does not get into full swing until an hour or two after midnight, and it is likely to last until breakfast time. In the matter of keeping late hours on such an occasion your Bohemian persistently emulates the horned owl. The chill dawn of the winter morn reveals some interesting spectacles as the late merrymakers go tripping studioward. The veteran cop who stands post at daylight just above the Washington Arch is not unduly startled when he beholds approaching him a young woman dressed in clothes of one syllable. He has been on that beat a long time and he is used to such sights. He knows it is merely a she-Bohemian engaged in expressing herself with the utmost brevity. He appreciates that she must live her own life regardless of the possibilities of pneumonia.

The outbreak of infantile playhouses attained its great virulence last fall, amounting in effect to an epidemic. Almost any building too small for a Chinese laundry and not well ventilated enough for a hide-and-fur shop stood in imminent peril of being converted into a theater overnight. The ambitious promoters, making up in fine fervor what they lacked in experience and financial backing, would fit it out with seats and a stage, with a curtain and footlights, with exits in case of fire—or police—and here, with the aid of amateur scene painters and amateur electricians and amateur managers, amateur actors offered the brain-products of amateur dramatists to amateur audiences.

Like most of the things which may easily be done, this thing very speedily was overdone. The pioneers in the field of the half-grain drama were clever enough—cleverer even than they themselves knew. In at least two conspicuous instances the productions presented by nonprofessional troupes, who at the outset labored mainly for the love of the work, were of such excellence—so good in technique, so well cast, with

(Concluded on Page 58)

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

By WILL IRWIN

PARIS, MAY 1ST.

THE world is a small place after all—a statement so ancient and bromidic that no self-respecting person is supposed to use it any more—and so is this war. I had an incidental meeting at Verdun last summer with a lieutenant of the French Army who spoke good and idiomatic English. He was assigned, as it happened, to take me past "Dead Man's Corner" to an advanced dressing post somewhere behind the Fort de Dugny. As we prepared to start I remembered that I had left off my steel helmet, a piece of hardware very reassuring in those shrapnel-saturated atmospheres. I stopped the car and ran back to quarters to get it; and as I returned he remarked with a laugh:

"That's right; stick to your French derby in these parts."

Now an Englishman calls the ugliest piece of headgear known to man a bowler; and so I answered:

"You didn't learn your English in England."

"I should say not!" he replied. "Say, you don't know anyone who wants to buy some town lots in Los Angeles, do you? Because I've got 'em to sell."

Yesterday I went up to a town on the fringe of the war zone, to visit the Americans who are training for officers in the new Mechanical Transport Corps. In the process of being shown round I passed through a shed built of black paper over a board floor; and a cheerful American voice with a French tang, which seemed somehow familiar, floated across the lath-and-paper partition, saying: "The lieutenant here tells you you've got to get it white-hot before you weld it—white-hot—see? Watch him do it—now get that!"

I peeped round the corner of the partition. It was my old acquaintance—old as war goes—of Fort de Dugny and points north. Assigned to take care of the American ambulances because he was beyond military age when he volunteered, and because he knew American English, he had now been transferred to this school in order that he might explain the subtleties of automobile French to our volunteers. Grouped about him, their arms over each other's shoulders, were fifteen stalwart young men in the uniform of the American Ambulance.

These boys are pioneers in a new departure. Just before our declaration of war, so many volunteers for the American Field Sections, which used to run the ambulances, poured into Paris that Piatt Andrew, the director, conceived the idea of extending his work to a more vital and necessary function of the French Army—getting up the ammunition to the artillery. A whole section left last week for its final training at the Front, and others will follow fast.

Good Mixers at the Front

IT IS not impossible that a great deal of the ammunition handling in those French regiments that do most of the active fighting will soon be in American hands. The transport service needs officers as much as any other branch of the service; and in consequence these fifteen men, all experienced ambulance drivers, most of them wearing that *Croix de Guerre* which proves their valor, have been told off to learn the profession. At this training school they share instruction, bed and board with one hundred and fifty Frenchmen, also working for commissions.

For five or six weeks they will be crammed with facts concerning army *camions*, automobile machinery in general, the organization of the French Army, the theory and practice of handling men. Having passed their examinations they will gradually replace the French officers in temporary command. Just what their standing will be, in either the French Army or the American, no one knows yet. They will have the power and privileges of French second lieutenants for the present, without the chevrons or the pay—the title will be simply Volunteer Chief of Section.

The régime at this school is hard enough even for the natives. I have long suspected that European boys are always expected to work harder at school than our own young loafers; and this is an affair of war, when every man is supposed to put in the best that he has. For our men, mostly imperfectly acquainted with French, it is doubly hard. The day begins at

Left, F. J. Daley, of Yale—Right, W. Taylor, Andover, Commanding Second Section of American Camion Drivers

half past five in the morning with reveille and a French breakfast of coffee and war bread. All the morning they are listening to lectures, are watching laboratory demonstrations, are toiling over machinery. The course includes taking a five-ton truck to pieces and putting it together again. Taking them apart is easy, but putting them together—one of the Americans remarked to me under his breath, as he pawed through a mess of bolts, nuts, oil cups and spare parts, "I've Dutched it complete, *Gott strafe* it! But the head mechanic has just pointed out a defective part, so I'll have an alibi when the instructor comes round."

After luncheon usually comes drill; mechanical transport men as well as cavalry and infantry must learn how to get to a certain place in a certain time, which is about all there is to drill nowadays. Here, I find, the Americans give a comedy touch to life in camp. Nearly every Frenchman has done his two years of military service in his youth, and has learned that peculiar snap and click which the Frenchman puts into military evolution. While the French were learning the manual of arms our boys were playing football and tennis. They move, therefore, with the ease of trained athletes—a gait pleasing to the artistic eye, but unmilitary in the extreme. Somehow it strikes the French as funny; they are always sitting on the fence and calling out pleasantly sarcastic encouragement as our men swing by.

Yet though their drilling has been a joke to the French *poilu*, they themselves have been a great hit. There is no use in talking, the Americans and the French get along well together. No sooner were our men established in camp than their French comrades gave them a dinner. The fare was the regular army ration, supplemented by a few extra courses bought by subscription. An artiste from the Opéra was brought specially from Paris to sing for them, and both the colonel and an orator elected from the French students made speeches. The student spiced his talk with a few witty references to American peculiarities.

Some response had to be made; and one of our boys was shoved to his feet. In halting French he mentioned that the Americans, sitting apart by themselves in the mess hall, would prefer to sit with the French. The whole house rose, yelling "Come to our table!" "Come to ours!" An enterprising Frenchman rushed through the mob, caught an American about the waist and dragged him to his table.

That started a riot—everyone fighting for an American. Now they are mixed up satisfactorily with the French. The Americans will return hospitality next week with a dinner of their own, and they are trying to get an American prima donna to furnish the entertainment.

Practice Runs on Blind Orders

I LUNCHED with four or five of the boys at a café outside the gates of the camp. A sergeant arrived in the midst of luncheon with orders for the afternoon. That period is given up usually to road work. The students take out a section of automobile trucks and make a practice run. Each day a different man commands them as chief of section. He carries running orders, made out in the regular French military form, and a map of the sector. No one explains the map or the orders to him; he must work it all out for himself; and the officers, I suspect, try to make it as hard as possible.

The chief of section does not ride on a truck like the rank and file. He has a touring car for a war horse; he runs up and down the line, directing the route, straightening out tangles, and especially looking after breakdowns. When the machinery of a truck goes wrong it is run at once to the side of the road, that traffic may not be impeded. The chief—here is use for his learning in the anatomy of automobiles—looks it over and determines if jury repairs can be made. If not he telephones to the mechanics at the base, mounts his war horse, and hurries on after the convoy.

Bigelow, the orders stated, was officer for the day; with the orders went a map over which he was still knitting his brows when one of the company glanced at his wrist watch and said "Only three minutes to one-thirty, Big." We rushed over to the American tent to see the squad start out.

"*Rassemblement!*" ordered Bigelow, practicing his army French, and the squad fell in. "*A droit alignement—fixe! Les ordres du jour*—I guess, fellows, we'd better go at the rest of this in United States. Here's the orders"—and he read off the assignments of drivers and assistants. "Now you've got it? All right. *A droite par quatres—marche!*"

While the squad marched to the automobile park and got out the *camions* we drove forward with a French captain and Lieutenant K——, the Frenchman from Los Angeles; drove through one of the sweetest bits of countryside, all green fields, spreading trees, bright little gray villages and tumbling hedges of lilac. We stopped before a farmhouse on the edge of a village, and here Lieutenant K—— smiled sardonically to himself before he said:

"This is where they'll fall down—it's nearly a cinch. Bigelow's got orders to turn to the left, according to the map. There are two roads here. This one to the left looks all right, but it runs into a *cul-de-sac*. The one beyond there"—he indicated a turn a hundred yards away—"is the road we're driving at.

Officers in Charge of the School, and, Second From Right, Tinkham, Commanding Section A

We're resting here to make it harder. He'll take this road, for a cinch!"

The lieutenant and the captain rubbed their hands in anticipation. A moment later a burst of dust at the top of a distant hill signaled the approach of the transport train. Out of the dust, presently, came the light touring car. It slowed up as it passed us; Bigelow sat beside the military driver, studying that map. He looked back, he looked beyond; the car backed up, turned round, and Bigelow, saluting perfunctorily, cast a long look down the lieutenant's trap.

"It's a cinch!" murmured Lieutenant K——. "Bet you anything!"

He would have won. The leading truck turned past the farmhouse; the others rumbled after it. Bigelow, still unaware, followed the trailer, and we followed him. We rounded a turn. In a gully below us the convoy was stacked up, the leading truck with its nose jammed against the barn to which that road led. And the blushing Bigelow came tramping back along the road to salute and report:

"I took the wrong turning, sir."

"You did!" said the captain in French, and everyone laughed. "That was put into the day's run to show you that maps are not merely decorative. You won't do that again, will you? It's only a little mistake, my boy. We all make them. Now find the right road!"

Ten minutes later the *camions* were backing out into the main highway, under observation of a crowd of villagers, conspicuously a stout peasant woman, with a twin on each arm, who asked me, as we passed, who these gentlemen were in the strange uniforms—Russians, perhaps, or English?

Bigelow acquitted himself without error for the rest of the day. Some fifteen miles away from camp the convoy was parked in the plaza of a little war-zone town—parked, according to standing orders, with the greatest economy of space. Then it ran monotonously back to camp, the captain and Lieutenant K——, in their fast touring car, shooting ahead by spurts and reviewing it at this or that crossroad, to criticize its technic and alignment. The *camions* parked at headquarters, the squad hurried to the lecture hall—a structure of laths and building paper with a bank of benches—where the captain talked an hour on the practical lessons of that day's run. Then dinner; and then study until ten o'clock.

The Strike of the Midinettes

THIS day's work of our embryo American officers was merely a glimpse of the organization behind the lines, of which the American people know so little and of which we must know so much if this war drags on to its expected length. The mechanical transport of automobile trucks has served to counteract for the French the German strategic railroads. Along with the valor of the men at the Front, it saved Verdun.

PARIS, MAY 19TH.

THE strike of the "midinettes," the sewing women of the great and famous Parisian dressmakers, is the event of the hour along the boulevards. The proprietors, it appears, decided that owing to slack times they would enforce the "English week," which means a Saturday half holiday. The girls liked that until they learned that they would be docked for that half day. Then they struck; and while they were about it they demanded a franc a day additional pay to meet the increased cost of living.

So far, it has been rather a gay and merry strike. All day I have been meeting bands of marching women, sometimes singing, sometimes calling badinage to the crowds on the sidewalk cafés—for it is lovely weather and the boulevards are full.

An American Transport Train. Above—the Reception at the Front. The Captain Makes a Speech in English

As a Socialist newspaper remarked this morning, the *boulevardier*—the Parisian equivalent of our man-about-town—has a chance to see the midinette as she really is.

Much fake literature has been written about the girl of this craft; there she figures as sister to the girl of the Latin Quarter—*chic*, romantic, living on love and music. In reality she is simply a working girl. Some, indeed, were young, as you saw them along the boulevards, and they had about them that touch of smartness which the French girl knows how to put into eight dollars' worth of clothes. More were middle-aged, appearing like working mothers of families. Some were old women, even toothless old women. Here and there in the marching groups appeared the horizon blue of the army—soldier brothers or lovers, home on leave, who marched with them for sympathy. And usually, tailing the procession at a respectful distance, were four or five worried-looking policemen.

They were gay enough until they lined up before the dressmaking shops for a demonstration; and then it became a slightly different matter. Victor Hugo said that he felt two natures struggling within him. That duality of nature is most pronounced in the French. On one side your Frenchman is a sprightly, entertaining and humorous angel; but there's a sleeping tiger in him too. That tiger wakes when he goes into action; it explains why an army of quiet, courteous, joking little men, who look like anything but soldiers, has been able to hold against the greatest military power in the modern world.

I saw a flash of the tiger to-day. On the street near the Opéra, where I go for my mail, a crowd had filed up before a famous dressmaker's. The babble sounded a block down the street. Three policemen were barring the door, and half a dozen girl strikers were making defiant gestures under their noses while talking five hundred insulting words a minute.

I left the American lady with whom I was walking on the edge of the crowd, while I pushed forward toward the focus of disturbance. Someone from the rear shouted "There they are—the camels!" The surge of the crowd carried me to the middle of the street. As I looked over my shoulder I saw that the three policemen, their faces very red from keeping silence under insult, were drawing long breaths of relief and smiling faintly.

An Impromptu Labor Meeting

LEANING over the balcony rail on the second floor were three women dressed in simple but expensive-looking black and with their hair elaborately coifed—Parisian forewomen these, the kind of haughty countesses who put madame's dress into a fit while twittering compliments in dovelike voices. Languidly they leaned, with an expression of haughty disdain, while the midinettes called them horrible unprintable names—like camels, onions, carrots and little pink pigs!

I turned back to the lady whom I had left on the sidewalk. She was lost to view, surrounded; I saw arms waving above heads. I made my way to her. She was backed against the wall, more embarrassed than frightened, for she speaks but little French. Three or four of the more emotional among the strikers were talking at the top of their voices, their eyes gleaming, their teeth showing; and one, a buxom, black-eyed fury of a creature, was fingering the lapel of a new coat that the American woman was wearing.

"Listen, madame!" the black-eyed girl was saying; "you are rich and we are poor. You paid for that coat—you bought it at the Galerie Lafayette—two hundred, perhaps three hundred francs." This was true, by the way. "I know, for I make those coats. And what do I get for making a coat like this? Three francs! Is it right?"

"Is it right? No! No!" clamored the girls behind her.

The American lady happens to sympathize with labor. She found enough French to say:

"You are right! It is not just! We are Americans. Our girls are better paid in America."

"Yes; they did it themselves by organizing," I said.

Then, like the sun breaking, their faces smoothed out to smiles. They oh-ed and oh-ed. "Americans!" they said, and "They are with us!" The black-eyed girl who had been fingering the new coat cried "*Vive l'Amerique!*" They all took it up.

"*Vive la France! Vive les midinettes!*" I cried, waving my hat. There was tremendous applause, and as the strikers moved away they were craning their necks to wave at us. So was our little riot turned into a pro-Ally ratification meeting; but, all the same, while I watched them fingering madame's coat I understood the knitting women about the guillotine which once purged France—and also the Battle of the Marne!

PARIS, MAY 21ST.

I RAN up yesterday to a beautiful old French town where three of our American boys, rather envied by other young men who are ready

The Start From the School to the Line. The Man Looking Forward in the Center of the Group Is the French Lieutenant in Charge of Instructing the Americans

to offer their swords to France, have been put in training as artillery officers. When they pass their examinations and get the *galons* as second lieutenants they will take command in French regiments at the Front.

Doubtless when our new troops arrive they will be transferred, owing to their practical experience on this Front; and they should be invaluable. I had a little hunt for them, and so I chartered the carriage of a businesslike woman driver who asked for my trade at the station.

It was an all-feminist equipment, that cab; the horse was named Julie, and the dog Sophie. This Sophie was an Airedale, and she took her job so seriously that she was run down to skin and bone. She went before the cab all the way, wearing a manner of pompous authority, looking back now and then to assure herself that all was well. Whenever she found a male dog in the way she took outrageous advantage of dog chivalry and, barking with authority, chased him onto the sidewalk. Once we ran foul of an army *camion*, and she tried to bark that out of the way. This awakened militant womanhood, just breaking into industry, takes its job with great seriousness.

Unless you are writing under the censorship, as I am not at this moment, it is unfair to describe military arrangements, even training schools. I merely quote, therefore, what one of the boys said when I found them and went to dinner with them. He was in a class of one hundred and fifty Frenchmen, all younger than he, all less advanced in their education.

They had been chosen by competitive examination for entrance into the school.

"I'm having a hard time keeping up," he said. "It's not only French—and if you think you know this language try some technical stuff and find how much you don't know—it's general knowledge. They run rings round me in mathematics and physics—and what they know they know certainly and accurately. English and American schools and colleges don't turn out such scholars as these."

It is being borne upon me that Continental boys get a great deal more education out of their schools than ours of the English-speaking races. I am sure it is so with the French and Italians, and it must be so with the Germans. I wonder, sometimes, if the day of the picturesque college loafer is not over for England and the United States.

PARIS, MAY 22D.

I AM having the dickens of a time about a camera; and my experience brings out a detail of wartime life that seems to have escaped notice at home. It is the manner in which everything runs to seed.

Mine is a German camera—bought, I hasten to say, before the war. I have carried it so long that its use is second nature to me. It has crossed the ocean eleven times, and has knocked about in the dunnage of four armies. When, in New York last winter, it began to show signs of wear I should have got a new one, but I did not—partly through laziness and partly because it seemed like throwing down an old friend. Last week its focusing apparatus broke down.

I took it to the American camera house where I buy films and have developing done, and asked to have it repaired. "Quite impossible," they said; "no one to do it." I tried again, at a French establishment. They were very sorry, but it couldn't be done. I got the same story at three other places. Finally I found a French house that held out a possibility of making repairs—this, mind you, would probably be a half-hour's job for an expert mechanic—in about two weeks. A workman of the firm was coming home on leave in about that period, and might work a little—"if nothing happens to him meantime," they added grimly.

The hardest thing to obtain in Paris, these days, is repairs. Such mechanics as are not mobilized find their time fully occupied in necessary industries. Now and then, by searching, one can get a munitions worker to do a little repairing in his leisure hours. That is about the sole dependence.

Wandering about from camera shop to camera shop with this idea in mind I noticed fully for the first time how Paris has run down at the heel. I have not seen a brushful of paint applied to the exterior of a building since the war began. Paint is peeling with age; varnish is cracking. Just off the boulevards is a fashionable tailor shop bearing a sign made of some substance that looks like isinglass covered by plain glass. The isinglass has begun to crack and peel, so that half the letters are obliterated.

Carpets and rugs, wherever I went, were frayed and worn. Looms are too busy with uniforms, ships too busy with munitions to trifle with merely ornamental floor covering. All signboards are ridiculously shabby; some are getting hard to read.

After my search for camera repairs I drifted into a newspaper office. "Take care," said the editor; "the bottom's out of that chair!" I sat down in another, which slowly settled under my weight. "There, blast it!" he said. "I thought that one would be going soon! I've got to take time to go rummaging in secondhand stores for chairs," he continued. "I priced new ones the other day, and the price was beyond belief. I suppose there's hardly been a chair made in France during the last year or two; and of course we're not importing chairs just now. As for repairs—you might as well whistle for the moon!"

I met an American woman yesterday, mourning over the loss of her bag, which she left in the Metro. "It isn't the money," she said, "though I couldn't afford to lose that. It is my keys—I can never, never get new ones made!"

Life in the latter stages of a long-drawn-out war like this goes down toward basic necessities; and everything pertaining to half necessities or to luxuries looks a little decayed just now.

PARIS, MAY 23D.

IT IS getting hard to keep track of American activities in this town; and if that is the case now what will it be when our armies really begin to arrive! You seldom enter a resort frequented by our countrymen but you meet some young fellow who is going into aviation or is waiting for his Red Cross enlistment or is asking questions about the Foreign Legion.

As for what used to be the American Ambulance Field Service, they are coming so fast that the management has trouble in handling them. The organization, by the way, has dropped the word Ambulance from its official designation, and is known simply as the American Field Service.

(Continued on Page 50)

THE HIGH HEART

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXIII

AS HUGH BROKENSHIRE and I were walking along the Ocean Drive a few days after Larry Strangways had come and gone, the dear lad got some satisfaction from charging me with inconsistency.

"You're certainly talking about England and Canada to-day very differently from what you used to."

"Am I? Well, if it seems so it's because you don't understand the attitude of Canadians toward their mother country. As a country, as a government, England has been magnificently true to us always. It's only between Englishmen and Canadians as individuals that irritation arises, and for that most Canadians don't care. The Englishman snubs and the Canadian grows bumptious. I don't think the Canadian would grow bumptious if the Englishman didn't snub. Both snubbing and bumptiousness are offensive to me; but that, I suppose, is because I'm oversensitive. And yet one forgets sensitiveness when it comes to anything really national. In that we're one, with as perfect a solidarity as that which binds Oregon to Florida. You'll never find one of us who isn't proud to serve when England gives the orders."

"To be snubbed by her for serving."

"Certainly; to be snubbed by her for serving! It's all we look for; it's all we shall ever get. No one need make any mistake about that. In Canada we're talking of sending fifty thousand troops to the Front. We may send five hundred thousand and we shall still be snubbed. But we're not such children as to go into a cause in the hope that someone will give us sweets. We do it for the cause. We know, too, that it isn't exactly injustice on the English side; it's only ungraciousness."

"Oh, they're long on ungraciousness, all right."

"Yes; they're very long on ungraciousness ——"

"Even dad feels that. You should hear him cuss after he's been kotowing to some British celebrity—and given him the best of all he's got—and put him up at the good clubs. They bring him letters in shoals, you know ——"

"I'm afraid it has to be admitted that the best-mannered among them are often rude from our transatlantic point of view; and yet the very rudeness is one of the defects of their good qualities. You can no more take the ungraciousness out of the English character than you can take the hardness out of granite; but if granite wasn't hard it wouldn't serve its purposes. We Canadians know that, don't you see? We allow for it in advance, just as you allow for the clumsiness of the elephant for the sake of his strength and sagacity. We're not angels ourselves—neither you Americans nor we Canadians; and yet we like to get the credit for such small merits as we possess."

Hugh whipped off the blossom of a roadside flower as he swung his stick.

"All they give us credit for is money."

"Well, they certainly give you a great deal of credit for that!" I laughed. "They make a golden calf of you. They fall down and worship you, like the children of Israel in the wilderness. When we're as rich as we shall be some day they'll do the same by us."

Within a week my intercourse with Hugh had come to be wholly along international lines. We were no longer merely a man and a woman; we were types; we were points of view. The world struggle—the time struggle, as Larry Strangways would have called it—had broken out in us. The interlocking of human destinies had become apparent. As positively as Franz Ferdinand and Sophie Chotek, we had our part in the vast drama. Even Hugh, against all his inclinations to hang back, was obliged to take his share. So lost were we in the theme that, as we tramped along, we had not a thought for the bracing wind, the ruffled sea, the dashing of surf over ledges, or the exquisite gentle savagery of the rocky flowering uplands, with villas marking the sky line as they do on the Côte d'Azur.

I was the more willing to discuss the subject since I felt it a kind of mission from Mr. Strangways to carry out the object he had so much at heart. I was to be—so far as so humble a body as I could be it—an interpreter of the one country to the other. I reckoned that if I explained and explained and explained, and didn't let myself grow tired of explaining, some little shade of the distrust which each of the great English-speaking nations has for its fellow might be polished away. I couldn't do much; but the value of all effort is in proportion to the opportunity. So I began with Hugh.

"You see, Hugh, peoples are like people. Each of us has his weak points as well as his strong ones; but we don't necessarily hate each other on that account. You've lived in England, and you know the English rub you up the wrong way. I've lived there too, and had exactly the same experience. But we go through just that thing with lots of individuals with whom we manage to be very good friends. You and your brother Jack, for instance, don't hit it off so very well; and yet you contrive to be Brokenshires together and uphold the honor of the family."

"I'm a Socialist and Jack's a snob ——"

"That's it. Mentally you're the world apart. But, as you've objects in common to work for, you get along fairly well. Now why shouldn't the Englishman and the American do the same? Why should they always see how much they differ instead of how much they are alike? Why should they always underscore each other's faults when by seeing each other's good points they could benefit not only themselves but the world? If there was an entente, let us say, between the British Empire and the United States—not exactly an alliance perhaps, if people are afraid of the word ——"

He stopped and wheeled round suddenly, suspicion in his small, myosotis-colored eyes.

"Look here, little Alix; isn't this the dope that fresh guy Strangways was handing out the other day?"

I flushed, but I didn't stammer.

"I don't care whether it is or not. Besides, it isn't dope; it's food; it's medicine; it's a remedy for the ills of this poor old civilization. We've got it in our power, we English-speaking peoples ——"

"You haven't," he declared coolly. "Your country would still be the goat."

"Yes," I agreed; "Canada would still be the goat; but we don't mind that. We're used to it. You'll always have a fling at us on one side and England on the other; but we're like the strong, good-natured boy who doesn't resent kicks and cuffs because he knows he can grow and thrive in spite of them."

He put his hand on my arm and spoke in the kindly tone that reminded me of his father:

"My dear little girl, you can drop it. It won't go down. Suppose we keep to the sort of thing you can tackle. You see, when you've married me you'll be an American. Then you'll be out of it."

I was hurt. I was furious. The expression, too, was getting on my nerves. I began to wish I was out of it. Since I couldn't be in it, marriage might prove a Lethe bath, in which I should forget I had anything to do with it. Sheer desperation made me cry out:

"Very well, then, Hugh! If we're to be married, can't we be married quickly? Then I shall have it off my mind."

There was not only a woeful decline of spirit in his response but a full acceptance of the Brokenshire yoke.

"We can't be married any quicker than dad says. But I'll talk to him."

He made no objection, however, when, a little later, I received from my uncle a draft for my entire fortune and announced my intention of handing the sum over to Mr. Strangways for investment. Hugh probably looked on the amount as too insignificant to talk about; in addition to which some Brokenshire instinct for the profitable may have led him to appreciate a thing so good as to make it folly to say nay to it. The result was that I heard from Larry Strangways, in letters which added nothing to my comfort.

I don't know what I expected him to say; but, whatever it was, he didn't say it. He wasn't curt; his letters were not short. On the contrary, he wrote at length, and brought up subjects that had nothing to do with certificates of stock. But they were all political or international, or related in one way or another to the ideal at his heart—England and America! The British Empire and the United States! The brotherhood of democracies! Why in thunder had the bally world waited so long for the coalition of dominating influences which alone could keep it straight? Why dream of the impossible when the practical had not as yet been tried? Why talk peace, peace, when there was no peace at The Hague, if a full and controlling sympathy could not be effected nearer home—let us say, at Ottawa? He was going to Canada to enlist; he would start in a few days' time; but he was doing it not merely to fight for the cause; he was going to be one man, at least, just a straggling democratic scout—one of a forlorn hope—to offer his life to a union of which the human race has the same sort of need as human beings of wedlock.

And in all this there was no reference to me. He might not have loved me; I might not have loved him. I answered the letters in the vein in which they were written, and once or twice showed my replies to Hugh.

"Forget it!" was his ordinary comment. "The American eagle is too wise an old bird to be caught with salt on its tail."

Perhaps it was because Larry Strangways made no appeal to me that I gave myself to forwarding his work with a more enthusiastic zeal. I had to do it quietly, for fear of offending Hugh; but I got my opportunities—that is, I got my opportunities to talk, though I saw I made no impression.

We Read the Papers; We Heard of Horrors; But We Hadn't Realized That There Was a War

I was only a girl—the queer Canadian who had been Ethel Rossiter's nursery governess, and whom the Brokenshire family, for unexplained reasons, had accepted as Hugh's future wife. What could I know about matters at which statesmen had always shied? It was preposterous that I should speak of them; it was presumptuous. Nobody told me that; I saw it in people's eyes.

And I should have seen it in their eyes more plainly if they had been interested. No one was. An entente between the United States and the British Empire might have been an alliance between Bolivia and Baluchistan. It wasn't merely fashionable folk who wouldn't think of it; no one would. I knew plenty of people by this time. I knew townspeople of Newport, and summer residents, and that intermediate group of retired admirals and professors who come in between the two. I knew shop people and I knew servants, all with their stake in the country, their stake in the world. Not a soul among them cared a hang.

And then, threatening to put me entirely out of business, we got the American war refugees and the English visitors. I group them together because they belong together. They belonged together for the reason that there was nothing each one of them didn't know—by hearsay from someone who knew it by hearsay. The American war refugees had all been in contact with people in England whom they characterized as well-informed. The English visitors were well-informed because they were English visitors. Some of them told prodigious secrets, which they had indirectly from Downing Street. Others gave the reasons why General Isleworth had been superseded in his command, and the part Mrs. Lamingford, that beautiful American, had played in the scandal. From others we learned that Lady Hull, with her baleful charm, was the influence really responsible for the shortage of shells.

War was shown to us by our English visitors not as a mighty, pitiless contest, but as a series of social, sexual and political intrigues, in which women pulled the strings. I know it was talk; but talk it was. For weeks, for months, we had it with the greater number of our meals. Wherever there were English guests—women of title they often were, or eccentric public men—we had an orgy of tales in which the very entrails of English reputations were torn out. No one was spared—not even the highest in the land. All the American could do was to listen open-mouthed; and open-mouthed he listened.

I will say for the English that they have no disloyalty but that of chatter; but the plain American could not be expected to know that. To him the chatter was Gospel truth. He had none of that facility for discounting gossip on the great which the Englishman learns with his mother tongue. The American heard it greedily; he was avid for more. He retailed it at dinners and teas, and in that Reading Room, which is really a club. Naturally enough! From what our English visitors told us about themselves, their generals and their admirals were footlers at the best; and could, moreover, be described by a vigorous compound Anglo-Saxon word in the Book of Revelations.

And the English papers were no better. All the important ones, weeklies as well as dailies, were sent to Mr. Brokenshire; and copies lay about at Mrs. Rossiter's. They sickened me. I stopped reading them. There was good in them, doubtless; but what I chiefly found was a wild tempest of abuse of this party or that party, of this leading man or that leading man, with the effect on the imagination of a ship going down amid the curses and confusion of officers and passengers alike. It may have sounded well in England; very likely it did; but in America it was horrible. I mention it here only because, in this babel of voices, my own faint pipe on behalf of a league of democracies could no more be heard than the tinkle of a sacring bell amid the shrieking and bursting of shells.

I was often tempted to say no more about it and let the world go to pot. Then I thought of Larry Strangways, offering his life for an ideal as to which I was unwilling to speak a word. So I would begin my litany of Bolivia and Baluchistan over again, crooning it into the ears of people, both gentle and simple, who, in the matter of response, might never have heard the names of the two countries I mentioned together.

A few lines from one of Larry Strangways' letters, written from Valcartier, prompted me to persevere in this course:

"People are no more interested here than they are on our side of the Border; but it's got to come, for all that. What we need is a public opinion; and a public opinion can only be created by writing and talk. Thank the Lord, you and I can talk if we are not very strong on writing; and talk we must! Bigger streams have risen from smaller springs. The mustard seed is the least of all seeds; but it grows to be the greatest of herbs."

It might have been easier to call forth a responsive spark had we realized that there was a war. But we hadn't—not in the way that the fact came to us afterward. In spite of the taking of Namur, Liège, Maubeuge, the advance on Paris, and the rolling back on the Marne, we had seen no more than chariots and horses of fire in the clouds. It was not only distant, it was phantomlike. We read the papers; we heard of horrors; American war refugees and English visitors alike piled up the agonies, to which we listened eagerly; we saw the moneyed magnates come and go in counsel with Mr. Brokenshire; we knitted and sewed and subscribed to funds; but, so far as vital participation went, Hugh was right in saying we were out of it.

And then a shot fell right into our midst, smiting us with awe.

Cissie Boscobel, Hugh, another young man and I had been playing tennis one September morning on Mrs. Rossiter's courts. The other young man having left for Bailey's Beach, the remaining three of us were sauntering back toward the house when a lad, whom Cissie recognized as belonging to the Burkes' establishment, came running up with a telegram. As it was for Cissie, she stood still to read it while Hugh and I strolled on. Once or twice I glanced back toward her; but she still held the brief lines up before her as if she couldn't make out their meaning.

When she rejoined us, as she presently did, I noticed that her color had died out; though there was otherwise no change in her unless it was in stillness. The question was as to whether we should go to Bailey's or not. I didn't want to go and Hugh declared he wouldn't go without me.

"We'll put it up to Cissie," he said as we reached the house. "If she goes we'll all go."

"I think I won't go," she answered quietly; adding without much change of tone: "Leatherhead's been killed in action."

So there really was a war! Hugh's deep "Oh!" was in itself like the distant rumble of guns.

XXIV

THERE was nothing to be done for Lady Cecilia, because she took her bereavement with so little fuss. She asked for no sympathy; so far as I ever saw, she shed no tears. If on that particular spot in the neighborhood of Ypres a man had had to fall for his country she was proud that it had been a Boscobel. She put on a black frock and she ordered her maid to take the jade-green plume out of

a black hat; but, except that she declined invitations, she went about as usual. As the first person we knew to be touched by the strange new calamity of war, we made a kind of heroine of her, treating her with an almost romantic reverence; but she herself never seemed aware of it. It was my first glimpse of that unflinching British heroism of which I have since seen much; and it impressed me.

We began to dream together of being useful; our difficulty was that we didn't see the way. War had not yet made its definite claims on women and girls, and knitting till our muscles ached was not a sufficient outlet to our energies. Had I been in Cissie's place, I should have gone home at once; but I suspected that, in spite of all her brave words to me, she couldn't quite kill the hope that kept her lingering on.

My own ambitions being distasteful to Hugh, I was obliged to repress them; doing so with the greater regret because some of the courses I suggested would have done him good. They would have utilized the physical strength with which he was blessed, and delivered him from that material well-being to which he returned with the more childlike rejoicing because of having been without it.

"Hugh dear," I said to him once, "couldn't we be married soon and go over to France or England? Then we should see whether there wasn't something we could do."

"Not on your life, little Alix!" was his laughing response. "Since as Americans we're out of it, out of it we shall stay."

Over replies like this, of which there were many, I was gnashing my teeth helplessly when, all at once, I was called on to see myself as others saw me; so getting a surprise.

The first note of warning came to me in a few words from Ethel Rossiter. I was scribbling her notes one morning as she lay in bed when it occurred to me to say:

"If I'm going to be married I suppose I ought to be doing something about clothes."

She murmured listlessly:

"Oh, I wouldn't be in a hurry about that if I were you."

I went on writing.

"I haven't been in a hurry, have I? But I shall certainly want some things I haven't got now."

"Then you can get them after you're married. When are you to be married, anyhow?"

As the question was much on my mind I looked up from my task and said:

"Well—when?"

"Don't you know?"

"No; do you?"

She shook her head.

"I didn't know but what father had said something about it."

"He hasn't—not a word." I resumed my scribbling. "It's a queer thing for him to have to settle, don't you think? One might have supposed it would have been left to me."

"Oh, you don't know father!" It was as if throwing off something of no importance that she added: "Of course he can see that you're not in love with Hugh."

Amazed at this reading of my heart, I bent my head to hide my confusion. "I don't know why you should say that," I stammered at last, "when you can't help seeing I'm quite true to him."

She shrugged her beautiful shoulders, of which one was bare.

"Oh, true! What's the good of that?" She went on casually: "By the by, do call up Daisy Burke and tell her I shan't go to that lunch of theirs. They're going to have old lady Billing, who's coming to stay at father's; and you don't catch me with that lot except when I can't help it." She reverted to the topic of a minute before. "I don't blame you, of course. I suppose, if I were in your place, it's what I should do myself. It's what I thought you'd try for—you remember, don't you?—as long ago as when we were in Halifax. But naturally enough other people don't." I failed to learn, however, what other people didn't, because of a second reversion in theme: "Do make up something civil to say to Daisy, and tell her I won't come."

We dropped the subject, chiefly because I was afraid to go on with it; but when I met old Mrs. Billing I received a similar shock. Having gone to Mr. Brokenshire's to pay her my respects, I was told she was on the terrace. As a matter of fact she was making her way toward the hall, and awkwardly carried a book, a sunshade and the stump of a cigarette. Dutifully I went forward in the hope of offering my services.

"Get out of my sight!" was her response to my greetings. "I can't bear to look at you."

Brushing past me without further words, she entered the house.

"What did she mean?" I asked of Cissie Boscobel, to whom I heard that Mrs. Billing had given her own account of the incident.

Lady Cecilia was embarrassed.

"Oh, nothing! She's just so very odd."

But I insisted:

"She must have meant something. Had it anything to do with Hugh Brokenshire?"

Reluctantly Lady Cissie let it out. Mrs. Billing had got the idea that I was marrying Hugh for his money; and, though in the past she had not disapproved of this line of action on my part, she had come to think it no road to happiness.

The Big Moneyed Man Who at That Minute Was Helping to Finance a Good Part of Europe Had Been Tricked by a Woman

Having taken the trouble to give me more than one hint that I should marry the man I was in love with, she was now disappointed in my character.

"You know how much truth there is in all that, don't you?" I said evasively.

Lady Cissie did her best to support me, though between her words and her inflection there was a curious lack of correspondence.

"Oh, yes—certainly!"

I got the reaction of her thought, however, some minutes later, when she said, apropos of nothing in our conversation:

"Since Janet can't be married this month, I needn't go home for a long time."

But knowing that this suggestion was in the air, I was the better able to interpret Mildred's oracular utterance the next time I sat at the foot of the couch in the darkened room.

"One can't be true to another," she said in reply to some feeler of my own, "unless one is true to oneself; and one can't be true to oneself unless one follows the highest of one's instincts."

I said inwardly: "Ah! Now I know the reason for her distrust of me." Aloud I made it:

"But that throws us back on the question as to what one's highest instincts are."

There was the pause that preceded all her expressions of opinion.

"On the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive, I suppose our highest promptings are those which urge us to give most of ourselves."

"And when one gives all of oneself that one can dispose of?"

"One has then to consider the importance or the unimportance of what one has to withhold."

Of all the things that had been said to me, this was the most disturbing. It had seemed to me hitherto that the essence of my duty lay in marrying Hugh. If I married him, I argued, I should have done my best to make up to him for all he had undergone for my sake. I saw myself as owing him a debt. The refusal to pay it would have implied a kind of moral bankruptcy. Considering myself solvent, and also considering myself honest, I felt I had no choice. Since I could pay, I must pay. The reasoning was the more forcible because I liked Hugh and was grateful to him. I could be tolerably happy with him and would make him a good wife.

To make him a good wife I had choked back everything I had ever felt for Larry Strangways; I had submitted to all the Brokenshire repressions; I had made myself humble and small before Hugh and his father, and accepted the status of a Libby Jaynes. My heart cried out like any other woman's heart—it cried out for my country in the hour of its stress; it cried out for my home in what I tried to make the hour of my happiness; when it caught me unawares it cried out for the man I loved. But all this I mastered as our Canadian men were mastering their longings and regrets on saying their good-bys. What was to be done was to be done, and done willingly. Willingly I meant to marry Hugh; not because he was the man I would have chosen before all others, but because, when no one else in the world was giving me a thought, he had had the astonishing goodness to choose me. And now ——

With Mrs. Brokenshire the situation was different. She believed I was in love with Hugh and that the others were doing me a wrong. Moreover, she informed me one day that I was making my way in Newport. People who noticed me once noticed me again. The men beside whom I sat at the occasional lunches and dinners I attended often spoke of me to the hostess on going away, and there could be no better sign than that. They said that, though I "wasn't long on looks," I had ideas and knew how to express them. She ventured to hope that this kindly opinion might in the end soften Mr. Brokenshire.

"Do you mean that he isn't softened as it is?"

She answered indirectly.

"He's not accustomed to be forced—and he feels I've forced him."

It was her first reference to what she had done for Hugh and me. In its way it gave me permission to say:

"But isn't it a question of the quid pro quo? If you granted him something for something he granted you in return ——"

But the expression on her face forbade my going on. I have never seen such a parting to human lips, or so haunting, so lost a look in human eyes. It told me everything. It was a confession of all the things she never could have said. "Better is it," says the Book of Ecclesiastes, "that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay." She had vowed and not paid. She had got her price and hadn't fulfilled her bargain. She couldn't; she never would. It was beyond her. The big moneyed man who at that minute was helping to finance a good part of Europe, who was a power not only in a city or a country but the world, had been tricked by a woman; and I in my poor little person was the symbol of his discomfiture.

No wonder he found it hard to forgive me! No wonder that whenever I came where he was he treated me to some kindly hint or correction which was no sufficient veil for his scorn! As I had never to my knowledge been hated by anyone, it was terrible to feel myself an object of abhorrence to a man of such high standing in the world. Our eyes couldn't meet without my seeing that his passions were seething to the boiling point. If he could have struck me dead with a look I think he would have done it. And I didn't hate him; I was too sorry for him. I could have liked him if he had let me.

I had consequently much to think about. I thought and I prayed. It was not a minute at which to do anything hurriedly. To a spirit so hot as mine it would have been a relief to lash out at them all; but, as I had checked myself hitherto, I checked myself again. I reasoned that if I kept close to right, right would take care of me. Not being a theologian I felt free to make some closeness of identity between right and God. I might have defined right as God in action, or God as right in conjunction with omnipotence, intelligence and love; but I had no need for exactness of terms. In keeping near to right I knew I must be near to God; and near to God I could let myself go so far that no power on earth would seem strong enough to save me—and yet I should be saved.

I went on then with a kind of fearlessness. If I was to marry Hugh I was convinced that I should be supported; if not I was equally convinced that something would hold me back.

"If anything should happen," I said to Cissie Boscobel one day, "I want you to look after Hugh."

The dawn seemed to break over her, though she only said tremulously:

"Happen—how?"

"I don't know. Perhaps nothing will. But if it does——"

She slipped away, doubtless so as not to hear more.

And then one evening, when I was not thinking especially about it, the cloud came down on the mountain; the voice spoke out of it and my course was made plain.

But before that night I also had received a cablegram. It was from my sister Louise, to say that the King Arthur, her husband's ship, had been blown up in the North Sea, and that he was among the lost.

So the call was coming to me more sharply than I had yet heard it. With Lady Cecilia's example in mind, I said little to those about me beyond mentioning the fact. I suppose they showed me as much sympathy as the sweeping away of a mere brother-in-law demanded. They certainly said they were sorry, and hinted that that was what nations let themselves in for when they were so rash as to go to war.

"Think we'd ever expose our fellows like that?" was Hugh's comment. "Not on your life!"

But they didn't make a heroine of me as they did with Lady Cissie; not that I cared about that. I only hoped that the fact that my brother-in-law's name was in all the American accounts of the incident would show them that I belonged to someone and that someone belonged to me. If it did I never perceived it. Perhaps the loss of a mere captain in the navy was a less gallant occurrence than the death in action of a Lord Leatherhead; perhaps we were already getting used to the toll of war; but, whatever the reason, Lady Cissie was still, to all appearances, the only sufferer. Within a day or two a black dress was my sole reminder that the King Arthur had gone down; and, even to Hugh, I made no further reference to the catastrophe.

And then came the evening when, as Larry Strangways said on my telling him about it, "the fat was all in the fire."

It was the occasion of what had become the annual dinner at Mr. Brokenshire's in honor of Mrs. Billing—a splendid function. Nothing short of a splendid function would have satisfied the old lady, who had the gift of making even the great afraid of her. The event was the more magnificent for the reason that, in addition to the mother of the favorite, a number of brother princes of finance, in Newport for conference with our host, were included among the guests. Of these one was staying in the house, one with the Jack Brokenshires, and two at a hotel. I was seated between the two who were at the hotel because they were socially unimportant. Even Mr. Brokenshire had sometimes to extend his domestic hospitality to business friends for the sake of business when perhaps he should have preferred to show his attentions in clubs.

The chief scene, if I may so call it, was played to the family alone in Mildred's sitting room, after the guests had gone; but there was a curtain raiser at the dinner table before the assembled company. I give bits of the conversation, not because they were important, but because of what they led up to.

We were twenty-four, seated on great Italian chairs, which gave each of us the feeling of being a sovereign on a throne. It took all the men of the establishment, as well as those gathered in from the Jack Brokenshires' and Mrs. Rossiter's, to wait on us, a detail by which in the end I profited. The gold service had been sent down from the vaults in New York, so that the serving plates were gold, as well as the plates for some of the other courses. Gold vases and bowls held the roses that adorned the table, and gold spoons and forks were under our hands. It was the first time I had ever been able to notice with my own eyes how nearly the rich American can rival the state of kings and emperors.

It goes without saying that all the women had put on their best, and that the jewels were as precious metals in the days of Solomon; they were "nothing accounted of." Diamonds flashed, rubies broke out in fire, and emeralds said unspeakable things all up and down the table; the rows and ropes and circlets of pearls made one think of the gates of Paradise. I was the only one not so bedecked, getting that contrast of simplicity which is the compensation of the poor. The ring Hugh had given me, a sapphire set in diamonds, was my only ornament; and yet the neat austerity of my black evening frock rendered me conspicuous.

It also goes without saying that I had no right to be conspicuous, being the person of least consequence at the board. Mr. Brokenshire not only felt that himself but he liked me to feel it; and he not only liked me to feel it but he liked others to see that his great broad spirit admitted me among his family and friends from noble promptings of tolerance. I was expected to play up to this generosity and to present the foil of humility to the glory of the other guests and the beauty of the table decorations.

In general I did this, and had every intention of doing it again. Nothing but what perhaps were the solecisms of my immediate neighbors caused my efforts to miscarry. I had been informed by Mrs. Brokenshire beforehand that they were socially dull, that one of them was "awful," and that my powers would be taxed to keep them in conversation. My mettle being up, I therefore did my best.

The one who was awful proved to be a Mr. Samuel Russky, whose claim to be present sprang from the fact that he was a member of a house that had the power to lend a great deal of money. He was a big man, of a mingled Slavic and Oriental cast of countenance, and had nothing more awful about him than a tendency to overemphasis. On my right I had Mr. John G. Thorne, whose face at a glance was as guileless as his name till contemplation revealed to you depth beyond depth of that peculiar astuteness of which only the American is master. I am sure that when we sat down to table neither of these gentlemen had any intention of taking a hand in my concerns, and are probably ignorant to this day of ever having done so; but the fact remains.

It began with my desire to oblige Mrs. Brokenshire by trying to make the dinner a success. Having to lift the heaviest corner, so to speak, I gave myself to the task first with one of my neighbors and then with the other. They responded so well that as early as when the terrapin was reached I was doing it with both. As there was much animation about the table there was nothing at that time to call attention to our talk.

Naturally it was about the war. From the war we passed to the attitude of the United States toward the struggle; and from that what could I do but glide to the topic as to which I felt myself a mouthpiece for Larry Strangways? It was a chance. Here were two men obviously of some influence in the country, and neither of them of very strong convictions, so far as I could judge, on any subject but that of floating foreign bonds. As the dust from a butterfly's wing might turn the scale with one or both of them, I endeavored to throw at least that much weight on the side of a British and American entente.

At something I said, Mr. Russky, with the slightest hint of Yiddish pronunciation, complained that I spoke as if all Americans were "Anglo-Saxons"; whereas it was well known that the "Anglo-Saxon" element among them was but a percentage, which was destined to grow less.

"I'm not putting it on that ground," I argued with some zeal, taking up a point as to which one of Larry Strangways' letters had enlightened me. "I see well enough that the American ideal isn't one of nationality, but of principle. When the federation of the states was completed it was on the basis not of a common Anglo-Saxon origin but on that of the essential unity of mankind. Mere nationality was left out of the question. All nations were welcomed, with the idea of welding them into one."

"And England," Mr. Russky declared, somewhat more loudly than was necessary for my hearing him, "is still bound up in her Anglo-Saxondom."

"Not a bit of it!" I returned. "Her spirit is exactly the same as that of this country. Except this country, where is there any other of which the gates and ports and homes and factories have been open to all nations as hers have been? They've landed on her shores in thousands and thousands, without passports and without restraint, welcomed and protected even when they've been taking the bread out of the born Englishman's mouth. Look at the number of foreigners they've been obliged to round up since the war began—for the simple reason that they'd become so many as to be a peril.

"It's the same not only in the British Islands but in every part of the British Empire. Always the same reception for all, with liberty for all. My own country, in proportion to its population, is as full of citizens of foreign birth as this is. They've been fathered and mothered from

(Continued on Page 38

For the Physical Suffering He Never Seemed to Care. But Something Deep and Far-Off Seemed to Have Been Reached by What He Had Seen and Heard and Done

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The Unhappy Neutrals

THE United States was drawn into this war because it had assumed such dimensions and intensity that it would have been utterly impossible for us to hold an even balance between the belligerents, even if we had wished to. We were finally compelled to decide, in effect, whether we should fight for Germany or against her.

Now Holland, Scandinavia, Denmark and Switzerland depend upon us for certain supplies. Withholding those supplies may involve great hardship upon countries for which we have the friendliest feeling. But Germany draws certain supplies from those countries. It would not only be absurd but a crime against our soldiers to furnish armies that are fighting against us with things which armies that are fighting for us sorely need. And, however you turn it about, every American necessary of life that reaches Germany through a neutral, or every neutral necessary of life that reaches Germany because its place at home has been taken by an American product, is that much power to the German Army.

Restricting our exports to neutrals is an obligation of the war, however hard it may be upon the neutrals. It may not be in the least their fault. They may be so situated and exposed that to fight Germany would be to court almost certain ruin. But we cannot let them replenish with American goods the army that American soldiers are fighting.

The war jostles and buffets neutrality on every side. The will to be peaceable counts for nothing.

There must hereafter be a world in which that will does count. An effectual means of restraining war has become a necessity for civilization.

The Weak Spot

CONGRESS' war motto is Business as usual! Three months after it assembled in extraordinary session to meet the tremendous emergency of war, the war-revenue bill was still under debate.

After nearly three months, and when next year's supply of leading food products was coming to market, the Food Control Bill—which the President had repeatedly declared to be of the most urgent importance—was so hopelessly tangled up in politics that Mr. Wilson was forced to intervene and plead for a compromise. Injecting prohibition into that bill was a political move. It was a tender regard for strictly political consequences that got the bill into a snarl.

In spite of war, with all which that connotes, the House passed a river-and-harbor appropriation framed on the old wasteful, unscientific pork-barrel plan.

Business as usual! is the motto.

It is notorious that in both houses chairmanships of the highest importance are held by men who are decidedly not suited by sympathy, temperament, experience and ability to manage war legislation—all because Congress saw fit to organize strictly along the old partisan lines and adhere to its seniority rules.

It would not hurt the feelings of a fellow member by deposing him from a post to which he was not suited, even though that would obviously heighten the country's efficiency for war, and even though it was decreeing that the mothers, sisters, fathers and brothers of a million young Americans should have their feelings hurt by the dispatch of the young men to a bloody battlefield.

Business as usual! will not answer. Congress must be reorganized by the best ability in both parties, backed by a majority that puts vigorous prosecution of war far above every other consideration. We are confident such a majority can be found among the membership; that it can reshape the leading committees without regard to party; ruthlessly cut down debate; and speed up the whole legislative machine.

Bonds and Taxes

THE war has lasted three years. Belligerent governments have spent almost one hundred billion dollars. If all the land, buildings, livestock, machinery and material goods of every sort that existed in the United States in 1904 had been sold at market value, the belligerent governments would, in the last three years, have spent practically all the proceeds.

Comparatively speaking, only a small part of this vast sum has been raised by taxation. England has gone much farther with taxation than any other belligerent. A recent compilation shows that from August 1, 1914, to June 2, 1917, the British Government spent, in round numbers, twenty-three billion dollars, of which roughly one-quarter was raised by taxation and three-quarters by borrowing. The government revenue has been increased by taxation from less than one billion before the war to more than two and three-quarter billions in the last fiscal year—well toward threefold.

But borrowings have increased from the rate of two hundred and fifty million dollars a month in the first fiscal year to six hundred and seventy-five million a month in the last fiscal year—also well toward threefold.

The last British budget will not produce enough increased revenue to cover the interest on the increased borrowings of the year. Germany has not increased taxation enough to meet the interest on the war debt—to say nothing of meeting war costs by taxes.

In short, in spite of theories to the contrary, the war cost, broadly speaking, is met by borrowing and handing on to future generations. The final account will show but a small part of it paid out of taxes. As war cost steadily mounts—and it is now, no doubt, running well above one hundred million dollars a day—meeting any large part of it by taxation seems beyond the power or audacity of finance ministers.

The Fire Waste

THE National Board of Fire Underwriters has completed an analysis of all fires that occurred in 1915, so far as the records permit. It finds that more than one-fifth of them were strictly preventable.

Matches carelessly dropped, cigar stubs tossed on litter, pipes emptied over inflammable material, caused a fire loss of nine million dollars, in round numbers; defective chimney flues caused another nine-million-dollar loss; other gross carelessness, such as dumping hot ashes on wood, brought the total loss in this category above thirty-two million dollars.

Nearly two-fifths of the fires are listed as partly preventable; but, in fact, due diligence would have prevented a great part of them. That the board is setting up no impracticable standards is evident from the circumstance that it classifies fires due to incendiarism as partly preventable.

As to something over two-fifths the board attempts no classification, but gives the opinion that a very considerable number were preventable. It also gives the opinion that now, when the world is racing with hunger, "it is a crime against humanity to allow the usual percentage of fires in grain elevators and other places where foodstuffs are stored."

It is a crime, too, to send up the usual percentage of our scant cotton crop in smoke.

Through a nation-wide organization, in coöperation with state and local authorities, the board is striving to reduce the fire waste. That is a practicable and worthy war measure; but national carelessness in respect of fires can be met adequately by nothing less than an organization of the whole people.

You must see that your chimney is tight, that your light wires are insulated, and that your matches and cigar stubs go where they belong.

War and Population

FOR three years we have had no authoritative vital statistics from the belligerent countries, and no doubt it will be some time after peace is declared before we shall know what effect war had upon population.

Deaths and permanent disabilities due directly to war are supposed to reach about seven millions; but figures recently published, with a show of authority, by a German weekly, suggest that in most countries war will affect population through the birth rate more strongly than through the death rate.

According to these figures births in the empire, which numbered over eighteen hundred thousand in 1914, fell to fourteen hundred thousand in 1915, and to eleven hundred thousand in 1916—a decrease of about forty per cent. From another source come apparently official figures for the city of Leipzig, showing a fall of almost fifty per cent in the birth rate. This check to population, amounting for Germany to more than seven hundred thousand souls a year, exceeds the loss of life due directly to war. Presumably the birth rate has fallen in about the same proportion among all the continental belligerents.

The German journal puts the increase in deaths in 1915 over 1913 at four hundred and fifty thousand, and in 1916 at three hundred and thirty thousand—including deaths due to war.

This would give a total check to population exceeding a million souls a year; yet it shows a very small absolute loss in population. Probably the absolute loss in population has been very small.

Mobilizing Retailers

REPRESENTATIVES of twenty or so associations of retailers, some of them national in scope, recently met in Washington to consider how the country's retail trade, on the whole, could best meet the needs of war by reducing various wastes and extravagances that are admitted to exist in the trade.

For example, in cities and large towns there is a needlessly expensive delivery system, which sends two or three or half a dozen partly filled wagons from rival establishments over the same route when one filled wagon could haul all the goods, and which carts a paper of pins or a box of crackers two or three miles because the purchaser is too lazy to carry it home. Purchasers, of course, pay for this costly service now. As a war measure, people who are willing to carry purchases home should be relieved of the delivery charge—that is, should get their goods so much cheaper.

In cities the privilege of returning goods is much abused. That abuse, like the delivery service, involves an expense which is now borne equally by all purchasers, irrespective of whether they exercise the return privilege or not. Purchasers who surrender the return privilege might well be given a discount on the price of the goods.

Credit also involves a very considerable loss to the retail trade. That loss is spread over the whole trade, those who buy on credit getting goods at the same prices as those who pay cash. A discrimination should be made in favor of those who pay cash.

Whatever losses, avoidable wastes and extravagances there are in the retail trade now fall, in the main, upon all purchasers alike. The self-indulgent shopper who, wanting a pair of shoes, orders three pairs from each of two stores to be delivered at her home, tries them all at her leisure, makes the delivery wagons haul five pairs back, and takes three months to pay for the pair she keeps, gets the shoes at just the same price as the shopper who takes time to pick out the one pair she wants, pays cash for them and carries them home.

This is a good time to relieve reasonable prudence and thrift from that handicap.

A Reminder

WE ARE very properly extending the powers of the Central Government; but while we are talking about government control of food, control of coal and control of other things, it is well enough to keep in mind that no government, even in war, is omnipotent; that its power to control anything is strictly limited.

As the Government increased the issue of greenbacks during the Civil War, their value, as measured in gold, decreased. In other words, gold sold at a premium; and there was a lively speculation in it at New York. This speculation in gold was very offensive to Congress and to the country.

The increasing depreciation of paper money, as compared with gold, was charged up to the speculators. At length, on June 17, 1864, Congress enacted a drastic law to prevent speculation in gold.

Instead of stopping the depreciation of paper money—or the premium on gold—this law vastly accelerated it. The gold premium jumped from ninety-five on June eighteenth to one hundred and eighty-five on July first, and the fluctuations were so wild—ranging from twenty to sixty points in a single day—that nobody knew what his money was worth and all business was touched with confusion.

Deluged by protests from business men, Congress repealed the law on July second, after it had been in operation fifteen days.

Left to itself, the gold market speedily settled down into an orderly state.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Stewart Edward White

THE Jumping Off Place, Santa Barbara, California, is where Stewart Edward White lives—when he is at home. Much of the time he is somewhere else

His people came from Michigan, where his father owned big tracts of timber through which White roved and got the material for some of the best of his earlier out-of-door stories.

Africa is White's favorite stamping ground, and there he proved that he was death to lions, especially those of the man-eating variety. It was in Africa that he secured the local color and character study which went into his novel, The Leopard Woman, and helped to make it a big serial success when published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It was in the same country that he made himself familiar with the native life as few other white men have done, and that knowledge he has put to use in the series of seven stories which THE POST is now publishing. Also, it was in Africa that he finished off his education with the rifle. White is a dead shot. On this the testimony of some of the biggest game hunters of the world agrees. His skill in this respect, coupled with his ability to take care of himself in dangerous situations, should stand him in good stead now that he is, we understand, training for the army.

Charlotte Kellogg

AT THE foot of this column is shown the photograph of Mrs. Vernon Kellogg and her little daughter Jean. Mrs. Kellogg began her work for Belgium as chairman of the relief committee at Stanford University, California.

In 1915 she became organizing secretary of the California State Committee.

In 1915 her husband, Doctor Kellogg, joined Mr. Hoover, and was made director of the relief work in occupied France, and later in Brussels. Mrs. Kellogg continued her work in California until she was called to Belgium by Mr. Hoover, in June, 1916. Her husband was still director at Brussels. For about six months she remained in Belgium as the only American woman member of the Commission for Relief. She was allowed a pass to travel by motor over all the occupied territory, except the zone of direct military preparation, and went from relief center to relief center to see the work of the women and encourage it where she could. After these six months Mrs. Kellogg returned to America, where she brought out the book Women of Belgium Turning Tragedy to Triumph. Since her return to the United States she has been continuing her splendid work by speaking for Belgium in the Atlantic States and Canada.

Corra Harris—Herself

By Herself

I HAVE written a number of books, more or less autobiographical. But I have never told the whole truth about myself. And it is not my intention to do so now. I shall merely take advantage of this opportunity to correct certain errors in the minds of those who read these books.

FIRST. Corra is spelled with two "r's." I always feel as if I had a peg leg when I see it printed with one or hear it pronounced as if it was "Cora."

SECOND. I am not the daughter of the four reverend gentlemen, each of whom has been accused of being my father. I am the original, first child of my own parents, Trisley Rucker White and Mary Mathews White. I was born March 17, 1869, near Ruckersville, Georgia.

THIRD. I have not been married twice, the Western women's clubs to the contrary notwithstanding. I am the widow of a Methodist preacher. But I am not identical with "Mary Thompson" who figures in the Circuit Rider stories.

She is my "familiar spirit," more real than anyone whom I have ever known in the flesh, a valiant and perverse old saint who lives and does as she pleases in the house of my memories. She always speaks the truth, and never records anything that did not really happen, which is more than a mere author can claim.

I take this opportunity to express my gratitude to the three gentlemen who offered me a home in their respective families, believing me to be this dearer older woman. I also acknowledge with sincere appreciation the check for one dollar sent to "Mary Thompson" last year after A Circuit Rider's Widow appeared.

I live in a log cabin on a farm in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Bartow County, Georgia. I rise at half past five o'clock in the morning and retire at half past eight o'clock in the evening. I raise stone walls to keep the hills from sliding into the valley, and a few other things like pigs and chickens and corn. This is a strenuous life. When the excitement proves too exhausting I retire

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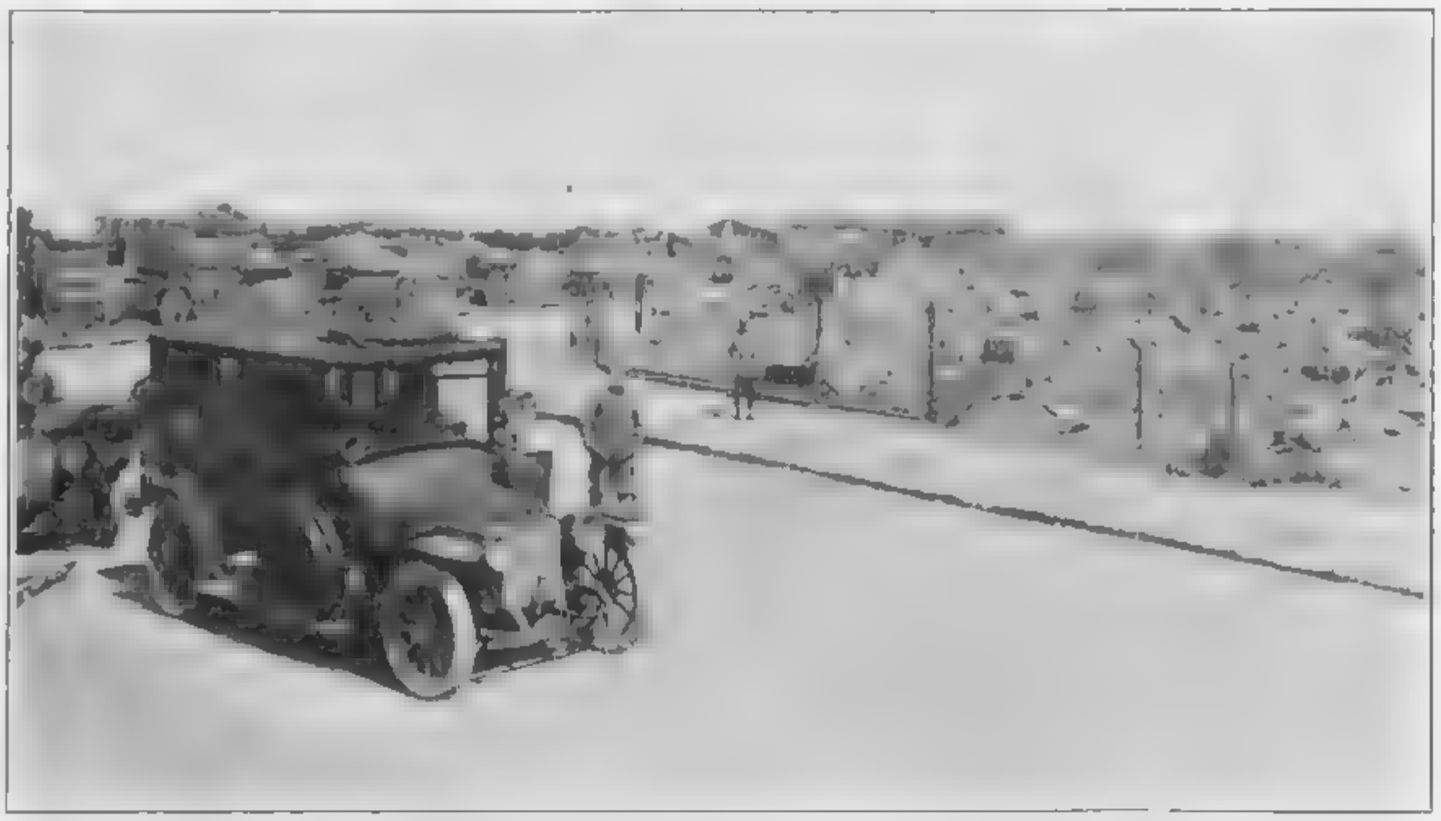
PHOTO, FROM MORRIS

PHOTO BY MAUDE JAY WILSON, PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

Barnstorming for the Poilus

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



The Plan Was to Go in Motors Each Morning to Our Objective, Wherever It Might Be

IT WAS very early in the morning on a platform of that station in Paris from which the *poilus* depart for the Front. Blue everywhere, under the gray of coming day: so that I felt myself in a sort of crepuscular blue dawn, touched with a thousand crimson stars, which were glowing tips of cigarettes. No other woman but me, for the wives say good-by outside. As I had hurried through the station I had seen some of their poignant partings, for all I kept my head bent. When the men had said good-by they did not look back; nor did the women weep.

I was seeking for a group of actors and actresses from the French Army Theater, now in its second year. Thanks to the courtesy of M. Alphonse Séché, the secretary of the theater, I was to spend with them almost a week. The company was going up to some little villages back of Verdun and within easy shell-reach of Saint-Mihiel to give entertainment to various companies of soldiers just back from the terrible last days at Verdun. Finding my companions would be simple, for anyone on the platform not a soldier or employee would be an artist. There they were in a group—four women and three men, standing beside a first-class carriage under the interested gaze of *poilus* who should have been seeking their own third-class carriages.

They were worth gazing at—these famous people who were giving their distinguished services free, day after day, to bring a few soothing hours of forgetfulness to the men who are giving their all to France. As I walked up the platform, what I noticed first, as any woman will understand, was a magnificent long sable coat and two huge diamond rings. They were on the tall figure and small, strong hand of Mademoiselle Marcelle Praince, of the Variétés, whose beauty has cheered many a man about to die, or brought him back from the clutch of death.

Pretty, regular features, hair of the new French black-red shade, an alluring smile, a graceful figure—that is Mademoiselle Praince, expert actress, particularly of the shrewish-wife type. She was talking to Madame Beatrix Dussand, of the Comédie Française, and to Georges Marey, of the Athénée. It was logical that the three should be set apart, for no other actors in Paris have given themselves more freely to the Théâtre aux Armes. They had the spirit to fight; failing the ability, they acted for those who could fight.

The Talk of the Player Folk

GEORGES MAREY is an admirable actor, beloved of the Parisians for his clever work in comedy, a joy to watch. He was mobilized and then rejected on the score of health. He is handsome, ebon-dark as to hair and eyes; lithe, nervous, stung to the quick with a passion for France. When I approached he was nodding approvingly at a remark of Madame Dussand, which was:

"And so I said to him: 'You may be a great author, but I will not act in your plays, for you are a coward—an *embusqué*. You should be fighting. I would not act with an actor who was an *embusqué*! Why should I have anything to do in your plays?' Ah, yes; everyone in the Comédie Française knows what I think of that man!"

What Madame Dussand thinks would count with the members of the Comédie Française, for she is one of their best actresses, which means one of the best in the whole world. As I saw her on the platform there, her splendid dark eyes flashing, her strong chin cocked at an obstinate angle, forceful, full-blooded, her voice a bit tense and emphatic, I did not realize how finished, how perfect, how subtle her acting would be.

Those three I saw first, against that background of *poilu* blue—magnetic, vivid people, dear to the hearts of Parisians; dearer still to thousands of soldiers before whom they have poured themselves as they never have to the Parisians. But there were four others—a small, blond, lustrous woman in brown; a taller dark woman in brown and yellow; a dark, thickset, short man, dressed like a poilu; and a tall, stout man in black, who could have passed for an American.

Georges Marey took me in charge and made the introductions. When he presented the smaller woman—Madame Nina May, of the Opéra Comique—she responded in good United States of the Southern brand, and her big blue eyes beamed with fraternal welcome. She is from New Orleans, but is married to a Belgian and sings now by preference in Paris.

The two men hastened to use what English they had. The tall one—M. Robert Casa—shows the world an innocently humorous comedian face, which can alter in a moment to sly knowingness. For long he has been a singer with the La Scala Theater. When the war broke out he left singing and was put in the trenches at Verdun. But his heart was weak; he could not run or march; and he was sent back to civil life. M. Lucien Boyer has every right to his *poilu* uniform, for at the beginning of the war he served in the trenches for over a year. For long he, too, has been well known in France, because of his writing and singing. He has the *poilu* beard, is slightly bald, and has a good-humored smile, which is in keeping with his comfortable bourgeois figure, from which has long since departed a waistline.

The fourth woman, Mademoiselle Debory, was—like *myself*—going with this particular group for the first time. She acts at the Athénée, but her clearer title to importance is the pleasure she gives the soldiers with her recitations. She is dark, good-looking, a bit saurian in type, with a charm that convinces men at once and women a little later.

After our greetings were over Mademoiselle Praince took from her *sac* a lip stick of highly unnatural purple red and, with the aid of a jeweled mirror, applied it to her lips in a neat Cupid's bow. It started an epidemic, just as a cough does in a theater. Each of the other women lip-sticked or powdered or rouged, the soldiers looking on with deep interest. I suppose, if beauty is a profession, one has a right to carry it on in the open; but surely one appreciates beauty more if it has the air of being unconscious. American women are said to carry on their facial adornment too freely in public; but they are nothing like so frank and frequent about it as French women are nowadays; nor is their coloring so high and startling.

With various repetitions of "After you, Alphonse!" "After you, Gaston!" designed to show me that they were up on current American literature, the performers helped themselves and me into the train. It was full of officers going back to the Front, with a sprinkling of British ambulance drivers. Everyone who passed our compartment gazed in with passionate absorption—and yet with the effect of great politeness. Madame Dussand tried to get the window opened, could not and said:

"*Zut!*"

Zut sounds as if it were a dreadful word, but it thrilled me only about to the extent that Gosh! does; though I always supposed if I ever heard that word spoken I should get a "hell" thrill. The train started, and we heard, in a thin, far-away, trailing sound, the cheering of the *poilus*—for these men always go forth to die gallantly: *noblesse oblige* is no longer an axiom for the well-born, but for every fighter in France. We read our papers, commented on the news, looked out of the windows, powdered and rouged again. To save time I shall cease to mention this operation; but figure it to yourself as occurring when nothing else does.

"Praince, my *cocotte*"—another naughty word—said Madame Dussand, "my boots are longer than yours."

"*Non!*" said Mademoiselle Praince.

They put their feet up on the seats, the men making way, and we measured the height of their boots—I doing it with my eyes only. Then all of us showed our boots and bragged about them. All the time officers were passing, looking in with longing eyes. The men went away to smoke; Mademoiselle Praince began to practice the *invocation* she was to say to the soldiers when we gave our first program; Madame Dussand told me something of what I was to see.

"An actress who has played for the soldiers," she said, "burns to go back. When one returns to Paris after a first visit to the Front one isn't the same person—and one can't endure the people who find time long."

"I should think to play before these soldiers from Verdun would be particularly moving," I offered.

Mademoiselle Praince left off rehearsing and said:

"Ah, Verdun! There is nothing so moving as to play before the soldiers of Verdun, for one is playing before the soldiers of all France. I have acted almost everywhere at the Front, and I have carried away unforgetable impressions of bravery, of power. But Verdun—ah, there I found something mysterious, sacred even! I kept my voice lowered, as if I were in a sick chamber or a church, and so did everyone else."

On the Way to Verdun

"THE officers gave us dinner in a great dining room; there were fully four hundred of us, but no one raised his voice; there was nothing but a great, gentle murmuring. And then to go out into the streets and see the soldiers who had been through such horrors! To see them passing by, just rolls of mud! You will know more presently, madame, of Verdun mud. Ah—but Verdun—one goes away never the same!"

No one spoke for a moment. There in that crowded compartment, in spite of the clamor of the creaking train and the voices of officers in the corridor, I felt a sense of silence, of poignancy; of deep, inexpressible feeling. Then the men came in to escort us to second breakfast. By this time we were well in the war zone. We knew it, not only by the fact that there were no women passengers except those of our group, but also because of what flashed by the windows as we rushed on to Épernay—to Châlons-sur-Marne, to Bar-le-Duc.

We passed a sanitary train going down from the Front, catching a glimpse of white, sick faces. We saw little freight cars going up to Verdun, marked "Eight horses or twenty men"; and always in the wide doors was a group of soldiers, placed as if for a photograph, looking at us amiably and curiously. Sometimes they wore *poilu* blue; sometimes the mustard-colored uniforms of the colonials from Tunis or Morocco. Once we saw a group of Arabians, and again a few Cingalese—big, black, smiling creatures; looking at them I could scarcely believe the stories I had heard of their ferocity.

We saw other freight cars loaded with kitchens, with logs for trench repairing, and with various intrenching tools. Once we halted beside a train carrying three great cannons, with *camouflage*, or painting in green, and bronze patches all over them. And often, along a stretch of road, we could see men in blue marching under the gray skies, their backs laden, their eyes front, their objective some part of the line near Verdun.

During the long meal Mademoiselle Praince and Madame May and I sat opposite four British ambulance drivers, and then and there I got rid of the fallacy about the inimitable French gesture. It isn't inimitable at all. Those Englishmen imitated it admirably; and since then I've

(Continued on Page 27)

"I am a buoyant Campbell boy,
I breast the stormy brine
Inspired with vigor and vim and joy
By *Campbell's Soups* so fine!"

Keep well and you keep cool

Don't worry about the weather. Don't fill up with ices and iced drinks nor with food that lacks vitalizing properties. You need a strengthening diet in summer just as much as in winter.

Keep in condition. That is the secret of comfort and good work. Choose food that is not heavy but nourishing and easy to digest. This is just the weather to enjoy and benefit by

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is an ideal summer food—all pure nourishment.

The rich stock, which we make from selected beef, supplies strengthening meat-nutritives in easily digested form.

The other nutritious ingredients which we combine with this stock include choice white potatoes and sweet potatoes, fine yellow rutabagas, Chantenay carrots, okra, celery, and a snappy suggestion of sweet red peppers beside rice, barley and "A. B. C." Macaroni.

The use of this wholesome soup promotes real economy and the conservation of food-value in the most practical sense. You avoid not only labor and heat, but waste of materials and excessive fuel-cost. And you have an invigorating food perfectly cooked, palatably seasoned, all ready to serve in three minutes.

Keep a supply on hand and get the good of it.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Greatest Tires on the Greatest Highway

Lincoln Highway—that's its name,

—one continuous automobile road reaching straight across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific,

—now far on the way to completion.

* * *

On this Lincoln Highway—on every highway and byway throughout the length and breadth of this great land,

—you will see *United States Tires* —all five types—giving consistent, sturdy, enduring service.

And, equally everywhere, you will find *Sales and Service Depots* all fully stocked with the five types of *United States Tires*,

—with exactly the tires you want —with the very tires to meet your every need of price and use.

* * *

It is the consistent policy of this Company to serve the motorist with not only the tires he wants,

—but also to serve him with those tires *when and where he wants them.*

Our vast organization of Sales and Service Depots, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf, is built with that objective in mind.

* * *

No matter what your tire needs are as to price or use,

—one of the five types of *United States Tires* will meet and fill your requirements.

Motorists have decided that *United States Tires* are *GOOD* tires,

—*CONTINUED TREMENDOUS SALES INCREASES* have proved that,

—and we have no hesitation in recommending *United States Tires* to you.

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use—

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories

Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make ***United States Tires*** *Supreme.*

(Continued from Page 24)

observed scores of American ambulance drivers and aviators shrugging and grimacing just as charmingly as the French do. By the time I had verified this discovery we were at Bar-le-Duc. Out we got, to be met by the lieutenant—without whom thereafter we were not permitted to move—and to be put into military motors and driven to the chief hotel.

Water did not seem scarce at Bar-le-Duc, especially in view of the rain; but I have never seen such a dirty hotel as that one. Every morning water was sprinkled on the grimy floors, and little blobs of mud arose protestingly. I imagine if anyone had tried to scrub the floors the top layer of dirt would have yelled agonizedly and begged not to be separated from its lower layers, the companions of a generation!

When I got to my room I stripped down the bed and examined the sheets. I could see the prints of two other people. This is wartime and we ought to be democratic, but there are limits. I slept on a nice clean kimono. I afterward found that the other women had done the same. When we complained to the men, they said, "Dirt? What dirt?" and began to talk about the excellent food—which shows what men are! But the food was excellent.

The plan was to go in motors each morning to our objective, wherever it might be, returning each night to sleep in Bar-le-Duc. We were to go first to a little village called Erize-Saint-Dizier, not very far from Saint-Mihiel. We set out under the pouring rain, Madame May, M. Casa and I going together.

"I can tell by the look of that chauffeur," said M. Casa, "that he will have no respect for our backbones. Look out for jars!"

It was a correct prediction; moreover, during the next few days the driver lost his way several times, to our sincere satisfaction. He took us off at a smart pace, and Madame May hummed a bar of the Marseillaise, with which she was going to end the program.

"What is this entertainment like?" I asked. "Do you sing other patriotic songs? Are the plays patriotic?"

"Oh, but no!" she said. "At first, when the theater was organized, we used to have such plays and songs; but it made the soldiers nervous. They don't want plays about heroes."

"I've heard them talk about that," said M. Casa. "Their life is so different from ours that we can't interpret it. They don't like it if you say Forward! or We'll get them!—like that poster, you know—*On les aura!* Why should they? For we're only civilians. They have their officers for that. We don't know what we're talking of when we use big phrases about war to them. No wonder we set their teeth on edge. I know, for I was in the trenches once."

The Playhouse at the Front

"They don't want to be instructed, either," Madame May added; "they just want to laugh. So we give them all sorts of comedies and farces, and funny recitations, and songs of the road. They like to hear about Paris; they want to know whether our skirts are really to our knees, as people say, and whether we walk with canes. Oh, look at those strange little men!"

They were Annamites, repairing the road. Our route led us over undulating country. Sometimes we were on a hill and could look down and see a valley with a little stream running through it, and an abnormally high poplar far off on a plateau; we would pass a bare slope; a huddle of houses; then little villages, from which half the inhabitants had gone; little knots of trees. We passed trenches and barbed-wire entanglements, and just a little farther on we saw a young woman plowing and an old man forking hay out of a loft. Twilight was promising when we drew up at a farmhouse. We stepped out and Madame May shrieked. The Verdun mud! We had only a few steps to go, but we were well splashed and laden when we reached the doorsill.

We passed through a kitchen with a wide hearth, beside which a smiling, white-capped old woman stood, and entered a sitting room, filled with officers. Headquarters evidently, and the officers had tea for us. Charming men—some of them rather nervous, I thought; but that was little to wonder at in view of their seven awful days in the Verdun attack. Rarely have women been welcomed as we were. I heard one officer say he hadn't heard the swish of a silk petticoat for months.

The officers inquired about our journey and asked where we were going after Erize-Saint-Dizier. The women replied that God knew, and described the horrors of the dirt in the hotel at Bar-le-Duc. I judged our sympathetic auditors must have known something about dirt.

Tea over, we got into the motors; and, looking back, we could make out the figures of the officers hurrying after us on foot, each carrying a chair. We drove to a huge barn that must have measured forty by a hundred feet. No *poilu* stood outside; they were all within, making sure of standing room; but eager welcoming faces beamed at us out of the doorway.

And inside—a silent blue shadow, the crowded silhouettes of the standing *poilus;* the dim, white, smiling faces; their eager silence. We felt their greeting, their interest, the moment we entered. That silence spoke deeply; those patient, brave, standing men, who had been through such horror, and who were waiting so gratefully for the people who were going to bring them a little gayety!

"Ah, madame," said M. Boyer, at my elbow, "do not drive the tears back. They are worthy of it, these soldiers of France. In our hearts, all of us artists weep whenever we play for them."

Before the Soldier Audience

We stumbled across a muddy earthen floor to the back of the building. We did not realize till later how the soldiers had worked to make the place ready for us, taking out the fodder and sweeping up as well as they could. At the back they had erected a little stage, on which stood a table and a chair or two. The footlights were furnished by four acetylene lamps, fed by a pipe running from two cans. They had fashioned burlap curtains, which two of them stood ready to draw. They had even curtained off a little space at one side of the stage where the actors might dress and make up. As we crossed the muddy floor a little string orchestra of *poilus* began to play. While the performers went behind the dressing curtain I stayed and applauded the musicians. At the end of their piece, when I told them how good their work was, the leader said:

"Ah, madame should have heard us before the attack at Verdun! We had some members then; but half of us were lost in that first half hour."

When the band began to play again and the officers entered, carrying the orchestra seats, I went behind the curtain. Madame Dussand was backed against the wall, her lips moving, her beautiful eyes rather glazed.

"If I didn't know better," I began, "I should think ——" "Ah, but I am nervous," she said. "It's not the ordinary stage-fright, but something deeper, something nearer my heart. I have played before the most illustrious and the most difficult auditors, but I did not feel them as I do now. I want to give these men the best I have. I want to be more vibrating, more vital for these unknown children of far-away provinces than I have ever cared to be before royal boxes. Do you know, madame, that the greatest artists in France, or the most indifferent, tremble like novices before these soldiers, though they are always so responsive, so devoted ——"

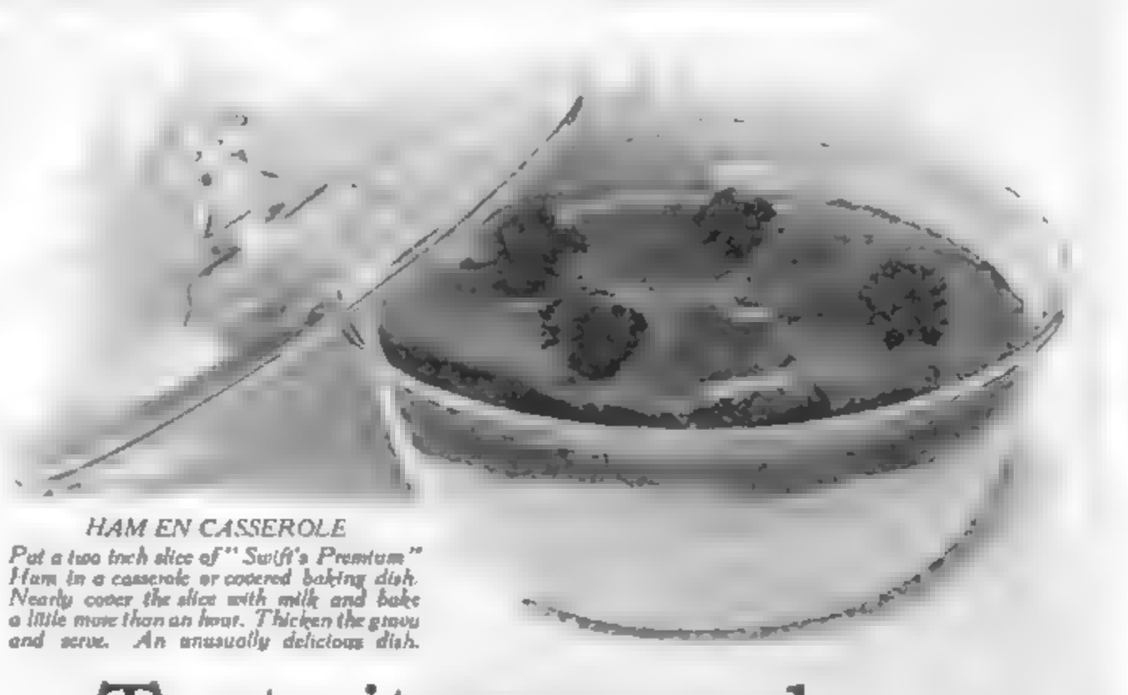
Her voice broke.

"It's true!" Georges Marey said, his fine face lighting. "Nobody knows how great, how beautiful these men are! They have done everything; they are everything. They have saved France!"

Outside there was a slight movement among the soldiers. The musicians stopped playing. Two *poilus* drew aside the curtain, and there stood Mademoiselle Praince, in her pink silk jacket and mud-splashed skirt and boots, ready to say the *invocation* to the soldiers. It had been written by someone else, but the words came as if from her heart, telling of the love, the reverence, the gratitude the actors felt for the soldiers.

Then followed three full hours of entertainment. No other audiences can equal the soldiers for breathless attention and appreciation. They were standing—except a few who had perched on a small loft and upon crossbeams. They were absolutely still, except for their laughter or clapping; and they hushed quickly, that no word should be lost. There was a little shouting, but not much—not at all of the American sort; it was, so to speak, polite, diffident, almost wistful. Once they showed a quick,

(Continued on Page 29)



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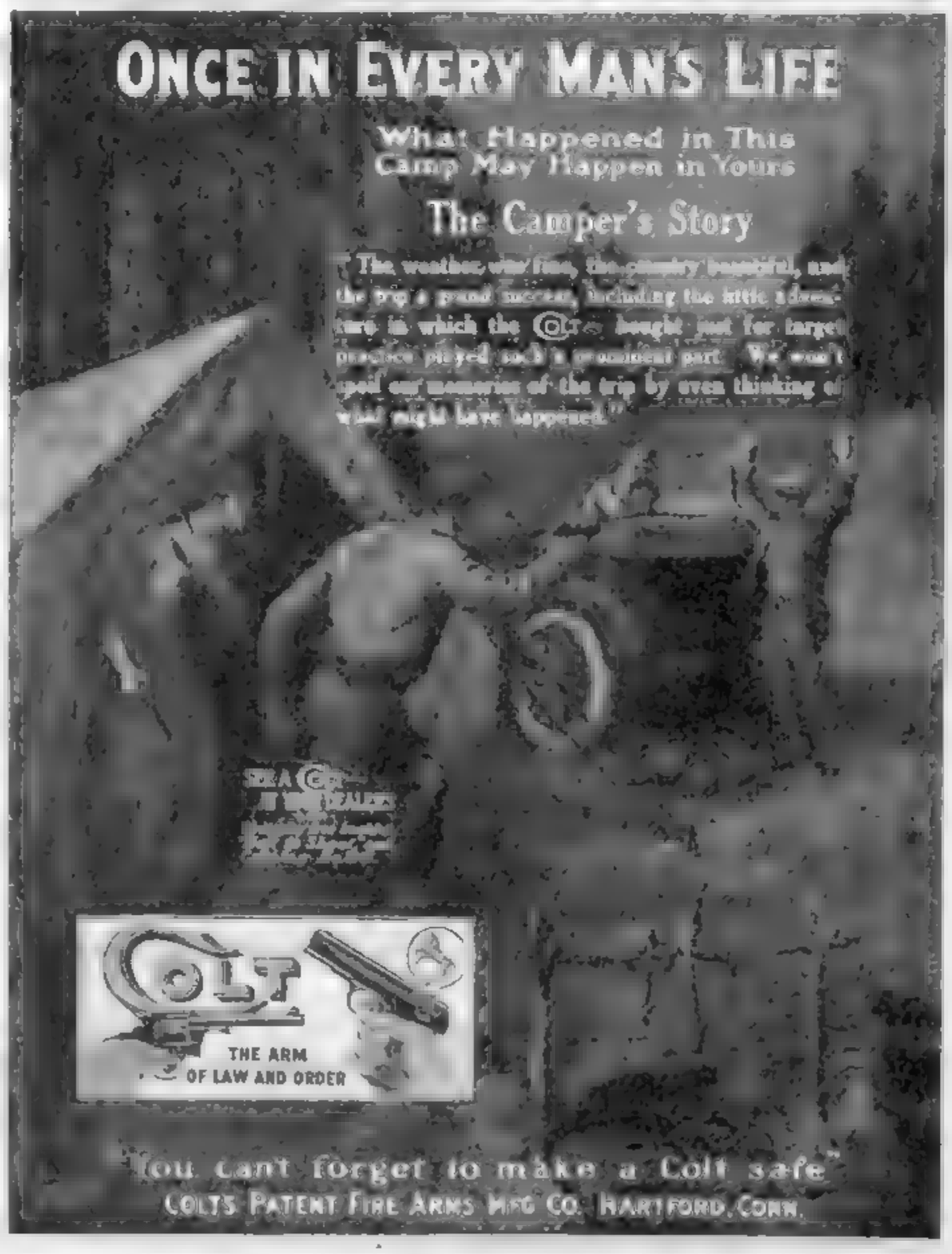
Taste it once and you will serve it often

You would know what gives "Swift's Premium" Ham its flavor if you could see how carefully each ham is selected and prepared, how each one is smoked just the right length of time over fragrant hickory fires until all its spicy sweetness, its delicious flavor is brought out.

Have "Swift's Premium" Ham cooked in this new way for dinner tonight. Or serve it your favorite way. At once your family will notice how unusually delicious it is.

"Swift's Premium" Ham

Swift & Company, U. S. A.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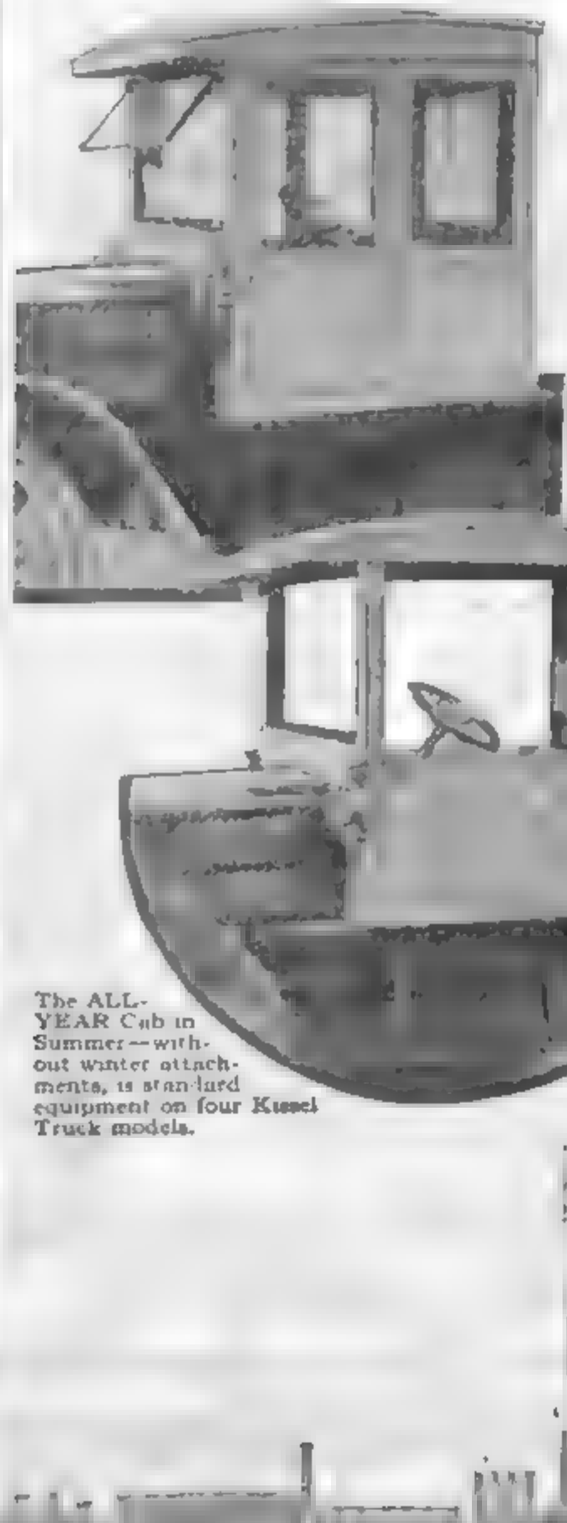
Kissel ALL-YEAR Cab
(Patents applied for)
with new line of Kissel Trucks



The ALL-YEAR Cab in Winter—showing use of winter attachments

The ALL-YEAR Cab in Summer—without winter attachments, is standard equipment on four Kissel Truck models.

All-Year Comfort for Drivers—
Increased Results for Owners

HERE is Kissel's contribution to the motor truck field — the New ALL-YEAR Cab — the application to trucks of the same idea that changed the motoring habits of a nation in the passenger car field;—a feature that will be eagerly welcomed by motor truck drivers and owners alike because it—

Protects drivers in wet and stormy weather—

Removes the necessity of layups on account of rain or snow storms—

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Increases the efficiency of the drivers by improving driving conditions—

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Keeps trucks in operation the year round regardless of weather.

In its summer form it provides drivers with a cool, open housing. In winter the ALL-YEAR Cab is quickly changed into a warm, dry, closed cab—weather-proof, draught and leak proof—by adding the winter attachments.

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Chassis capacity including body 2250 lbs. Chassis price $1085.

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"DREADNOUGHT"
Chassis capacity including body 11,800 lbs. Chassis price $3750

In its open form the ALL-YEAR Cab is standard equipment. Winter attachments $50 extra.

(Continued from Page 27)

keen curiosity. It was when the sound of the enemy's guns could be heard. They wanted to see how these artists were taking the dangers of the Front.

They liked everything they heard—the beautiful singing of Madame May; the humorous recitations of Mademoiselle Debory. They laughed at the songs of M. Casa, who played his own accompaniments, facing the audience with wide-open, innocent eyes and puckered mouth, and the look of a serene old fat mother of a family, his head far back, his chin nestling. Then, of a sudden, a sly sophisticated look would come into his eyes at some particular line, and he would relax into an oily fat smile. They liked M. Boyer, who strode on the platform in his gray-blue overcoat, smiling, zestful, abundant, sometimes laughing in the middle of his songs. He was as much a joy to them as M. Casa.

Particularly they loved the three little comedies, two-part, three-part and four-part—clever, brilliant, subtle—and all the points "got over." There was so much highly charged feeling, such an electric atmosphere, such direct contact of mind with mind, that it was impossible the points should not get over. At the close of the last play, in which Madame Dussand, Mademoiselle Prainee, Georges Marey and M. Casa acted, somebody called out "One, two, three!" And then the soldiers clapped, in a series of "One-two-three-four-five—pause; one-two-three-four-five—pause; one-two-three-four-five—pause; one-two-three!"

But there were two occasions when the audience and the actors were nearly one. The first time was when Madame Dussand sang the songs of the road to them and got them to join in the choruses. For generations those songs have been in the blood and bones of the French people: Faffan la Tulipe; Auprès de ma Blonde; Colette un Jour; and En Passant par la Lorraine.

At first the soldiers were shy; but presently they were unable to resist Madame Dussand's verve; her way of acting out the lines, hands on hips, head swinging; her spirited gestures, which drew the audience in toward her.

The other moment of reunion was at the end, when Madame May sang the Marseillaise. She sang with penetrating sweetness and passion, and they joined in, taking off their helmets or caps. They did not sing, these soldiers, with the wild enthusiasm of the civilians in Paris, but quietly, almost solemnly. They know better than the civilians what their ideal of patriotism is costing them.

Waiting for the Attack

A wonderful three hours! But it was impossible to look at those men without a tightness in the throat—not so much because they had just come back from horror and death; not because they should soon again face these foes of all peace, all happiness; but because from those faces all the youth was seared away. One soldier of perhaps eighteen, a boy with a color like a Canadian, for three hours had his face fixed like a mask of joyous expectation. His eyebrows were raised, the corners of his mouth were turned up, and the tip of his tongue was fixed against his teeth. Yet at the end, when his face relaxed, there showed a substructure of strain. All of them had it; some more than others.

There was a young sublieutenant whose face haunted me, a boy with a thin, strong, sensitive profile. His eyes were as old as a sibyl's; his smile, however spontaneous, was weary. I thought of the pain it must give the woman who loved him most to see that worn, strained face, the symbol of his soul. All the soldiers smiled, but the smile was on top. Their subconscious selves never forget the anguish of war; never go off duty.

The performance was over. The soldiers lingered in the barn, or just outside, to see us go away. We spoke to them and they thanked us.

"You don't know how happy you have made us!" they said again and again. "Come back soon."

M. Casa and M. Marey passed through the groups, bowing only, and got into their respective motors.

"Why didn't you talk to the soldiers?" I asked M. Casa.

"It's not wise. They're suspicious of any man not in uniform, even if he is unfit. Me, for example. I look well; how do they know I am ill? Why am I not fighting for my country instead of singing? How do they know I am not an *embusqué?*"

The motors again and at the officers' headquarters for dinner—seven courses and a typewritten menu—soldier servants to wait on us, and a sense of the most delighted welcome. The *poilus* in their white coats beamed at us affectionately as they served us in the dim old room. The officers paid us compliments and begged us not to go home till morning; nor did we. Very interesting it was to watch the faces of the officers. I fancied I could tell the staff officers from those who were in actual fighting, for the faces of the latter had the same substructure of strain as those of the *poilus*.

What interested me most in the table talk, after I got used to the kind of stories that were going the rounds—though I pretended my French was too poor to translate them—was the way the influence of that attack at Verdun came seeping forth, enveloping one slowly like some miasma, not to be driven away. From every quarter of the long table I could hear that talk of Verdun.

"The attack was to be at ten," said the colonel; "from eight to ten I have never known the time to drag as on that day. I kept doubting the truth of my honest little watch."

"Almost fifty thousand men engaged; four divisions."

"—— rifle shooting; none whatever. That battle was fought with the artillery and with bombs. A rifle was of no more use than a stirring spoon."

"Mud! It was quicksand mud. It buried the Germans. It buried our own men. A glorious victory—but what a strange weapon, that mud!"

Magnificent Colonials

"Those magnificent colonials! The big, black, leaping Cingalese going first—they terrify the Germans. Then the Arabs, the Moroccans, Tunisians. I command a company of Arabs; brave men, good fighters, but one never knows when they are going to go mad with panic. They are like the Cingalese—they can't stand a bombardment; so we bring them down to the trenches just the night before the attack."

"Germans glad to be taken! We didn't even send them under guard to Verdun. They surrendered; we faced them toward the fortress, gave them a push, and said: 'Go there!' and they went, grinning, relieved."

"Ah, no; why should I disbelieve it when a man tells me he will never come alive out of this battle? I try to comfort him, to laugh at him; but in four cases out of five he is right. Something tells him, and he is right to listen—and to write his last letters home. Two such men who said that to me before the attack were smothered in the mud."

"No, madame"—this to me—"we had relatively few losses. We took twelve thousand prisoners, as you know; relatively few losses."

I don't like that word relatively when it applies to the death of men in battle. If the standard of measurement is a few rods of ground, ten kilometers by three to three and a half—well, then, as usual, one gives up the whole horrible business. As the hours passed and the wine in the decanters grew lower, one or two officers became franker. I heard of a quarter lost from this company, a fifth from that; of the terrible slaughter of the first half hour; of stretcher bearers killed at their work; of hundreds of men with frozen feet—and always of the horrible sucking murder done by the mud. It drank men in; took them one by one, when there was no help near, and absorbed them relentlessly as they struggled. I began to feel that the mud was some devil, mocking men, making Nature herself side against them. The word mud has a sinister connotation for me now that I can never shake off.

The car, then, and a long drive home through the mud. Beside me M. Casa began a humorous monologue. For mile after mile it went on, brilliant or ridiculous.

"But, monsieur," I said, "you are beginning to make me believe that it is not true that humorists are really serious persons."

"Listen, madame," he said: "I had a brother who was dearer to me than anyone in the world. That brother, he loved his wife and child, and he made a good living for them. He had no frivolous interests outside his home, his business and his friends. And now he's dead in the war; he's nothing. So I, madame—I laugh; in the

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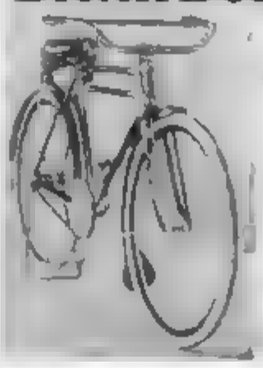

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The inner tube contributes to the success or failure of a casing to a far greater degree than the average motorist realizes.

It can, by holding air unfailingly and keeping pressure up, support the casing in all its work and cushion it against every shock.

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We particularly recommend the Heavy Tourist type for severe service. They are especially thick and vigorous, a trifle higher-priced than other tubes—and *better*.

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

light of the war there is nothing worth worrying about, worth shedding a tear over—nothing; nothing!"

M. Casa hummed a little tune and added:

"And now I'll look out of the window and see whether there is any sign of my white-faced friend, the moon."

Our second breakfast next morning in the hotel was typical of the brilliant hours we spent together before and after performances. As each actor came downstairs he went the rounds of the table, kissing the actresses on both cheeks and shaking hands with the men. We sat at table something like two hours. The actors told incidents that had happened to them while playing before the soldiers on previous occasions.

Mademoiselle Prainee said that once she acted with a gun carriage for the stage, and had to make her exit via the arms of the soldiers. Madame May told a story of playing in Alsace, at Thann, when an old, old man, much moved, said:

"Since you are so good as to come so far to play for us, I'll show you a flag. It is the old flag from the town hall of Strasburg, which I myself raised in 1870, and which I've kept hidden from the Germans ever since."

Madame Dussand told of having been at Pogny when a German prisoner was brought in to the commanding officer. The man wept and got down on his knees, begging for mercy. Just then a French soldier was brought in, badly wounded.

"What is it you want, my child?" the officer asked him.

"Oh, my colonel, I am come to tell you good-by," he replied. Then, seeing the German on his knees he looked at him ferociously and added: "You—you're crying, you coward! I am dead, but I'm not crying!"

They began to talk then of the spirit of the soldier, M. Boyer saying that he liked to perform before the soldiers just after they had come from the Front, because then they were excited and responsive.

"Ah," he added, "you talk of soldiers! You should have seen those with whom I fought in the first year of the war! When I remember their faces during mess, before we went into an attack! I sang then as I never do now. Those men! How marvelous they were! All dead now! They did not have much experience, but what a spirit! The ones fighting now have experience; but if only we could have those first soldiers back there wouldn't be a German alive in fifteen years!"

"Ah, to hear those first soldiers singing the Marseillaise!" cried M. Marey. "It should always be a man who sings the Marseillaise."

From talk of the soldiers they would perhaps swing into a series of stories, and then into a discussion of art.

"An actor without gesture is nothing!" Madame Dussand would exclaim.

A Little Peacemaker

A knot of eager voices would begin to illustrate that point, analyzing the work of this and that actor. Then M. Casa would solemnly rise, wind his napkin into a muff and, gliding across an imaginary stage, show us how Madame Dussand took her applause in the Comédie Française. Or, speaking into a corner of the sideboard, he would show how another great actor made a speech of thanks.

After that he gave an impersonation of all of us as we had acted when he had been introduced to us, the group shouting out delightedly the name of each person caricatured. Then perhaps we would run over the group of officers we had met the day before, telling which ones we had liked best. Then there would be more stories—possibly personal in character.

"My little boy is a child in a thousand," one of the men said. "Let me illustrate: Just a few weeks ago my wife and I had a misunderstanding. You perceive? Very well! I packed up my things and moved away. A few days later I had a note from my little boy, who is at school. 'Dear papa,' he wrote, 'I am very sorry to hear of the difficulty you and mamma have had. It is very foolish, this. I have asked for a holiday next Sunday and I am coming home from school. I shall expect to see both you and mamma in the house, very happy to see me, and very happy to be reconciled.' He wrote the same letter to his mother. Naturally we were together on Sunday—as he had directed."

Charming, brilliant, kindly, lovable people! The time we spent at the table went so fast that I was always surprised when the officer in charge told us that the cars were at the door to take us to our soldiers. We gave them a performance every day; and every time our impressions were different, with the exceptions that always the actors had the devoted attention of the *poilus;* that always they looked tired to the bone of their souls; that always we got the sinister atmosphere of the Battle of Verdun.

Once we were at Ligny, rather a large town, to play before an audience that had been brought in from villages round about; the various companies did not know each other and their own officers were not with them. That audience did not fuse well. There were difficulties even before the performance, for the actors were indignant at the caretaker of the hall in which they played—a cross old woman who complained because the soldiers were tracking in mud. We sat in her own sitting room on her own chairs and told her what we thought of her. One person even remarked—*sotto voce*, however—that she deserved the beard and mustache God had afflicted her with.

Honors From the General

"Track mud over your floors!" said Madame May, usually so gentle. "They could track mud over my heart if they wanted to!"

Then, some of the soldiers did not get the points; the audience were mostly colonials, and the negroes, at least, did not have the alertness of the *poilus*. Others seemed oversophisticated. The actors felt it; those who were lesser artists exaggerated their efforts—overdid it; the greater tried by their art to make the audience one.

Twice more we played in rooms—one was a little schoolroom in a village big enough to have a mayor. He sat in the center of the audience, a shrewd-faced provincial, not quite sure how far he ought to countenance Paris actresses. On the front seat sat General de Voillemont, a magnificent looking man, with a crape band on his sleeve. At his feet crouched a dog that has been with him everywhere in the field. The general told me he had four sons fighting for France; one had been wounded in the Verdun attack and it had been three days before the father had got word of how he was.

He enjoyed the performance as much as any of the *poilus;* and as M. Boyer sang his songs the general very audibly joined in; he seemed to know them all. The *poilus* kept their eyes on him as much as they did on the actresses. It was plain to see that they adored him. When the Marseillaise had been sung the general sprang to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I thank you on behalf of my soldiers and myself for your wonderful program, which has touched our hearts and helped our minds, weary after the recent battle. You have played, no doubt, before many famous audiences, but never before to an audience like this; never before have you played to heroes—to heroes such as my men are; to the noblest, the bravest soldiers France has ever known!"

The look in the eyes of the general's dog was as devoted as the look in the eyes of the men. Indeed, we all fell in love with him; but he singled out Mademoiselle Debory for especial honor, making her a corporal in the Fifty-fifth Regiment, giving her epaulets with the numbers on them. That decoration did not seem quite sufficient to Mademoiselle Debory, who smiled, blushed and leaned ever so definitely toward him. So then the general kissed her on both cheeks.

It was after another performance in a hall in Ligny, when we were having tea with the officers, that I saw the artists out of character—that is, most of them were as prim as children trying to be good in church. I was having a beautiful time with the Count of Paris, whose family is as old as all France, but who looks like an Irishman, and is said to be absolutely impervious under fire. But Madame May moaned in my ear, in English:

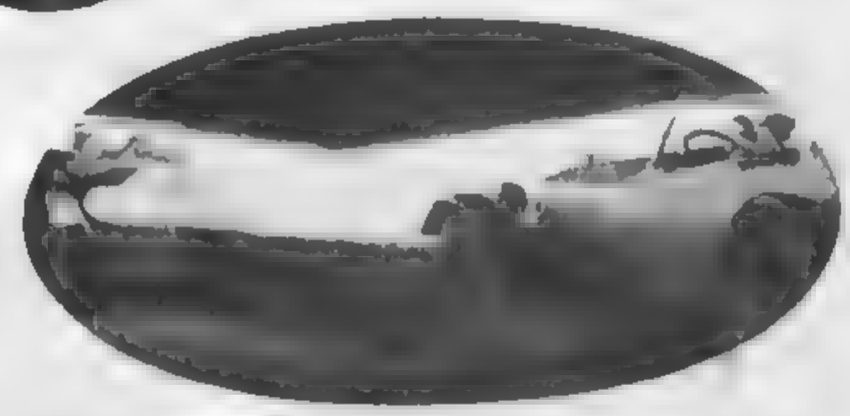
"Oh, how stiff they are; how difficult! I want to go home! Nobody is having a good time but you and Marcelle Prainee."

Mademoiselle Prainee was talking to a handsome officer—unusually tall. But then one is constantly surprised by the number of tall officers one sees in the war zone. I was arrested by her air. She is very self-confident; very secure in her sense of art. As I watched her I decided that the

(Concluded on Page 33)

Why Warner-Lenz?

Now on 450,000 Cars



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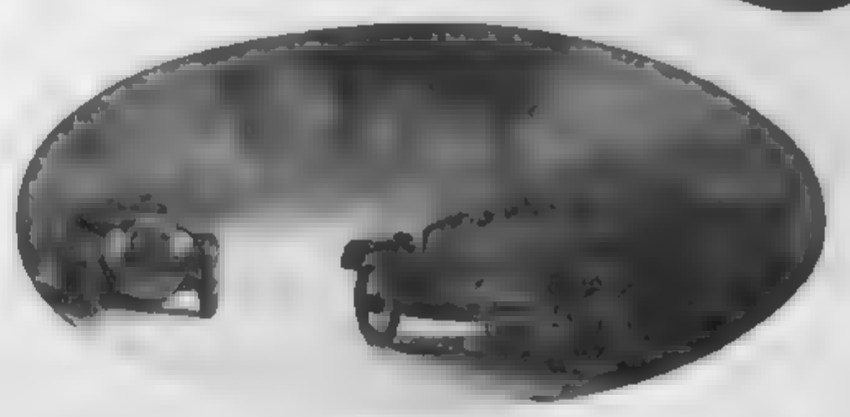
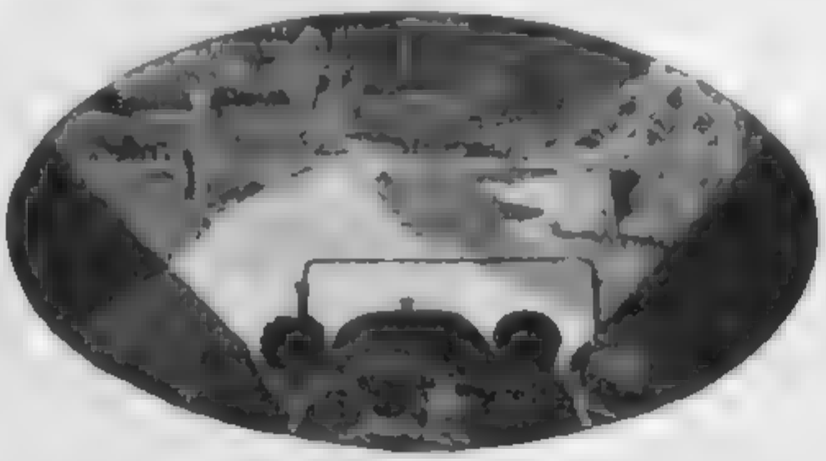


Turns and roadsides flooded with soft, clear, wide-spread light

On either side, nearby and far away, the Warner-Lenz sheds a flood of light. And shaft-lights don't, you know. Their beams go straight ahead.

At corners and at road-turns, your clear-glass lenses light the road you leave, but not the one you turn on. Not the roadside, not the curbing. You must pick your new road in the dark.

Compare that situation with the turn we picture here—where a whole half-circle ahead of the driver is constantly kept aglow.

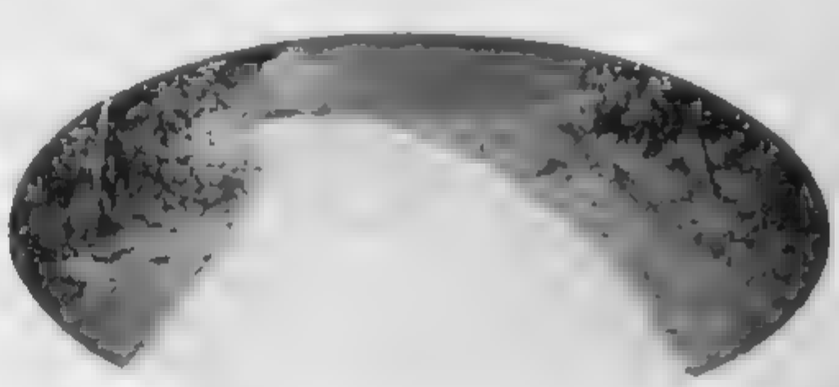


A fan-shaped field of vision—clear as day—300 to 500 feet ahead

This is the night-view that you get when using Warner-Lenz. Your whole range of vision is lighted. With shaft-lights, you know, two-thirds of this space is dark.

The light is like moonlight brought down to the road level. You can face it without blinking. Yet it lights a half-circle ahead like day. And it makes objects seem as they are.

A one-mile drive with the Warner-Lenz will make you forever a convert. You'll be sorry that you waited. Nothing could induce you to go back to clear glass.



No tip of the car, no turning of the lens, alters this day-like light

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THAT LAST
THE finest kind of comfort is that care-free feeling you enjoy when you're provided with Firestone Tire Accessories. When you do need them, the need is imperative.
This Firestone Cementless Tube Patch, simple as it looks, is a typical example of Firestone expert building and speaks volumes for Firestone thoroughness and care. Hand-buffed, it is in every way treated with the scrupulous attention demanded by Firestone standards.
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Firestone CURE-CUT
Firestone Cure-Cut
Firestone Hook-On Boot
Firestone
Tire Accessories

(Concluded from Page 30)

only difference between her and a society leader is that her surface is not quite so suave, and her manners to men rather less trusting, rather more self-protecting.

As she talked to her enthralled officer she wore a conscious armor of indifference; she did not look at him very much, but when she did her glance was direct. She smiled; she was charming; but she gave the impression of being only slightly aware of him.

Madame Dussand was practicing her stage laugh, not the loud joyous yawp with which she had been wont to welcome the witticisms at breakfast. Her generous lovable spirit was under a cloud. Watching her, I felt glad when the little officer under whose care we were put us into our motors and took us to the next place at which we were to play.

There our spirits rose. For one thing, most of the officers with whom we had dined on our first barnstorming evening had motored over to be with us. Then, we were to play again in a barn; and as we approached it we saw the *poilus* hurrying toward it. Best of all, our dressing room was to be a kitchen from which a passage led directly into the barn.

The old woman who welcomed us was a little bent creature with a face like a rosy November apple, blue eyes and a young girl's smile. She wore a white cap, with strings. As the actresses came in she swept a heap of clothes from off the long bench before the fire and urged us to sit down. And as we sat there, scraping the mud off our boots, she said:

"You come to sing for the soldiers?"

"Yes, madame."

"I," said the old woman—"I wash for the soldiers." And she patted the heap of clothes she held in her arms.

A very simple little happening, that; but there was something about it which made our eyes grow dim. She was seventy years old, and she had eight sons fighting for France. She had been born in that house, had brought up her sons there; and now, in spite of the danger from shells, she would not move away.

"I cannot wash for my eight boys," she said; "but there are other soldiers here. I wash for them. When things happen here that make them laugh, I laugh too; and when they dream, as you will make them dream to-night, mesdames, then I smile too."

Then the stables—the same impression of blue shadow; the silhouettes of the crowded standing soldiers; the eager, welcoming faces, with their substructure of strain. In front of the soldiers was a row of chairs on which sat officers and the mayor of the village, an old white-haired man of ninety-two.

Talking to a lieutenant between acts, and looking at the faces of the soldiers, I again felt the sinister atmosphere of Verdun.

"One of your officers," I said, "told me that the soldiers are happy. I shouldn't call them that, by their faces—not even here, where they are *en repos*."

"Here," he replied, "they are not fighting; they are away from home, and wondering whether they are going to get permissions to go home, or thinking of the permissions they have lost or have yet to come. Perhaps some of them have had bad news from home, or none at all. It's a whole world here, an abnormal world. No; they're not happy. They're brave and maybe cynical."

"Oh, not that!"

"Then perhaps I am. Three villages taken in the last attack at Verdun; some earthworks; one hundred and fifty guns accounted for; twelve thousand prisoners, and as many more killed! But—was it worth while? I have a horror of that attack. So many young boys were in it who were in the trenches for the first time. The men suffered so dreadfully! No one will ever know how much! If you had seen them coming back, as I did, you would have thought they had been defeated, instead of victorious. Luckily our men have been through so much that a lot of them don't feel any more.

"At the beginning of the war I found the diary of a dead German. He wrote with the greatest enthusiasm; he said he was assisting in the greatest tragedy of the world. We all felt that way at first. But now there's no more enthusiasm. Men feel that they must keep up the honor of the regiment, and must die for France if it's necessary. But the glory is gone. What we do, we do from habit. Maybe we'll idealize it all afterward; but we don't now.

"And the monotony! It's not good for the men. They're better fed than they were and they are well disciplined, in that they fight when they are bidden. But they don't have work to do in the sense of their old trades; they lack the influence of their wives and children. Some men will come out of this better, and some worse; but no one will remain the same. I'll come out worse. I'm twenty-seven; and I've got no more impulses, no ideas, no wants. That's the abnormal part of it—I've no wants. I'll be so old when the war is over that I shan't be able to develop any. Before the war, I used to write verses; read good things; study. Now I've got so much time on my hands that I could become very learned. But I don't read. I play cards and get more callous every day I live!"

M. Boyer had come on the stage and the *poilus* were responding to his familiar smile. He recited a piece about what it would be like on the day when the French Army marched under the Arc de Triomphe, with the civilians whom they had saved crowding about them. He spoke of the applause given to the aviators and marines, the grenadiers, dragoons and artillerymen. Then the infantrymen passed. There was a dead silence. They looked about to see why they were not applauded. The civilians were on their knees.

There were tears in the eyes of many of the soldiers; they moved a little and coughed.

We are told that to view tragedy is purifying to the soul. Perhaps never until now could comedy be called purifying. But it was—not because of the comedy, but because of those brave common heroes of France for whom it was made.

As we sped along under the white light I lost sight of the shelled houses and barbed-wire entanglements and deserted trenches. I saw only the homes and fields of a peaceful people, and at every crossroads a tall stone wayside cross. On each one the hanging Christ stood out sharply in the moonlight, waiting for the day of peace and love and forgiveness.

BLACK SHEEP AMONG THE NEUTRALS

(Concluded from Page 8)

Germany they should not be fed on American food.

To-day the situation in Russia is causing concern in the United States and every Allied country. Sweden stands in the way between a more effective coöperation between the Allies and Russia. Sweden permits exportations to Germany but stops a great deal of freight consigned to Russia. Sweden will not permit packages or war materials to be shipped over Swedish railroads from England and France via Norway. I have been informed, officially, that there are great quantities of agricultural machinery in American ports consigned to Russia. Sweden will not permit the transportation of this to Russia, though her own merchants sell hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of farm implements to Germany.

Germany, however, has one big advantage over the United States and the Allies in dealing with these countries. She is ready to invade either Holland or Denmark the moment either refuses to bow to the Imperial demands. The Danish people, as a whole, are strongly opposed to Germany's cause, but they are powerless. The German fleet controls the Baltic and could destroy Copenhagen without lifting an anchor. Norway needs coal and the Allies do not have the ships to transport it to Norway, so this country depends upon Germany, as Switzerland does.

The Allies' governments feel that if these countries have the ships to import materials and food from the United States to be reshipped in some form or other to Germany, they should use these ships to bring coal from the United States and food for their own use. This would adjust the coal situation in Norway, at least, and prevent a food surplus in other neutral countries.

If Germany were placed upon her own resources alone the end would be near, because Germany does not have the man power to harvest and preserve the food grown within her own country. She does not have the fodder to raise and fatten the cattle she needs. Last year the potato crop was normal, but, because of a lack of labor and the negligence of the farmers in not digging the potatoes before the early frost, about twenty-five per cent of the crop spoiled. Last year's fruit crop was good, but Germany did not have the sugar to preserve the fruit or the cans and glass jars to can it. So thousands of bushels of plums, cherries, strawberries and apples rotted on the markets.

The Imperial Government attempted to save the fruit by confiscating the harvest and allotting quantities to all cities; but there was delay, and freight trains of fruit spoiled on the sidings. Werder is the large fruit locality outside Berlin. One day a train of nine carloads of plums was pulled to Berlin. The Zentral Einkaufgesellschaft and the food director confiscated it. Before they could get sufficient wagons to distribute it in Berlin the hot weather caused the fruit to decay.

A group of women, learning that this fruit was on the siding, went there expecting to break into the cars and carry away some supplies. When they found the spoiled fruit they painted in large white letters on the side of the train:

"This is the kind of jam the Z. E. G. gives us."

Though Germany has been employing Russian prisoners on the farms, their labor is not efficient enough to guarantee large harvests, and the agrarians who have been criticized for not producing as large crops as the government has promised the people explain in letters to the press that because the government has confiscated so many horses it is impossible for the grain and potatoes to be transported to the sidings.

The food situation in Germany is extremely critical. Last fall the government issued an order that no canned goods could be sold by the grocers. These supplies, including boxes of French sardines and California fruit, were expected to carry Germany through the next crisis.

March and April are the hardest months for the German *Hausfrau*. Food allotted by card is not sufficient to nourish anyone. Vegetables, fruit and fish are needed in large quantities. During these months the spring vegetables are still growing, fruit is withered and fish is scarce. In April of this year the people were suffering from a lack of food, and the government authorized the grocers to sell the canned wares. Within a few days every can was sold.

Because of a lack of tin, labor and canning facilities Germany will not be able during the rest of the war to stock up unless the neutral countries supply her.

There are tricks to all trades, and Germany knows most of them. At one time when the Allies were pounding at the Dardanelles forts Turkey was short of gunpowder. The Central Powers had not invaded Serbia, and the only railroad route from Essen to Constantinople was via Rumania. But the Rumanian Government prohibited the transportation of war munitions over its railways. Germany obtained permission to send cement blocks to Turkey—until Rumania discovered that within each block was a big shell! Then, for some reason there was an unusual amount of Bavarian beer being shipped to Turkey. It was presumed that the Germans were preparing their drive toward the Suez Canal and that this was one of the preliminary steps!

Trainloads of beer kegs rolled over the Rumanian lines, until one night there was a big explosion in one of the yards. Four thirsty Rumanians were boring a hole into one of the kegs when it exploded, killing three and wounding the fourth man. An investigation by the Rumanian Government showed that Bavarian beer kegs were filled with Prussian powder.

These kinds of tricks Germany will try in every country in an attempt to get food, and only the most careful watching will stop them. But with food as scarce as it is in Germany to-day despite all the importations from Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, it is easy to see what will happen if the blockade is made as effective as it can be.

Leaks into Germany must be stopped if the war is to be won. The United States and the four neutrals at the north and west of Germany can stop them if they will.

WHEN IN CHICAGO

IT COSTS NO MORE TO LIVE AT THE STRATFORD HOTEL—ON THE LAKE FRONT

THIS famous hotel is located on Michigan and Jackson Boulevards, overlooking Grant Park and the lake, an ideal hotel site.

Everything radiates from this centre—the financial, wholesale and retail districts, the clubs, theatres and other points of interest.

Michigan Boulevard is the great parade street of the West. Chicago life centers here.

Because of the asphalt-paved boulevards and restricted traffic, there is less noise. No street cars pass. And there are no buildings between The Stratford and the lake to hinder the cool lake breezes.

For $1.50 per day and up you may have all The Stratford Hotel advantages.

Our *free* Chicago Guide, with map and pictures, will be mailed on request. Write for your copy today.

The Stratford Hotel

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They tell all about game farming—the profit and pleasure to be obtained from it. "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure" is sent free on request. It treats of the subject as a whole, describes the many game birds, tells of their food and habits, etc. "American Pheasant Breeding and Shooting" is sent on receipt of 10c. in stamps. It is a complete manual on the subject.

HERCULES POWDER CO.
1029 Market Street
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THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER

Blue Streak Belts Have Many Speeds

Before the amazing success of Blue Streak Belts, practical men recognized only one kind of belt speed.

That was the speed due to the number of drive revolutions per minute.

But since the success of the Blue Streak Belt construction in reducing costs and increasing output, practical men have come to recognize another kind of belt speed—a kind with which technical students of belting have long endeavored to deal.

These are the speeds of the various layers of the belt *in going around the pulley*.

The outer layers must go faster than the layers next the pulley face because they have farther to go.

The situation is roughly comparable to the speeds of the outer and inner wheels of an automobile in going around a curve.

The outer wheels must go faster than the inner, or else the strains set up will skid the tires or strip the gears.

If the outer part of the belt can not go faster than the inner, the belt will slip or else will soon wear out.

In the automobile the desired difference in speeds is obtained with the differential.

In Blue Streak Belts the outer layers are permitted to go faster than the inner because the quick and lively rubber with which they are impregnated automatically makes the proper adjustment between plies.

That is one of the important reasons for the longer wear and better service of these belts.

If they were not of ply and superior friction construction the consequent slip and strain would wear them out, as the automobile without differentials would wear out.

In Blue Streak Belts the plies have play, but the 'friction' holds them inseparably and tenaciously together. There are no rivets, stitches, cement or glue. If they were not made in the superior and exclusive Blue Streak way they would be serviceable only in light and intermittent work.

But Blue Streak Belts give money-saving and power-saving transmission in the most constant and heavy service.

In these belts the outer part always goes around the pulleys *faster* than the inner part—without creepage, without loss of power, without strain on the belt.

Their special weave duck and superior friction adapt themselves to *all* the speeds of the most exacting service.

They lengthen the life of the belt and decrease shut-downs and delays.

Blue Streak Belt materials and construction, both, advance belting theory and belting practice—foster money-saving and power-saving.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

· BELTING · HOSE · PACKING · VALVES ·

GOODYEAR
AKRON

A WOMAN BY CANDLELIGHT

(Continued from Page 13)

noble edifice, because it was like the Hillbridge mansion in St. Sebastian.

"That's an elegant place—don't you think so?" he said in selected accents of politeness and intellectuality.

"No; I'm afraid I think it's pretty ugly. It's—— Oh, I wish I knew something about architecture! I don't know why I don't like it, except that it looks to me like a fat woman with lots of paste diamonds, and too dressy, and a stenciled garden hat on top of that. It's so lumpy, and it's got scrollamajigs all over the porch; and that round tower is just silly—don't you think?"

"Yes. I guess—yes; that's so," he sighed.

He told himself that, after all, this monstrosity was not like the chaste Hillbridge mansion. But he knew it was.

"Our towns aren't beautiful—not yet. Maybe they will be when they stop trying to be showy."

"Yes. I guess—yes; that's so. . . . Though, golly, the towns looked pretty good to me when I came off the farm. Oh, I'm an ignorant brat! I don't know how you can stand me."

"My dear, you're not! You're good and sweet and honest. It's myself who am ignorant. Look at me—old enough to be your grandmother; the perfect catty old maid, daring to criticize these towns that the pioneers built out of sweat and blood. And what am I? Just a small-town milliner, with half a shop—tinkering and making a few silly hats."

"You're not! You're not! You're—oh, so cultured and everything —— And you're young; you aren't hardly a bit older than me by the family Bible; and your—oh—your imagination is so young; and—— Oh, I don't know how to say it, but you know what I mean."

He put his arm about her shoulder, on a corner shadowed by a bank of lilac bushes. There was a hush, rhythmic with a distant chorus of frogs. The angel of quiet affection bent lulling wings about them. She patted his arm as they walked on.

The town broke off abruptly. One moment they were hedged in by one-story cottages; the next, with the town forgotten, they faced the splendor of the open prairie, brown and honest and elemental by day, but charmed now to an uplifted radiance. It was not a flat, dull plain, but dipping and winsome. Nothing save the stormy ocean could be so broad, so far-stretching to that pale shimmer-of horizon.

They were on a slight rise, and they looked across ten miles of meadow and corn patch and fifty-acre wheat fields. The moon was still low and touched the veils of mist that rose from hollows. Beyond these apparitions the eye lifted till the spirit was swimming and dizzy with the sweep of the shining land. The groves of willows, the alder bushes marking a curving creek, and the eye of a slew were sparkling points on the plate of silver. The yellow light of a distant farmhouse stirred the poignant thought of home.

Unspeaking, with one strong emotion linking them, unconsciously hand in hand and their arms swinging together, they moved forward into that world of light. Their eyes were solemn. They passed from the road into a meadow. The long grasses whispered to their slow tread.

He ignored the heavy dew, which soaked his shoes, till he realized that he was not caring for her, and urged:

"Sakes alive! You'll catch your death o' cold. Let's sit on this gate."

He had spoken so softly that the charm was not shattered; and, swathed in glory, they perched on the three-barred wooden gate of a barbed-wire fence, which had been enchanted into a spider web. She sat on a lower bar and leaned her head against his knee. The faint pressure made him tender, conscious that she belonged to that wistful beauty.

He instinctively stroked her cheek. Slowly the full ecstasy of the holy hour welled in him till he could no longer be mute. He identified her with it, and demanded her.

"I've never felt—oh, so happy before! I don't want to ever lose you, dear. Can't we be married? I ain't—I am not worthy——"

She straightened up; stood by the fence.

"Boy, you don't love me! It's just moonlight and walking with a woman. You don't know what you want yet. I've always had such big visions of love that —— No, no, no! You wouldn't propose to me if it were a hot afternoon, a muggy, wilty afternoon, and we were walking down Main Street."

"But you do like me; and when we're both lonely ——"

"Probably no one will ever love me as I want. Oh, why should they? What am I but a little hat trimmer, with a love for tea and cats!"

"You aren't; you are the one person I could love—if you could only understand how much I mean it!" And as he said it he knew he didn't quite mean it; he knew he was merely living up to the magic moment, and he listened to his own high-pitched voice going on in poetic periods unnatural to him: "Your soul shines like the prairie there; and when I look into your eyes I see all the fairy stories my mother used to read to me ——"

"But, my dear boy, you don't want a lady reciter. You want a nice home and somebody to send out the laundry for you. That's all right! I understand. I often want a home myself. But I'm a funny old silly. Frightfully sentimental. So I distrust sentimentality. Wait. Think it over to-morrow. Oh ——"

Suddenly she was crying, in sobs accumulated through years of loneliness. She crouched on the lower bar of the gate and hid her eyes against his knee. Her hat fell off and her hair was a little disordered. Yet this touch of prosaicalness did not shock him. It brought her near to him; made her not a moon wraith, but a person like himself. He patted her shoulder till she sat up and laughed a little; and they strolled toward the town.

The overwrought self that had sung of love was gone. But he felt toward her a sincere and eager affection.

Twenty-four hours later, back in St. Sebastian, he was calling on Myrtle Hillbridge. They put a humorous monologue record on the phonograph and laughed loudly over it and ate fudge; and he was perfectly sincere about that too.

IV

HE WAS to spend two weeks in St. Sebastian, helping take stock. It was his longest stay there since he had met Miss Myrtle Hillbridge at a church social. On his first call he criticized the Hillbridge house to himself for having a foolish little tower and a battlement. He was uneasy in the glare of electric light falling upon bright green velours upholstery in Myrtle's parlor, and he decided that Myrtle's smooth cheeks were stupid in that hot shine. He thought of the gentle vividness of Miss Weeks' ever-changing face. But he reasoned with himself:

"Thunder, they can't everybody have the same kind of a house! . . . Rats, they can't everybody be the same kind of a person! . . . Miss Weeks is the finest woman I know; but Myrtle is a mighty jolly girl. . . . Gosh, that's a funny record! I wonder if Myrtle has any of this jazz music."

He was invited to an Advertisement Party at Myrtle's, and by reason of much reading of magazines upon trains he won the guessing contest. He danced the fox trot with damages to the slippers of not more than one or two girls, and told a good story about the Chippewas at Cass Lake.

When the young married couples were departing, and the girls were being persuaded to let various young men take them home, Myrtle whispered:

"Don't go yet, Wilbur. Wouldn't you like to stay and help me eat up the rest of the cake and lemonade?"

She looked confidential; and he felt confidential and superior to the rest of the party as he whispered:

"Yes."

They sat in chairs drawn up to the polished expanse of the dining table and nibbled crumbs of coconut filling, and laughed at the rest of the guests. The least he could do was to hold her hand. This duty he performed to the perfect satisfaction of all immediately concerned. She hung her head; and, while she shyly traced the design on his cuff button with her finger, she murmured:

"Why am I so bad? Why do I let you hold my hand?"

He didn't know the answer, and he felt guilty that she was so moved by his caress. How could he, as a regular man, stop now when she was so innocently happy? He seized her hand more boldly; and, because the tension of the moment demanded that he should say something complimentary at once, he sighed:

"Pretty little hand!"

She glanced at him sharply and snatched away her hand.

"I don't believe you care a bit about holding my hand; and I'm not going to let you, either! You're nothing but just a lady-killer, going round playing make love."

"I am not, either!" he insisted, and tried to capture the hand again.

She would not let him, and informed him that she should never have yielded to his petition to be allowed to stay and finish up the cake if she had not supposed he would behave himself. He was crushed by her coldness and convinced that to hold the hand of Miss Myrtle Hillbridge was a very close approximation to heaven.

She sent him home; but relented at the door and let him kiss her good night, which he did with rapturous thrills, and went out exultant. When he got home, and began to smoke a cigar of triumph, he wondered whether Myrtle was entirely unwilling to be kissed. He informed himself that she was maneuvering, but that he was an ungrateful dog to think anything of the sort; that Myrtle would like to drag a promising young man to the altar, but also that she was just a kindly girl whom said ungrateful dog had sore offended; that she was more human than Miss Weeks, but that Miss Weeks' little finger was worth more than Myrtle's whole body. He repeated this highly consistent analysis over and over, and went to bed in a whirl of perplexity, out of which emerged only one fact—that he liked to kiss Miss Myrtle Hillbridge.

It was past one, three hours after the canonical bedtime in St. Sebastian, when he went to bed. He was sleepy next day, and all his opinions regarding women could have been summed up in "Drat them; they disturb a man's work!" But Myrtle called him up and invited him to drop in after supper. After having kissed the poor, trusting girl—why had he ever been such a scoundrel!—he couldn't be cold to her; and he thanked her ardently, though his warmest desire was to get to bed directly after supper.

He hoped that she wouldn't be too affectionate or talkative that evening. She wasn't. They sat on the front steps, upon flattened doughnuts of willow, leaning against the porch pillars; and they talked drowsily of Ben and Bessie, and of how admittedly superior Myrtle was to Bessie. He found himself kissing her good night at the gate, and he went home feeling bound to her.

Never, he meditated, could he tell her that he hadn't really meant those kisses. Why, it would break her heart! He had to go on now. . . .

How come he had kissed her again? He certainly hadn't meant to. He didn't understand. Well, anyway, it wouldn't be so bad to marry Myrtle. She was a splendid girl and a normal-school graduate. . . . But he plaintively wished he had met Miss Weeks earlier. He wondered, with excitement, why he couldn't correspond with Miss Weeks. Never thought of that before! . . . No; too late! . . . Besides all that—oh, that moonlight stuff was too highbrow for a jay like himself! Oh, well ——

V

HE WAS invited to supper at the Hillbridges. It was a party meal, with olives and candied orange peel. Mr. Hillbridge treated Wilbur as one accepted by the established set in St. Sebastian. He asked him questions about the grocery business outlook, and boomed: "Have some more of the lamb, Wilbur, my boy. And don't you two young people go holding hands under the table there!" Mrs. Hillbridge smiled, and said "Now, Chan!" to her husband; and, to Wilbur, "Don't mind him, Mr. Cole; he's a terrible joker."

Myrtle was moody, but she gave Wilbur secret smiles. And Mr. Hillbridge gave him a two-for-a-quarter cigar.

The Hillbridges were temporarily without a maid—most families in St. Sebastian are permanently temporarily without a maid. After supper Myrtle commanded her parents: "You two go off to the movies,

(Concluded on Page 39)

The fish that put George's pipe out!

George was telling about it afterwards—"You can get an idea how excited I was, when I tell you that it was the only time during the day that I let my pipe go out!

"But when I hooked that fellow and felt him fighting for his life at the end of the line—I forgot everything but landing him!

"He was the biggest bass we got all week—weighed nearly four pounds—some excuse for letting a pipe go out!"

George is a man who has never been able to decide which he likes best, smoking a pipe or fishing for bass. He smokes whenever he can and he fishes whenever he can, and one of his peculiarities is that he never lets his pipe go out during a smoke.

He says that re-lighting a pipe every few minutes contaminates the tobacco with match fumes.

And he's right.

If you see a man re-lighting his pipe all the time, you can bet that either his tobacco is out of condition or that he is not giving his pipe proper attention. In either case he is not getting much enjoyment out of his pipe.

George smokes Edgeworth tobacco in his pipe. He says he likes Edgeworth because of its flavor and aroma, because it burns slowly and evenly, because it packs well and holds its fire and because he always finds it in very good condition.

Not every man likes Edgeworth—but the majority of "pipe-cranks" find it a tobacco that gives them more pipe-satisfaction than any tobacco they ever smoked.

You may not like Edgeworth, but if you're a real pipe-smoker, the chances are you will.

And it's so easy for you to find out.

All you need do is to write your name and address on a postcard and mail it to us. We will then send you a generous sample of Edgeworth tobacco in both its forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

We don't know which form you will prefer—the tobacco is exactly the same.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is Edgeworth tobacco pressed into a cake and then cut in neat oblong slices. One slice rubbed-up in your hand makes a comfortable pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is all ready for your pipe—the rubbing operation having been done by special machinery.

The prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are: 10c for pocket-size tin, 25c and 50c for larger tins, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Both are sold practically everywhere, but will be mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

For the free samples address Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. Send us your retail dealer's name, please.

Special Edgeworth Packages For the Week-End Trip

Every pipe-smoker knows how quickly his tobacco disappears on a week-end trip—especially when there are other pipe-smokers around and when he carries Edgeworth

To offset this danger, we have designed a somewhat larger tin—of both Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed—which we call the "Week-End Size." These tins sell at 25c and can be obtained at practically any tobacco store.

If you have trouble carrying enough Edgeworth when you go away over Saturday and Sunday, we think this new size will just fill your needs.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

HAYNES

"America's First Car"

A Quarter Century *of* Automobile History

by A. G. Seiberling

General Manager, THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

JULY 4th the Haynes institution began its twenty-fifth year. The Haynes today typifies almost a quarter of a century of constant progress. The story of the Haynes is the story of the automobile in America.

And the development of the car from America's pioneer automobile, as made and driven by Elwood Haynes, to the Haynes automobile of today is actually the story of the growth and advancement of the industry itself.

• • • • •

Look back through the years and count the number of automobile companies that have been started—and are forgotten. Count the number of cars that have been introduced—and forgotten.

Through all the ups and downs of the industry, through good times and bad times, through days of doubt, the days when an automobile was a curiosity—and right on through the days when the automobile became a beneficial and enjoyable necessity—the Haynes has not only endured, but has steadily grown in public favor.

• • •

We do not ask you to choose the Haynes because it was the first car made in America. We do not ask you to buy it because of its history. But we confidently offer it to you because of what it *is*.

And it could not be what it is if it were not for the experience, the knowledge, the technical skill the Haynes organization has acquired during the last twenty-four years.

Improvement after improvement—development upon development—have naturally been features of the Haynes growth.

• • •

Today the Haynes, whether you select America's Greatest Light Six, or America's Greatest Light Twelve, represents such tangible value that owning it is a paying investment.

With its smooth-running, powerful, flexible motor; with its harmony of mechanical exactness and correctness, its owner is assured of extremely low upkeep, long life and continuing investment value.

As to appearance—the Haynes receives admiring approval. We carry the same principle of lasting value into the design and finish of the body and the general equipment of the car.

• • •

For three years we have been constantly increasing our manufacturing facilities, and the demand for Haynes cars continues to grow. And this one fact sums up the reasons for the fact that the Haynes institution is almost a quarter of a century old today—its product has deserved, won, and held public approval.

The Haynes is pictured on the next page. There is a Haynes dealer near you. I cordially invite you to let him show you the car itself, for I believe you will want it.

Agencies all over the world—Catalog and name of nearest representative on request

HAYNES

"America's Greatest Light Six"
$1595—$1725
Wire Wheels Extra

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
40 South Main Street, Kokomo, Ind.

HAYNES

"America's Greatest Light Twelv
$2095—$2225
Wire Wheels Included

HAYNES
AMERICA'S FIRST CAR

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Service to you-through *other* manufacturers

-and in each of these, Johns-Manville serves you

Johns-Manville Products

Asbestos Cloth, Felt and Paper
Asbestos Twine, Tape and Listings
Asbestos Wood
Boiler Coverings
Brake Bands and Blocks
Brake Linings (auto)
Chemical Filters
Clutch Facings
Cold Storage Insulations
Crucible Linings
Electrical Insulations: for Starting and Lighting, and Ignition Systems; for Switchboards.
Electrical Specialties
Electrical Tapes
Fire Extinguishers
Furnace Coverings

TUCKED in under the steel hide of the locomotive, a Johns-Manville product guards the heat that drives the train. You find other products in the electric control on the trolley car, the covering on your cellar furnace, your telephone central, the lining of your refrigerator, the spark timer on your motor car.

Johns-Manville materials are an integral part of thousands of devices made by hundreds of different manufacturers whose contributions make up life's conveniences and utilities.

The American Manufacturer draws on Johns-Manville for raw material and auxiliary apparatus, both of which he incorporates into his finished product. Competition, manufacturing economy and efficiency make this necessary. But on the other hand he knows that your judgment of his device is governed by the quality of the materials he uses. So he looks carefully into the merit of all such purchases.

The fact that Johns-Manville materials are the choice of so many manufacturers is a most significant endorsement—a testimonial that must bear weight with you when you consider the purchase of any Johns-Manville material, directly or through other manufacturers.

Johns-Manville Products
Continued

Hard Fibre (wood)
Heat Insulations
Iron Protective Paints
Locomotive Lagging
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Packings: Sheet, Rod and Piston. For Steam, Air, Water, Brine, Ammonia, Alkaline and Acid Solutions.
Pump Valves
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Railway Specialties
Roofings
Refractory Cements
Sheathing for Railway Cars
Spark Plugs
Speedometers
Steam Traps
Stove Linings

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 55 Large Cities

(Concluded from Page 35)

and Wilbur and I will wash the dishes—won't we, Wilbur?"

Yes—Wilbur would, indeed; there was no sport he admired so much as the washing of party supper dishes. Mrs. Hillbridge protested for a suitable period, then winked at her husband and jerked her head backward at him; and they departed, leaving Wilbur in a comfortable fancy that this was his house and Myrtle his jolly little wife.

They laughed as they washed the dishes. He dropped some cold water down her neck, and she chased him about the kitchen, snapping the dish towel at him till he begged for mercy. They did not talk of solemn beauty or the misty plains; neither of silver nor of candlelight; but lustily sang together a pleasing melody:

Oh, myyyyyy E-GYP-shun queen,
You're the best I ever-rever-rever seen;
And your winks put the jinx on the sphinx,
so I thinks,
My dreamun Ejup que-en!

"Isn't that a dandy song?" glowed Myrtle. "Oh, I'd die if I could just write one song like that! They say this man made a hundred thousand out of Poor Butterfly; but I don't know—maybe it would be more fun to write movie scenarios. Oh, just think of being a scenario writer and going out to Los Angeles and meeting Douglas Fairbanks! Isn't he a peach! I wonder if he is married. I was reading—why, just yesterday—it was an advertisement in the paper, where you can learn to write scenarios in six lessons; and you get from a hundred to a thousand dollars apiece for them. Think of that! Maybe I wouldn't buy an automobile that would put it all over Doctor Julian's! But still, think of writing a song like that—My dreammun Ejup que-en!"

"Yes; that's so," Wilbur agreed.

It had been a good supper. He certainly did like corn fritters.

He contrasted this big kitchen, its enamel refrigerator, its cabinet, its new range, with the closet which Miss Weeks called a kitchen and in which she cooked one thing at a time on a kerosene burner.

It was good to be on kitchen terms of intimacy after months in the bedrooms and offices of hotels. It was good to have Myrtle acknowledge that he was on such terms and to say, when they had gone out to the front porch: "Oh, do run in and get me a glass of ice water, Wilbur. You know where the ice box is."

He swaggered through the hall, the dining room, the kitchen, as though all this were his. He was no longer a farm boy on sufferance in the great mansion of the great city.

He cheerfully let the tap run cold, chopped ice, filled the glass, made the ice tinkle, switched off the kitchen light, started toward the hall—and stopped.

Someone, a block away, was playing a violin. The kitchen window was open; and as he looked from the darkened room he was conscious of a honeysuckle bush rustling in the yard, of slumberous trees and the quiet night, while the music wound a thread of faint, fine emotion about him. And instantly he was identifying that mood with Miss Weeks; and he knew that he was doing it, and wanted to run away from the admirable young woman awaiting him on the front porch.

"It isn't Myrtle's fault—she's a lot better than I am. I'm a hound; but, Lord, I don't want to settle down yet! I don't want to look fat after supper, like Pa Hillbridge. I guess probably she is eight, maybe ten, years older than Myrtle; but still, she's so much younger; and she always will be. I want to play yet, like a kid—like her."

"Her" meant Miss Weeks to him. "Her" would always mean Miss Weeks to him, he knew.

Myrtle was waiting. He trailed out to the porch. She was cuddled on the porch swing. She patted a cushion and said amiably:

"Sit here and be comfy."

Then, because he was afraid he would kiss her, he did kiss her, and felt himself to be a traitor and a fiend and a scared rabbit, all at once. Again he wanted to run. Also, he wished to kiss her. Suddenly he was standing beside the porch swing and listening to his own stammering:

"Oh, I mustn't kiss you—I mustn't—you're so good and bully; and—I guess I better go."

"I didn't—I didn't mind. I like you!" she whispered.

If she would only be angry—only tell him to go! He couldn't be churlish to her. But never again would he be so weak as to kiss her! She was a stranger to him; and always would be, though they were married with bell, book and candle. But he could say nothing. He was afraid of the serene power of commonplaceness in her. He could only stand in a cold numbness, wondering why he couldn't find anything to say.

"Wilbur, what is the matter?"

He did not answer; could not answer.

"Wilbur!"

Nothing.

She sat on the edge of the swing and stared at him. She drew an angry breath. He turned his head away. Then:

"Well, Mr. Wilbur Cole, if you think I am so crazy about you that I am going to stand for your being silent and queer and cranky, as if you had done me a favor by—by kissing me—and now you guess maybe you want to run along home, then I guess you have another guess coming, Mr. Wilbur Cole. You can go; and you can't go one bit too soon for me!" Her voice was round and resolute, young and hard.

He moved toward the gate.

"Wilbur!" It was a sound of relenting.

He turned back, and heard a queer vulgar little old man in him piping: "Darn it! I thought she was going to let me go now."

"Wilbur, don't you think you ought to apologize before you go? What is it, dear? Come, tell me the matter."

Terrified, he cried:

"I can't—not to-night. Oh, I'm so sorry, honey! You're sweet; and—I'll call you up to-morrow."

He bolted; and not for a mile did he slacken his half run.

He sat on a pile of ties overlooking a cindery railroad yard for three hours or more; and he was no longer young. He was suffering, and he was not enjoying the spectacle of himself. Youth makes a dramatic picture of itself as heroic in suffering. Past youth blames itself and wants either to heal or to cause the suffering of others.

The moon came up in its last quarter—riding like a wrecked galleon in a lost sea of grasses. It seemed to bind him to Miss Weeks, up there, sixty miles away. The night breeze was ever cooler and more fresh. He muttered:

"Gee! I'm free! It isn't too late now, no more. Myrtle, poor kid! Hope she gets a new beau in couple of weeks. . . . Bet she does, too. . . . Why don't I go? I'll do just that."

He walked sedately to the garage. He awoke an irate night attendant. He cheerfully filled the tank of his little car, and even took care to fill a grease cup. At three o'clock he started due north, toward Gopher Prairie.

He no longer blamed himself or justified himself. He merely growled:

"Bet there's lots of fellows get married when they don't specially want to—just drift along, and see they're expected to buy a ring; lots more than will ever admit it. Tell you, me, if I ever get married it's going to be—oh, like one of these here pilgrimages. Kind of religious. I've crawled up from a farmhouse attic to this little ole car, and I ain't going to stop with just being a solid citizen. No, sir! Read books. Not just selling talk, but music. Mahogany. Tropics. . . . Candlelight. . . All that stuff. . . . Motor sure does run a lot better at night!"

The road was free of traffic and there was exhilaration in slashing through villages barren with sleep; in chasing an imbecile of a jack rabbit that hadn't sense enough to get out of the road, but kept ahead for half a mile, humping itself ludicrously in the circle of gliding light.

The darkness trembled; the fields awoke in choruses of insects; the tremendous prairie sunrise boomed across the land; the early goldenrod was cheerful beside a red barn; a meadow lark fluttered up to a fence wire and caroled—and Wilbur came riding into Gopher Prairie.

He ran up the stairs in the Colby Block, past the K. P. Hall; pounded at her door. Miss Weeks opened it—yet somehow it was not Miss Weeks.

Love had performed its old miracle of alchemy—this ordinary human face had been changed, somehow; to him it had become beautiful and imperishably young. She exclaimed:

"Why, what are you doing here? I thought you had to stay in St. Sebastian for two weeks."

"Huh? Just a moment—gee, out of breath! Do you know how pretty you are? Especially when you smile? Just ran up here to tell you I want to try that stunt of walking up Main Street on a hot afternoon; and twice in every block I want to tell you about you and me and all kinds of things —— Dear, will you listen? Will you?"

She searched his eyes; then stretched out her hands. There was a skylight in the hall. Morning sunshine fell upon the lovers.

THE HIGH HEART

(Continued from Page 21)

the minute they landed at Halifax. Poles and Ruthenians and Slovaks and Icelanders have been given the same advantages as ourselves. I'm not boasting of this, Mr. Russky. I'm only saying that, though we've never defined the principle in a constitution, our instinct toward mankind is the same as yours."

It was here Mr. Thorne broke in, saying that sympathy in the United States was all for France.

"I can understand that," I said. "You often find in a family that the sympathy of each of the members is for someone outside. But that doesn't keep them from being a family, or from acting in important moments with a family's solidarity."

"And, personally," Mr. Thorne went on, "I don't care for England."

I laughed politely in his face.

"And do you, a business man, say that? I thought business was carried on independently of personal regard. You might conceivably not like Mr. Warren or Mr. Casemate"—I named the two other banker guests—"or even Mr. Brokenshire; but you do business with them as if you loved them, and quite successfully too. In the same way the Briton and the American might put personal fancies out of the question and coöperate for great ends."

"Ah, but young lady," Mr. Russky exclaimed, so noisily as to draw attention, "you forget that we're far from the scene of European disputes, and that our wisest course is to keep out of them!"

I fell back again on what I had learned from Larry Strangways.

"But you're not far from the past of mankind. You inherit that as much as any European; and it isn't an inheritance that can be limited geographically." I still quoted one of Larry Strangways' letters, knowing it by heart. "Every Russian and German and Jew and Italian and Scotchman who lands in New York brings a portion of it with him and binds the responsibility of the New World more closely to the sins of the Old. Oceans and continents will not separate us from sins. As we can never run away from our past, Americans must help to expiate what they and their ancestors have done in the countries from which they came. This isn't going to be a local war or a twentieth-century war. It's the struggle of all those who have had to bear the burdens of the world against those who have made them bear them."

"If that was the case," Mr. Russky said doubtfully, "Americans would be all on one side."

"They will be all on one side—when they see it! The question is Will they see it soon enough?"

I was so interested I didn't notice that our immediate neighbors were listening; nor did I observe, what Cissie Boscobel told me afterward, that Hugh was dividing disquieting looks between me and his father. I did try to divert Mr. Thorne to giving his attention to Mrs. Burke, who was his neighbor on the right; but I couldn't make him take the hint. It was, in fact, he who said:

"We've too many old grudges against England to keep step with her now."

I smiled engagingly.

"But you've no old grudges against the British Empire, have you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You've no old grudges against Canada or Australia or the West Indies or New Zealand or the Cape?"

"N-no."

"Nor even against Scotland or Wales or Ireland?"

"N-no."

"You recognize in all those countries a spirit more or less akin to your own, and one with which you can sympathize?"

"Y-yes."

"Then isn't that my point? You speak of England, and you see the southern end of an island between the North Sea and the Atlantic; but that's all you see. You forget Scotland and Ireland and Canada and Australia and South Africa. You think I'm talking of a country three thousand miles away, whereas it comes right up to your doors. It's on the borders of Maine and Michigan and Minnesota, and all along your line. That isn't Canada alone; it's the British Empire. It's the country with which you Americans have more to do than with any other in the world. It's the one you have to think of first. You may like some other better; but you can't get away from having it as your most pressing consideration the minute you pass your own frontiers. That," I declared with a little laugh, "is what makes my entente important."

"Important for England or for America?" Mr. Russky, as a citizen of the country which he thought had most to give, was on his guard.

"Important for the world!" I said emphatically. "England and America—the British Empire and the United States—are both secondary in what I'm trying to say. I speak of them only as the two that can most easily line up together. When they've done that the rest will follow their lead. It's not to be an offensive and defensive alliance, or directed against any other power. It would be a starting point, the beginning of world peace. It would, also, be an instance of what could be accomplished in the long run among all the nations of the world by mutual tolerance and common sense."

As I made a little mock oratorical flourish there was a laugh from our part of the table. Someone sitting opposite called out "Good!" I distinctly heard Mrs. Billing's cackle of a "Brava!" I ought to say, too, that, afraid of even the appearance of "holding forth," I had kept my tone lowered, addressing myself to my left-hand companion. If others stopped talking and listened it was because of the compulsion of the theme. It was a burning theme. It was burning in hearts and minds that had never given it a conscious thought; and, now that for a minute it was out in the open, it claimed them. True, it was an occasion meant to be kept free from the serious; but, even in Newport, we were beginning to understand that occasions kept free from the serious were over—perhaps for the rest of our time.

After that the conversation in our neighborhood became general. With the exception of Hugh, who was not far away, everyone joined in, aptly or ineptly as the case might be, with pros and cons and speculations and anecdotes and flashes of wit, and a far deeper interest than I should have predicted. As Mrs. Brokenshire whispered after we regained the drawing-room, it had made the dinner go; and a number of women whom I hadn't known before came up and talked to me.

But all that was only the curtain raiser. It was not till the family were assembled in Mildred's room upstairs that the real play began.

XXV

MILDRED'S big heavily furnished room was as softly lighted as usual. As usual, she herself, in white, with a rug across her feet, lay on her couch withdrawn from the rest. She never liked to have anyone near her, unless it was Hugh; she never entered into general talk. When others were present she remained silent, as she did on this evening. Whatever passed through her mind she gave out to individuals when she was alone with them.

The rest of the party were scattered about, standing or sitting. There were Jack and Pauline, Jim and Ethel Rossiter, Mrs. Billing, Mrs. Brokenshire, Cissie Boscobel, who was now staying with the

(Continued on Page 43)

Miss Lane's comments on Neolin Soles in connection with these photographs.

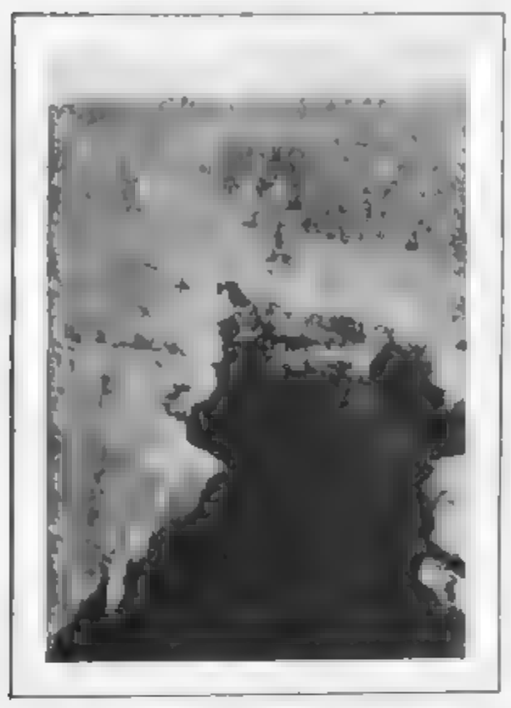
Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

A Woman's Adventure on a Volcano with Neōlin Soles

Miss Jean P. Lane [illegible] Her map [illegible] as her Hawaiian route.



"Everyone who had bought copper-nailed shoes and heavy boots laughed at me at first with my Neōlin Soles, but after the man with rubber soles had no whole sole at all on the fr[illegible] of the sort of showing my Neōlin Soles made a record and a hit for

"Here is a specimen [illegible] Pele. Here a spun lava which cut [illegible] the leather soles of my companions' shoes but which left my own Neōlin Soles unhurt.

WE have frequently stated that Neōlin, far from being a mere substitute for leather, is actually leather's superior as a shoe-sole. Could better substantiation of this be given than in the following letter from Miss Jean P. Lane, High School Librarian, in the City of Seattle, Washington?

"I have just returned from an extensive visit to Kilauea, the active volcano on the Island of Hawaii. I went with a party of Honolulu people, who warned me to be sure and take heavy leather soles. I wore Neōlin Soles.

"We climbed over lava for two days and in many places it was extremely sharp and cutting—in others we felt the heat through our shoes. It was interesting to see my companions picking their way as soon as their leather soles got hot and began to shrivel. I was the envied one, for my Neōlin Soles allowed me to stand on the edge of a vast crack absolutely secure from sliding. The sharpest lava did not even dent my Neōlin Soles.

"At the end of our trip the heavy leather soles of my companions were both burned and cracked. Yet my Neōlin Soles looked as well as when I first started on that tramp.

"And this was all the more wonderful because the shoes I wore were ones which I bought last Summer and used all Fall for driving a car and for hard road tramping.

"I wish that all tourist trampers, who are so dependent on comfortable foot-wear for their pleasure, could have had my experience. Assuredly there could be no other soles for them but Neōlin Soles."

And this is but *one* unsolicited letter among unsolicited hundreds of letters. Similarly grateful wearers have sent these to us. Many have stated that their Neōlin Soles have worn two and three times better than their leather soles. Some have even written of a six times greater wear.

Neōlin's Surplus Advantages

And Neōlin Soles are better than leather soles not alone because they wear more dependably. They are better because more resilient, more springy, more foot-cozy. Better because they are watertight as a leaf. Better because they are tread-sure and safe for young and elderly on wet or slippery sidewalks. And better for men as for women and children because they confer a new foot-trimness in wet weather—making clumsy rubbers unnecessary.

Yet Neōlin is not rubber. It is lighter than rubber. It will not crack like rubber or draw the feet like rubber.

For All-Family, Every-Day Wear

Naturally, millions of Americans will never go back to sole-leather. For they wear Neōlin Soles as all-season, all-weather, every-day soles. Many families are cutting their shoe-bills in half with this modern, better-era shoe-sole. It comes on many styles of new shoes and for men and women and children. And you can get old shoes half-soled or full-soled with Neōlin.

Be careful, however, to look for the name Neōlin on the bottom of your new shoes. Only so can you protect yourself from quickly deteriorating soles, made to look like Neōlin Soles. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol of a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

An Advertisement by

THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Service. Cars of the Pullman Company are today operated over one hundred and thirty-seven railroads, aggregating 223,489 miles of track, and afford the means to reach, with the maximum comfort, safety and convenience, every point of interest to the traveler.

By securing Pullman accommodations, the traveler is further assured of safety, due to the strength of the car construction, security of health, due to the scientific cleaning and sanitary methods employed, and the convenience resulting from the service of fifteen thousand efficient and experienced car employes. Accommodations may be purchased in advance, and, if for any reason passengers are unable to make the trip, the amount paid for the tickets will, upon application, be immediately refunded.

Experienced representatives stationed at every principal point in the United States are prepared at all times to provide special parties with private cars, containing dining room and kitchen, accommodating from eight to eighteen persons, in charge of a competent chef, porter and waiter, or, if desired, complete trains consisting of baggage-library, sleeping, dining and observation cars.

(Continued from Page 39)

Brokenshires, and Hugh. The two banker guests had gone back to the smoking room. As I entered, Mr. Brokenshire was standing in his customary position of command, a little like a pasha in his seraglio, his back to the empty fireplace. With his handsome head and stately form, he would have been a truly imposing figure had it not been for his increased stoutness and the occasional working of his face.

I had come upstairs with some elation. The evening might have been called mine. Most of the men, on rejoining us in the drawing-room, had sought a word with me, and those who didn't know me inquired who I was. I could hardly help the hope that Mr. Brokenshire might see I was worth my salt, and that on becoming a member of his family I should bring my contribution.

But on the way upstairs Hugh gave me a hint that in that I might be mistaken.

"Well, little Alix, you certainly gave poor old dad a shock this time."

"A shock?" I asked, in not unnatural astonishment.

"Your fireworks."

"Fireworks! What on earth do you mean?"

"It's always a shock when fireworks go off too close to you; and especially when it's in church."

As we had reached the door of Mildred's room I searched my conduct during dinner to see in what I had offended.

It is possible my entry might have passed unnoticed if Mrs. Brokenshire, with the kindest intentions, had not come forward to the threshold and taken me by the hand. As if making a presentation she led me toward the august figure before the fireplace.

"Our little girl," she said, in the hope of doing me a good turn, "distinguished herself to-night, didn't she?"

He must have been stung to sudden madness by the sight of the two of us together. In general he controlled himself in public. He was often cruel, but with a quiet, subtle cruelty, to which even the victims often didn't know how to take exception. But to-night the long-gathering fury of passion was incapable of further restraint. Behind it there was all the explosive force of a lifetime of pride, complacence and self-love. The exquisite creature—a vision of soft rose with six strings of pearls—who was parading her bargain, as you might say, without having paid for it, excited him to the point of frenzy. I saw later, what I didn't understand at the time, that he was striking at her through me. He was willing enough to strike at me, since I was the nobody who had forced herself into his family; but she was his first aim.

Having looked at me disdainfully, he disdainfully looked away.

"She certainly gave us an exhibition!" he said with his incisive whiplash quietude.

Mrs. Brokenshire dropped my hand.

"Oh, Howard!"

I think she backed away toward the nearest chair. I was vaguely conscious of curious eyes in the dimness about me as I stood alone before my critic.

"I'm sorry if I've done anything wrong, Mr. Brokenshire," I said meekly. "I didn't mean to."

He looked over my head, speaking casually, as one who takes no interest in the subject.

"All the great stupidities have been committed by people who didn't mean to—but there they are!"

I continued to be meek.

"I didn't know I had been stupid."

"The stupid never do."

"And I don't think I have been," I added with rising spirit.

Though there was consternation in the room behind me, Mr. Brokenshire merely said:

"Unfortunately you must let others judge of that."

"But how?" I insisted. "If I have been, wouldn't it be a kindness on your part to tell me in what way?"

He pretended not merely indifference but reluctance.

"Isn't that obvious?"

"Not to me—and I don't think to anyone else."

"What do you call it when one—you compel me to speak frankly—What do you call it when one exposes one's ignorance of—of fundamental things before a roomful of people who've never set eyes on one before?"

Since no one, not even Hugh, was brave enough to stand up for me, I had to do it for myself.

"But I didn't know I had."

"Probably not. It's what I warned you of, if you'll take the trouble to remember. I said—or it amounted to that—that, until you'd learned the ways of the people who are generally recognized as *comme il faut*, you'd be wise in keeping yourself—unobtrusive."

"And may I ask whether one becomes obtrusive merely in talking of public affairs?"

"You'll pardon me for giving you a lesson before others; but, since you invite it ——"

"Quite so, Mr. Brokenshire. I do invite it."

"Then I can only say that in what we call good society we become obtrusive in talking of things we know nothing about."

"But surely one can set an idea going, even if one hasn't sounded all its depths. And, as for the relations between this country and the British Empire ——"

"Well-bred women leave such subjects to statesmen."

"Yes; we've done so. We've left them to statesmen and"—I couldn't resist the temptation to say it—"and we've left them to bankers; but we can't look at Europe and be proud of the result. We women, well-bred or otherwise, couldn't make things worse even if we were to take a hand; and we might make them better."

He was not moved from his air of slightly bored indifference.

"Then you must wait for women with some knowledge of the subject."

"But, Mr. Brokenshire, I have some knowledge of the subject! Though I'm neither English nor American, I'm both. I've only to shift from one side of my mind to the other to be either. Surely, when it comes to the question of a link between the two countries I love, I'm qualified to put in a plea for it."

I think his nerves were set further on edge because I dared to argue the point, though he would probably have been furious if I had not. His tone was still that of a man deigning no more than to fling out an occasional stinging remark.

"As a future member of my family, you're not qualified to make yourself ridiculous before my friends. To take you humorously was the kindest thing they could do."

I saw an opportunity.

"Then, wouldn't it be equally kind, sir, if you were to follow their example?"

Mrs. Billing's henlike crow came out of the obscurity:

"She's got you there!"

The sound incited him. He became not more irritable but cruder.

"Unhappily that's beyond my power. I have—I have to blush for my son Hugh."

Hugh spoke out of the darkness, his voice trembling with the fear of his own hardihood in once more braving Jove:

"Oh, no, dad! You must take that back."

The father wheeled round in the new direction. He was losing command of the ironic courtesy he secured by his air of indifference, and growing coarser.

"My poor boy! I can't take it back. You're like myself—in that you can only be fooled when you put your trust in a woman."

It was Mrs. Brokenshire's turn:

"Howard—please!"

In the cry there was the confession of the woman who has vowed and not paid, and yet begs to be spared the blame.

Jack Brokenshire sprang to his feet and hurried forward, laying his hand on his father's arm. "Say, dad ——"

But Mr. Brokenshire shook off the hand, refusing to be placated. He looked at his wife, who had risen confusedly from her chair and was backing away from him to the other side of the room.

"I said poor Hugh was being fooled by a woman; and he is. He's marrying someone who doesn't care a hang about him and who's in love with another man. He may not be the first in the family to do that; but I merely make the statement that he's doing it."

Hugh leaped forward.

"She's not in love with another man!"

"Ask her."

He clutched me by the wrist.

"You're not, are you?" he pleaded. "Tell father you're not."

I was so sorry for Hugh that I hardly thought of myself. I was benumbed. The suddenness of the attack had been like a blow from behind that stuns you without taking away your consciousness. In any case Mr. Brokenshire gave me no time, for he laughed gratingly.

"She can't do that, my boy, because she is. Everybody knows it. I know it—and Ethel, and Mildred, and Cissie. They're all here, and they can contradict me if I'm saying what isn't so."

"But she may not know it herself," Mrs. Billing croaked. "A girl is often the last to make that discovery."

"Ask her."

Hugh obeyed, still clutching my wrist.

"I'm asking you, little Alix. You're not, are you?"

I could say nothing. Apart from the fact that I didn't know what to say, I was dumfounded by the way in which it had all come upon me. The only words that occurred to me were:

"I think Mr. Brokenshire is ill."

Oddly enough, I was convinced of that. It was the one assuaging fact. He might hate me; but he wouldn't have made me the object of this mad-bull rush if he had been in his right mind. He was not in his right mind; he was merely a blood-blinded animal as he went on:

"Ask her again, Hugh. You're the only one she's been able to keep in the dark; but then"—his eyes followed his wife, who was still slowly retreating—"but then that's nothing new. She'll let you believe anything—till she gets you. That's always the game with women of the sort. But once you're fast in her clutches—look out!"

I heard Pauline whisper:

"Jack, for Heaven's sake, do something!"

Once more Jack's hand was laid on his parent's arm with his foolish:

"Say, dad ——"

Once more the restraining hand was shaken off. The cutting tones were addressed to Hugh:

"You see what a hurry she's been in to be married, don't you? How many times has she asked you to do it up quick? She's been afraid that you'd slip through her fingers." He turned toward me. "Don't be alarmed, my dear. We shall keep our word. You've worked hard to capture the position, and I shall not deny that you've been clever in your attacks. You deserve what you've won, and you shall have it. But all in good time. Don't rush. The armies in Europe are showing us that you must intrench yourself where you are if you want, in the end, to push forward. You push just a little too hard."

Poor Hugh had gone white. He was twisting my wrist as if he would wring it off, though I felt no pain till afterward.

"Tell me!" he whispered. "Tell me! You're—you're not marrying me for—for my money, are you?"

I could have laughed hysterically.

"Hugh, don't be an idiot!" came scornfully from Ethel Rossiter.

I could see her get up, cross the room, and sit down on the edge of Mildred's couch, where the two engaged in a whispered conversation. Jim Rossiter, too, got up and tiptoed his sleek slim person out of the room. Cissie Boscobel followed him. They talked in low tones at the head of the stairs outside. I found voice at last:

"No, Hugh; I never thought of marrying you for that reason. I was doing it only because it seemed to me right."

Mr. Brokenshire emitted a sound meant to be a laugh:

"Right! Oh, my God!"

Mrs. Brokenshire was now no more than a pale-rose shadow on the farther side of the room, but she came to my aid:

"She was, Howard. Please believe her. She was—really!"

"Thanks, darling, for the corroboration! It comes well from you. Where there's a question of right you're an authority."

Mrs. Billing's hoarse, prolonged "Ha-a!" implied every shade of comprehension. I saw the pale-rose shadow sink down on a sofa, all in a little heap, like something shot with smokeless powder.

Hugh was twisting my wrist again and whispering:

"Alix, tell me. Speak! What are you marrying me for? What about the other fellow? Is it Strangways? Speak!"

"I've given you the only answer I can, Hugh. If you can't believe in my doing right ——"

"What were you in such a hurry for? Was that the reason—what dad says—that you were afraid you wouldn't—hook me?"

I looked him hard in the eye. Though we were speaking in the lowest possible tones, there was a sudden stillness in the room, as though everyone was hanging on my answer.

"Have I ever given you cause to suspect me of that?" I asked, after thinking of what I ought to say.

Three words oozed themselves out like three drops of his own blood. They were the distillation of two years' uncertainty:

"Well—sometimes—yes."

Either he dropped my wrist or I released myself. I only remember that I was twisting the sapphire-and-diamond ring on my finger.

"What made you think so?" I asked dully.

"A hundred things—everything!" He gave a great gasp. "Oh, little Alix!"

Turning away suddenly, he leaned his head against the mantelpiece, while his shoulders heaved.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

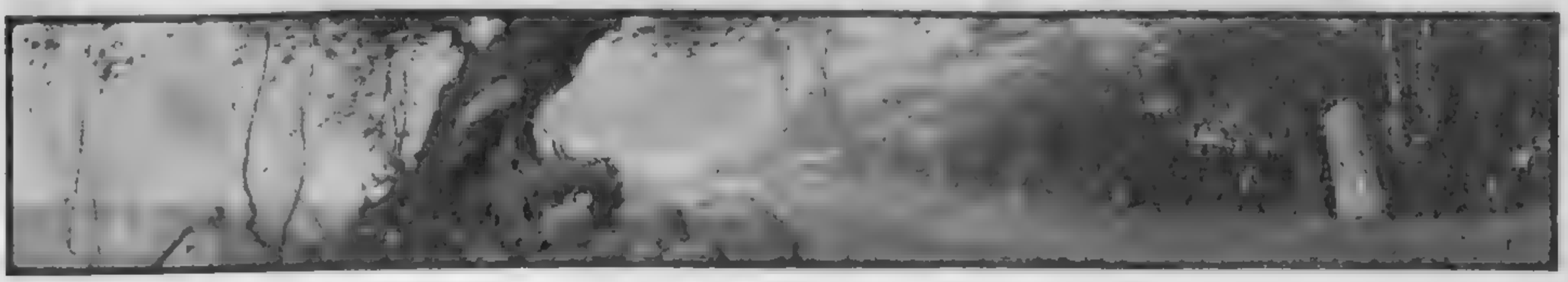
CORA HARRIS—HERSELF

(Concluded from Page 23)

to New York for rest and quiet. I work at the business of writing by fits and starts, chiefly by fits. Every time I finish a story I invade my own kitchen and try to bake an old-fashioned pound cake. I like pound cake as Mary Roberts Rinehart likes an "open-faced apple pie," and the fear that I shall never produce one darkens my declining years.

My favorite recreation is planting flowers in Eve's garden and the riding and driving of a free-hearted young sorrel horse with remarkably direct and accomplished hind legs.

I bear upon my head at the present moment three fresh scars, due to the excessive backward animation of this horse, who is more easily provoked than the righteousness of a saint, and nearly as dangerous.



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A blowout—then comes the Vacuum Cups' opportunity. You come upon a wet, slippery pavement. That right rear wheel with its Vacuum Cups *grips* the surface. No effort there to get traction.

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The Vacuum Cups are *guaranteed* not to skid on wet, slippery pavements, else tires returnable at purchase price, after reasonable trial. Nor does the powerful hold of the Cups slow down the car or make excessive demands on power and fuel consumption. For the wheel rolls forward, gently lifting the cups' edges and releasing the vacuum.

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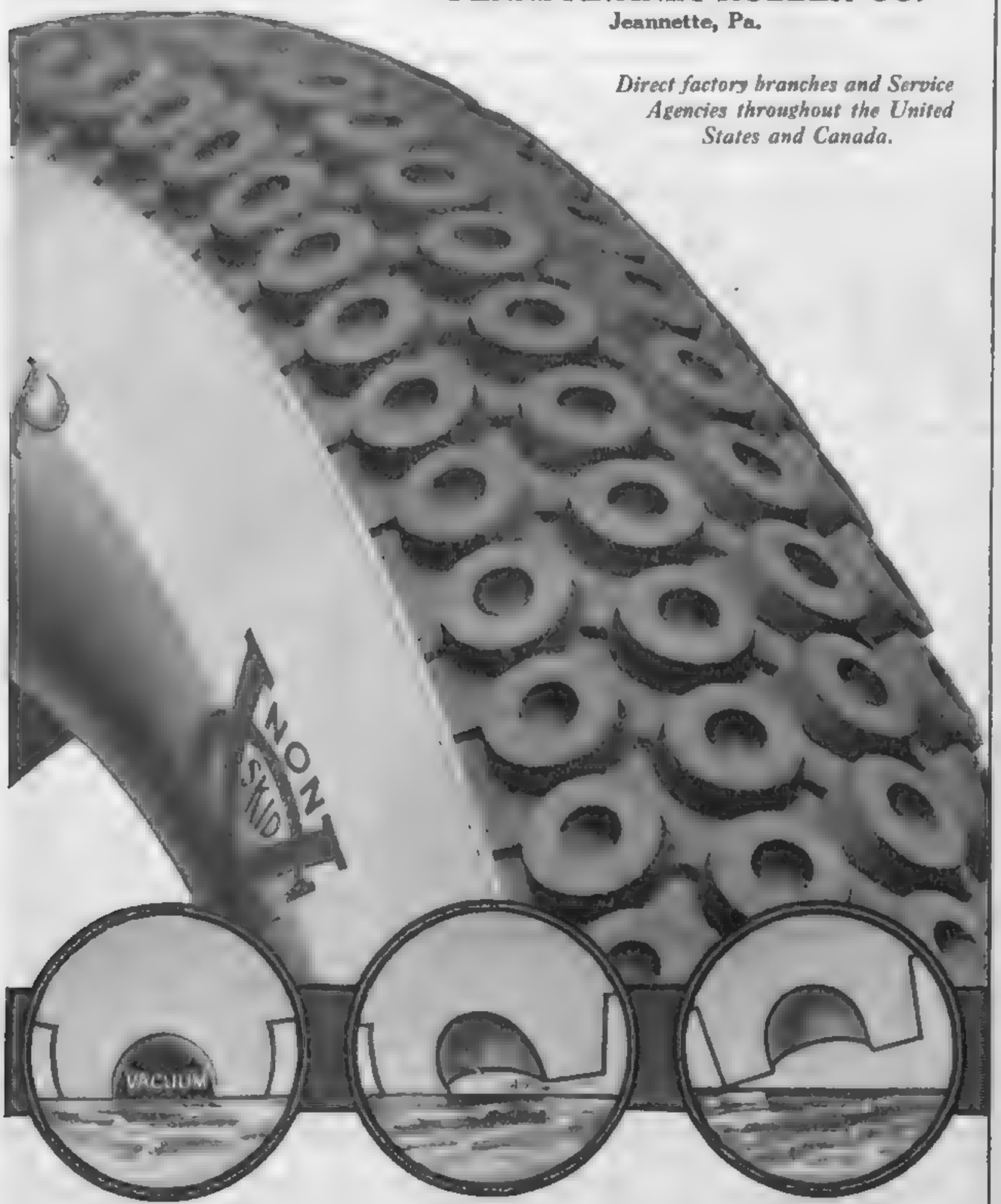
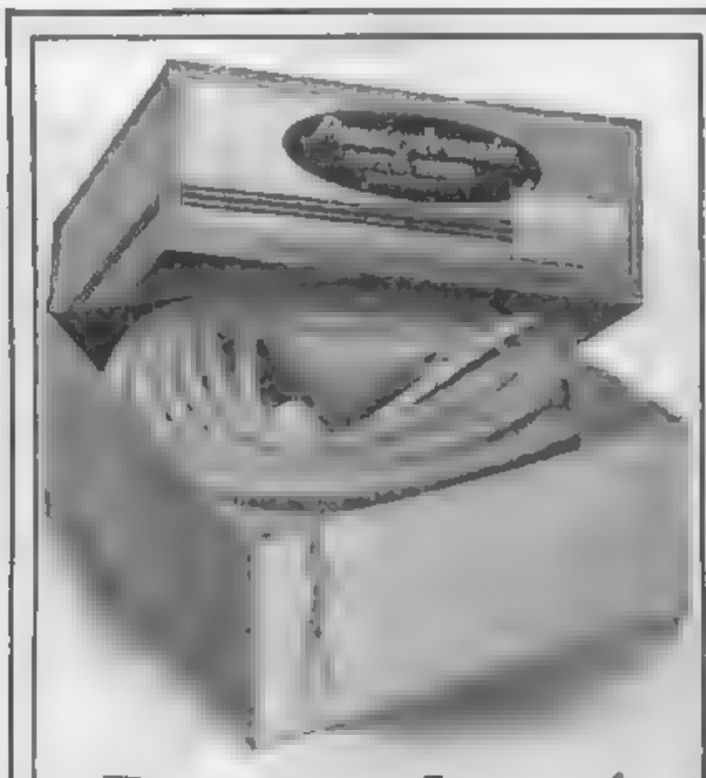


5. Grip 6. Edge release 7. Disengagement



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The tube that lifted an automobile. Another Pennsylvania achievement, based on actual newly discovered processes.

A tube that eliminates all common forms of deterioration—extremes of heat, cold, crazing, checking, cracking, blistering, friction and wear and tear of long service in the casing.

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Now being distributed to the trade. Prices no higher than prevailing Pennsylvania Tube schedules. Free testing sample on request.

DEALERS—Send for free sample and price list.

Jeannette, Pa., April 27, 1917.

On April 26 we witnessed a series of tests conducted by the Pennsylvania Rubber Co. of their new Pennsylvania Tube called "Ton Tested", of which tests motion pictures were made.

An ordinary stock 37x5 inner tube lifted a touring car weighing 2460 lbs. and a scaffold weighing 530 lbs.—total net weight 2990 lbs. After this test the tube was carefully examined. No trace of unusual strain was found.

Other tests of this tube with competitive makes showed the Pennsylvania Tube has longer life as tested by the Standard Accelerated Life Test; tensile strength, 3100 lbs per square inch; no evidence of checking, cracking or blistering on piece of tube exposed to sunlight since Jan. 29; unusual toughness and greatest tear-resistance, full floating stock, a stretch of 100% of its length then recovering normal size and shape, proving its elasticity.

Subscribed and sworn to on April 27, 1917.

RICHARD T. HUGUS,
WILLIAM F. EUWER,
JOHN F. ELY,
Committee of Jeannette Chamber of Commerce.

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IT is not in the sense of repair that a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit is most valuable, nor yet in the sense of prevention of trouble.

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The Kit is complete and compact—containing tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and so on—all essential first-aids-to-tires.

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Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

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Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

WHAT YOU WILL FIND WHEN YOU GET TO FRANCE

(Continued from Page 10)

We were cuddling in a front-line dugout. All was quiet except Larry. We had been talking of trench feet. From that subject the conversation had drifted to route marching, its value and its effects. Then Larry obtained possession of the floor, if one may use so imaginative a term concerning a powwow in a dugout, and held forth at length.

I wish, for the benefit of the American soldier-to-be, I could reproduce his argument verbatim, quaint phraseology and all. I will do my best to do so, for through the spontaneous fun that always is part and parcel of Larry's doings shone many a gem of sound common sense born of actual experience as a man in the ranks.

"Civilians walk, soldiers march," he began. "That is why trains were invented. For a soldier can do without them, and he is not a soldier until he can. What, then, is the difference between walking and marching, which makes of trains, trams and traction engines almost a superfluity? It is simply this, *mes amis*. A platoon, a company, a battalion on the road is not merely a collection of men. It is more to be compared with an eight-oared boat, with each man swinging in time and rhythm. When you have this feeling of combined action about a unit on the march, you have something that will make a cemetery of milestones and will not find its own cemetery in the doing of it.

"Learning to march is less important than learning how to get ready to march. The back of all marching can be broken in the platoon hut before one sees the road. It is a question of socks and boots. No boot is fit to join in a march that is not a familiar comrade. The soldier's foot must know it as if it had been born in it. New brooms sweep clean. So do new boots. They will sweep the road clean of your platoon in under five miles. Good boots, sound boots, well-fitting boots—that is the first secret of marching; but be sure and get to know them well before you make a test of them over ten or fifteen miles of road. Socks are hardly less important. A hole in a sock means a hole in your company. Only thick men wear thin socks on the march. Wise men soap their socks at the heels and the tops of the toes. Wise men, too, first soap and water their feet before they start their journey. A wash in hand is worth a score that you may never get once you have started."

The Golden Rules of Marching

"In the early stages of this bally war the British soldier on the line of march looked like a parcels-post man. Later he developed into a sort of prototype of Father Christmas. It was only when the authorities tried to hang round his neck the unexpired portion of the next five years' rations in addition, that it was found that he could no longer move without either horse or motor traction. And so he now marches as a soldier should march, with his equipment, his rifle and his fifty rounds of ammunition. And in his haversack he carries such toilet accessories as will last him over a night or two. Rolled overcoats do not add to his comfort on the march, but they are mighty useful at night or if the weather is bad. In summer overcoats may safely accompany his pack by motor transport. In winter it is foolish not to carry them."

I might mention in passing that it is never safe for the foot soldier to depend on having his pack carried for him by motor transport. It is frequently impossible. At such times the weight and character of his equipment mean much to him; but of that more anon.

"On the road itself," Larry continued, as he warmed to his subject, "there are three golden rules that make of a body of men a picture instead of a rabble. These are: First, march in step; second, hold to the right of the road; third, keep covered off from the front. A battalion on the march is a fine sight, but it is not the only pebble on the beach, nor is it likely to be the only unit on the paved road. Other departments of the service have their rights in either passing or overtaking. It is well to remember this. A good battalion does not need to side-step to allow a mounted orderly, a car or even a lorry to go by. Further, it is easier to march in step than to march out of it, just as it is easier to ride a horse than merely to sit on one.

"Paved roads were not invented by the French for the discomfort of the infantry. Without them the transport problems of the British Army in France would have been multiplied by ten. They are a blessing in disguise, even if that disguise cannot be penetrated by the all-suffering foot slogger. The paved roads do slow up the infantry, however. Two and one-half miles an hour is the only safe rate to reckon upon.

"Files should be changed at halts so that the same men do not always strike it unlucky on the cobbles. Trained men, not overloaded, will do their fifteen miles a day without discomfort, providing their feet are watched at the end of each day; that boots and putties are removed at the earliest possible moment, incipient blisters nipped in the bud, and the soothing charm of soap and water applied with regularity. A good officer always has his eye on the men's feet, though he trains the men to keep their eyes off the ground.

"It is customary in France for all units to halt at ten minutes to every hour when they are on the road, and to remain halted till the hour. Resting troops should remove all their equipment and lie down, with their feet raised if possible. They should also keep the road absolutely clear. Only officers should rest on the left side of the road. Even they should remember that the road was not made for them alone. Horses should be kept in the column, their heads turned toward the traffic, and their business ends in a direction where they can do no one harm."

The Wrong Time to Marry

"A band is the greatest aid to good marching, but its position in the column should be frequently changed so that all companies may have the advantage of it. Failing a band, mouth organs and penny whistles help the journey on. Singing troops will always march farther and better than silent ones. Smoking on the line of march adds greatly to men's comfort and happiness. I question whether it decreases their efficiency, and it undoubtedly increases their morale.

"After a halt, troops should fall in, standing properly at ease. They should slope arms by order of the company commander and march off at attention, the command to march at ease being given by platoons soon after starting, at a sign from the battalion commander. Each platoon should comply with this order as it passes the spot where the leading platoon came to attention. Good troops come quickly to attention in like manner from the march-at-ease. They should tighten their rifle slings before they come to the slope, press on the butts, look straight to the front, throw their chests out and swing their disengaged arms. In a word, they should remember they are soldiers, a fact that they will soon forget on long marches if allowed to do so.

"A really long march loses most of its terrors if it is split in two by a meal in the middle of the day and a rest of an hour or two. Constant and unauthorized eating and drinking on the road lead to inevitable inefficiency. 'Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink,' should be the motto of a good battalion on the march. Bottles should all be full, but they should not be touched to the lips until an officer gives the word, which he should do very sparingly. Water is much more easily carried externally than internally. Even temperance reformers would stand aghast if they could see the effect of cold water on a man's insides when he is on the road.

"Though marching appears to be the simplest thing a man can do and his natural method of progress, it is a department of military training that gives opportunity for much thought, much care, much instruction and much foresight. A battalion that cannot march cannot fight. Even a civilian can tell a good sound unit on the road from an indifferent one."

How much longer Larry would have continued no man may know. The trench relief from another battalion arrived at this point in his discourse, which effectually broke up the party, so far as that night was concerned.

When Mister Punch gave his famous advice to those about to be married I suppose he never expected that his "Don't" would be taken seriously. But I once heard a very well-known general, who has been continually fighting on one Front or another for almost three years and who has commanded many, many thousands of men, say that he was very firmly of the opinion that young soldiers should avoid getting married on the eve of their departure for the fields of Mars.

"I notice many young fellows," he said, "who get carried away by the exciting influence of war and incur responsibilities beyond their years. Having married before starting for the Front, and no doubt having promised to run no unnecessary danger, they do not show any eagerness for enterprise, and sometimes rouse the suspicion of cold feet in consequence."

That sounds a bit hard, but there is a lot of truth in it, nevertheless. We all want to come back home safe and sound, but the soldier with whom that desire is the predominating thought is unlikely to be the most valuable unit in his command.

Advice as to kit is easy to give. It, too, consists chiefly of "Don'ts." When the ingenuity that lies at the beck and call of the big American department stores get well to work, femininity will purchase war equipment for its dear ones to its heart's content. Some articles rendered thus available may prove of value to the officer, but few indeed to the soldier. In spite of the many presents the embryo fighting man will no doubt receive from friends and relatives, presents that range from cooking pots to bullet-proof chest protectors, the personal articles he takes with him to war should be limited by what he is prepared to carry on a fifteen-mile march.

The arms and necessary equipment of the British foot soldier total a weight of sixty pounds, and the American soldier's equipment will doubtless weigh about the same. Every ounce over that weight that a man attempts to carry will drag like so many pounds after the first hour's march. Many men think their extras will surely be carried for them, but I can assure them this will seldom be the case. Time after time it has been proved by new contingents that all extras to absolute necessities are invariably cast into the nearest ditch after the first lap. It is wise, therefore, to leave such extras at home.

I remember the advice of my own general on this head. He had worked his way from subaltern to colonel of a famous British infantry regiment before the South African War, had commanded Australians in that campaign and cavalry in the present war. He is now commanding an infantry division that has gained an immortal name not only for its work at the landing at Gallipoli but for its conduct on the Somme and at Arras as well.

Permissible Extras

"There are two articles and only two in the way of a soldier's extra equipment that I would recommend," he said to me one day. "First, a good watch—a wrist watch—with a luminous face that screws into the case. The works of a screw-faced watch are protected from damp and dust and should last for years without requiring attention. Avoid cheap watches and insist on a hermetically sealed case. Second, a luminous compass. The best one I have ever seen is one in which the dial floats in oil. It is known in England as the Cavalry-School Compass. Not only a commissioned officer but a noncommissioned officer, however small the unit he commands, is responsible for his men. Loss of direction at night is an occurrence by no means uncommon, and sometimes has fatal results. A compass prevents such accidents. Its weight is small compared with its value. I have carried mine in my breeches pocket for more than two years, and I would as soon leave my watch behind as this trusted companion, my compass."

Arrived in France, on leaving the transport the American soldier's natural eagerness to get to the Front may suffer a rude shock, and he may be disappointed to find himself sent to some place well out of the sound of the guns for further preliminary training. Such places are often called rest camps. "Rest," once said a verdant army youth in my hearing, "is a comparative term in army circles. I have always found it to imply supreme discomfort and a much greater labor than that which one has just

(Concluded on Page 49)

Peet's

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EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 46)

left. On disembarkation in France I found myself under orders to proceed to a rest camp. There is every appearance of an almost superhuman consideration for individual welfare in military orders. On carrying them out one is apt to be disappointed. My rest camp lay at the end of a march of five miles up a dusty paved road, where we found a collection of boarded tents. We reached the camp in the late afternoon. We left it before dawn the next morning for more marching on more paved roads, in search of a railway station that proved to be another five miles away."

"Rats!" ejaculated another youth, who held a very junior commission in the same battalion. "Rest camps have their points when considered side by side with tactical trains. There is the limit for you, my son! A tactical train is a collection of cattle trucks drawn by an alleged engine, starting at an unknown time for an unknown destination. There is an air of secrecy about all movement in France that is penetrated only by a German."

That is a standing joke in France, which is not all a joke. It is astonishing how far the Hun secret service penetrates. Every man in the Allied armies, whatever his job, should never forget that German spies are everywhere. Much knowledge is undoubtedly collected by these worthies from gossip. These *Boche* agents are quite clever enough and gain quite sufficient information of use to the enemy without having placed at their disposal the assistance of those who are fighting the *Boche*. Moral: Shun gossip of military matters wherever you are. Then you cannot be unwittingly helping the Hun.

The Terrible Tactical Train

"Tactical trains have one very real danger," concluded the youngster. "The men love to sit with their legs dangling from the trucks. That's the danger. Passing trains and tunnels may remove more than one pedal extremity, or at least render its owner unfit for further military service. The loss of a man who has survived even a short period in a tactical train is a serious matter."

Cheery lads! They never saw the dark side of things, really. Their air of mock pessimism was always punctuated with jokes and laughter. Like all good soldiers, they were prone to grouch when there was little or nothing about which to complain, and were as merry as crickets when facing actual hardship. Mere boys, but splendid soldiers. Gone, both of them, now. One the victim of a German sniper's bullet. The other went over the top at the head of his men, gallantly, gayly, with a jest and a quip; but when the ground was gained and the Hun trench won, they found him, lying still and white, a smile on his brave, handsome face, and his clean young soul gone on beyond, to the reward waiting for heroes like him, who have "died to make men free," in very truth.

Those who do not understand the necessity of the final training camps in France too often resent the delay of the day when they can feel they are in the game; and some, in consequence, do not benefit from this period as much as they should.

The preliminary training of the American soldier before he leaves the United States, excellent as it will no doubt be, will be different in some points from the training in France, though such training may bear a strong resemblance to what the new soldier has gone through at home. The points of difference will be very essential points. The soldier will be put through the whole course of training that has occupied six months in as many days. It will be hard physical work, but nothing to the next six days, which will be harder still. Unless the soldier is physically fit enough for all this he could not possibly stand the strain of fighting, which is more severe than anything he has ever been called upon to stand in all his life.

No doubt before he goes to France the new American soldier will have learned some drill and discipline, to use his rifle on the range and to march with or without a light pack. His course of training may be more complete. In France, before he is sent to the fighting line, however, he must learn to be a bomber, a rifle bomber, and a Lewis gunner; how to fight with the bayonet; to dig and to wire, both of these to time; and to march with a heavy pack containing all his worldly goods. All this means a very severe trial, and if carried out with interest goes far toward turning the recruit into a trained soldier.

Life in billets in France may briefly be described as one long struggle for cleanliness against insanitary conditions. Each company must make its own little military world

No one who is not a trained soldier can possibly appreciate the value of discipline in the everyday life of an army, both when it is moving and when it is stationary. Even the entraining of a battalion is by no means an easy matter. Businesslike planning must precede every movement.

For instance, the battalion transport requires a full three hours' start of the men. Loading parties from the men must be carefully detailed under the command of an officer. Imagine a long line of cattle trucks standing empty. Up comes a battalion of soldiers. A well-disciplined battalion, exclusive of its transport, should entrain—thirty to forty men to each truck as per the specific orders of the R. T. O., as the railway transport officer is called—in ten minutes' time. The men must be supplied with the day's rations, which are carried with them. Rations for succeeding days must be arranged to be served out at various stopping places. Opportunities must be planned at some stopping places for watering horses and men. Endless detail ever demands consideration. Noncommissioned officers who can understand and obey orders smooth the paths of their superiors under such circumstances, and contribute immeasurably to the comfort of their fellows.

A billeting party, consisting of an officer from each battalion and a noncommissioned officer—preferably the quartermaster sergeant—from each company, will have preceded the train. The billeting officer meets the train at the detraining station with a sketch to show companies whither to proceed and where to meet their own familiar N. C. O. as guide. This billeting work is another matter that is less simple than it would seem to the uninitiated. Accommodation must be found in a given area for four companies, for headquarters and its various details, for the transport and for a quartermaster's stores. Billeting officers expect to be and generally are subject to much calumny and abuse.

A billet in France varies from a château to a cellar. Hardened billeting officers declare that an ideal billet for a company is one that supplies a bed for every officer, the company sergeant major and company quartermaster sergeant, and a plentiful supply of nice clean straw whereon the men, not too closely packed, can sleep. As some of the straw in France has been in use since August, 1914, it invariably requires inspection—an inspection, I might add, to be made with discrimination, disinfectants and care. When in doubt it is better to burn the suspected straw and buy more from the farmer. Diplomacy dictates against taking straw without payment, especially if the company's stay might prove a long one.

The Routine of Billets

In billets in France a little knowledge of the language of the country is of the utmost value. It is to-day always supplemented by a little knowledge of English on the part of one's hosts. The latter almost without exception are courteous and kind, provided the men extend a little friendliness to them. Provided, too, that they have not suffered from previous occupants who have committed depredations in the form of careless and thoughtless raids on chicken roosts or orchards. One Tommy informed me that he could always gauge the friendliness of the inhabitants of a billet by their dogs. "A good billet," he said, "has a contented dog that wags his tail at the sight of khaki."

The moment the company gets into billets work in real earnest begins. Latrines must be dug and screened with the utmost care of the sanitary men. The cookhouse must have its grease pit, and be made a marvel of neatness and cleanliness. A company orderly room, even though it be no more than a farmhouse kitchen shared with the farmer's family, has undeniable advantages, while communication by runner with battalion headquarters is as necessary as it may at some times appear to some of the company officers to be wholly undesirable.

Bounds for the men must be fixed; the custom of the British officers is to allot certain *estaminets*, or inns, to the men and make clearly known to the whole command at just what hours the men will be allowed to visit them. A guard for gas or possible shelling at night is essential; as is a fire picket, in constant readiness by night and day. To avoid fire the most stringent orders against lights or smoking in barns are the most efficient measures. Finally, the company must have its alarm post and be prepared to stand to at any moment ready to fight, leaving behind it its blankets rolled in tens, its officers' valises packed, its latrines filled in and its billets scrupulously clean. When an alarm is received the company marches at once to its alarm post, where it receives its ultimate orders.

A new unit naturally requires much practice in making quick preparation to move. I made that remark to a captain of my acquaintance recently when discussing surprise alarms. "Yes," he agreed, "that is a fact which strikes most people. It is unfortunate for the new unit when it strikes several people at approximately the same time. I was a subaltern in a company once that was ordered by its company commander to practice a stand-to at 8 P. M. At 9.30 P. M. the battalion commander was seized with a like inspiration. At 11 P. M. the brigadier wondered, over the telephone, how long it would take his brigade to get ready to march. Just as the men were tucking up for what was left of the night the divisional general ordered 'gas alert.' Otherwise, so far as I recollect, the night was calm."

Gas—Hun gas—is a thing against which one must be constantly on the watch in billets, just as in the line proper. No battalion may be sure that its billets, if close up, will not be visited by the gray-green poison clouds. No battalion is a good one that cannot be ready to march off, with its transport, in an hour at the outside, from the time the gas alarm is given. Practice alone can insure this with partially trained organizations.

Further, no battalion is a good one that does not leave its billets scrupulously clean, however it may have to leave them—at leisure or in haste. No tins, no paper, no matches, no cigarette ends, no signs of previous occupation should remain. Latrines should not only be filled in, but their situation marked as foul ground. Ponds should be clean, for no washing should be allowed in them. Washing should be done in tins filled from the ponds or water supply allocated for the purpose, and the tins carried several yards away, to avoid all chance of pollution of such supply. As to drinking water in France, there are many farm wells, but the British troops are not allowed to touch the water in them until a medical officer has tested and decided what action should be taken against its ever-present contamination.

Life in billets is perhaps the easiest part of a soldier's life in wartime. Training should occupy all the morning and a short portion of the afternoon. During the remainder of the day the soldier is usually given his time to himself. A genial major was once asked if he thought the men of the battalion would get into mischief if turned loose over the countryside. The major drew up his rather stout figure in surprise, his eyes wide, as he said explosively: "Certainly not! Let 'em roam! Let 'em wander! Let 'em drink in moderation of the beer of the country, if they like. Let 'em make love, in still greater moderation, to the lasses that happen to catch their eye, if the lasses like. I can trust my men. They have been billeted in this locality before, and they may be again. They have just as much pride in the good name of the regiment as I have. They have never been in a village in France that would not be glad to see them again."

Aye, a good battalion leaves its mark on billets, leaves it in the friendliness of the inhabitants and in the fact that it has left no other mark at all.

A bad battalion can be traced in a moment by the filth and litter it leaves behind it and by the sour expressions on the faces of its former hosts that greet those unfortunate enough to follow in the bad battalion's wake.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr Frederic Coleman. The second will appear in an early issue.

Odds and Ends of the Open

DO YOU know that the principle of slavery exists in the animal world as well as in the human world? Without doubt, certain insects have slaves. Many trappers have asserted that the beaver—perhaps the most humanly intelligent of all animals—at times practices slavery. They assert that a beaver colony often will have a subcolony of muskrats, which they force to labor, though they give them housing in the same lodge with themselves. The muskrats are trained or forced to swim with the beaver cuttings of green wood from the place where the tree is felled to the place where the wood is stored.

Now scientists continually laugh at the natural-history ideas of the trappers, who sometimes, in the last analysis, are able to confound the scientists. I know more than one white man of intelligence and experience who entertains this same belief. On Duck Island, Canada, near Sault Sainte Marie, there is a very interesting beaver colony on the property of Honorable Chase S. Osborn; and Mr. Osborn himself firmly believes that these beavers make the muskrats work for them. He says he has often seen the rats swimming with green wood in front of them, precisely as beavers do. He thinks these muskrats live in the same house with the beavers, and he is convinced that beavers sometimes do practice this manner of peonage.

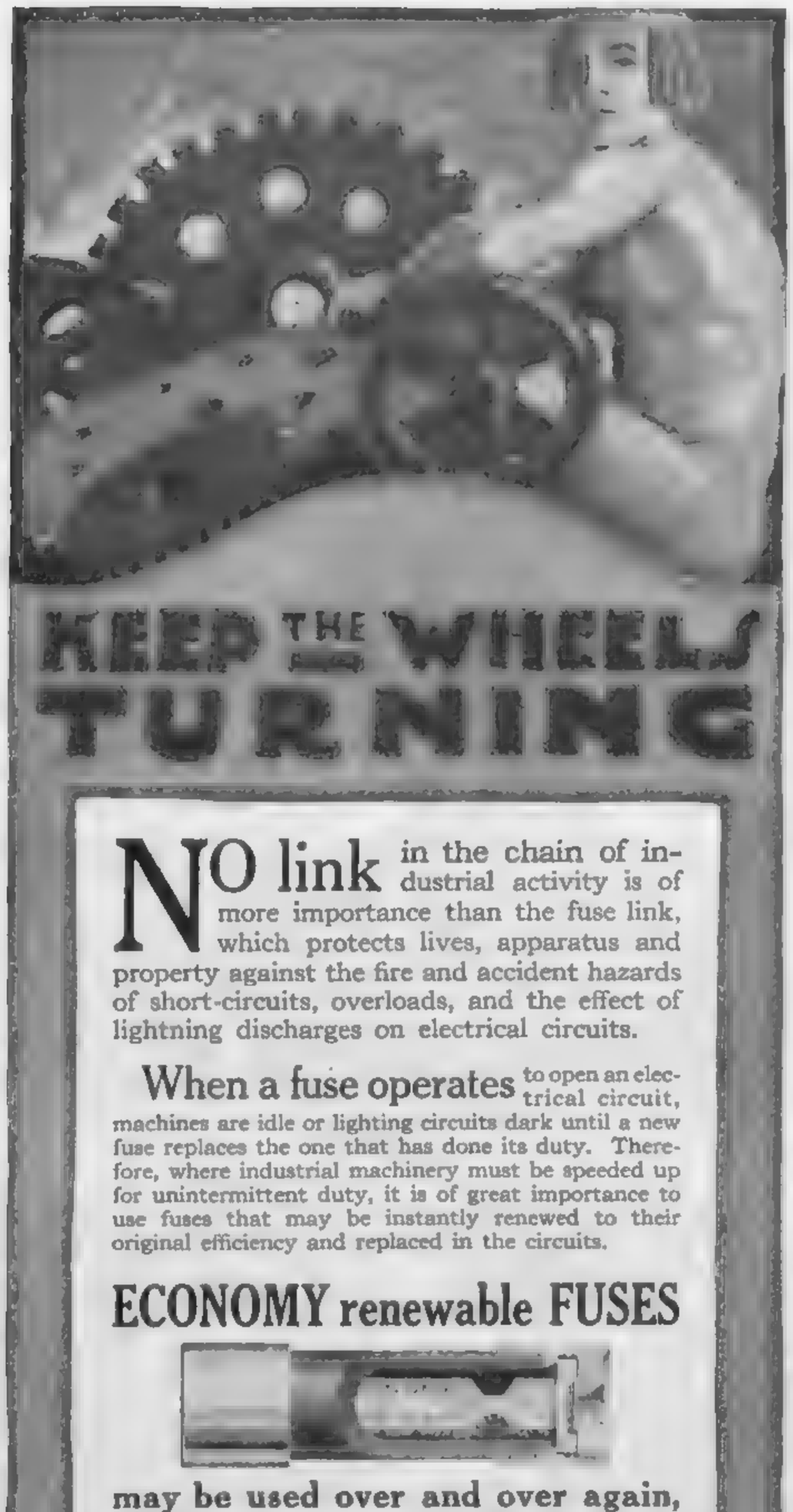
Do you know that nothing in the world responds to intelligent handling like the wild game of a country? Since the passage of the migratory wild-fowl act by Congress—the measure known as the Weeks-McLean Law—more wild fowl have appeared in the United States than have been known for decades. In the fall of 1916, within fifty miles of Memphis, the members of one ducking club of that city killed nine thousand two hundred and fifty ducks, mostly mallards and other large ducks.

There is a daily limit of twenty-five birds for each gun in that club. So great a number of ducks has not been killed at any time within the memory of any of the members. Meantime the club conditions have been, perhaps, no more attractive to ducks than they formerly were. There simply are more ducks left on the north and south flyway since the abolishment of spring shooting; one should say the partial abolishment of spring shooting, for there still remain a few shooters—not by any means to be called either good citizens or good sportsmen—who insist on violating the Federal statute and gratifying their own tastes each spring, in spite of the mandate of the supreme lawmaking power of our country.

St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha seem to be the centers of these gentry. What is the use of spring shooting when it is plain to any intelligent man that abundance of shooting in the fall—the proper season for wild-fowl shooting—can be had if everyone will stop killing them unseasonably in the spring? True, there may not be a good duck pond right at one's door; but transportation is very cheap in these days. Not even the wholly invalid argument that these Middle West shooters must shoot in the spring, or not at all, justifies them in the least in their practice.

Continually man monkeys with Nature, quite often to his own ultimate discomfiture. Do you know that the Ohio Legislature, in what was known as the Blauser Bill, classified the Bob White quail as a songbird. That, of course, practically ends the hope of quail shooting in Ohio, where once the sport was practiced to a large extent.

Meantime Wisconsin has forbidden the shooting of quail altogether; though it still shoots them. Michigan and New York have done the same. Illinois will perhaps follow suit before very long. But all the time there are men who wish that some sort of extension could be put on an automatic shotgun so it would shoot twenty shots at once instead of six. We are a strange people.



NO link in the chain of industrial activity is of more importance than the fuse link, which protects lives, apparatus and property against the fire and accident hazards of short-circuits, overloads, and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits.

When a fuse operates to open an electrical circuit, machines are idle or lighting circuits dark until a new fuse replaces the one that has done its duty. Therefore, where industrial machinery must be speeded up for unintermittent duty, it is of great importance to use fuses that may be instantly renewed to their original efficiency and replaced in the circuits.

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Sense and Nonsense

Huckleberries High

OUT in a certain town in Oregon the Indians make a living in the season by gathering huckleberries on the adjacent mountains, bringing them down and peddling them from house to house. Always, heretofore, the standard price for huckleberries has been a dollar for four quarts. But last fall the copper-colored venders all at once, and all of a sudden, put the price up to a dollar and a quarter.

A thrifty housewife, making a purchase from a ragged buck, was moved to question the fairness of the advance.

"Aren't huckleberries just as plentiful as in former years, Big Joe?" she asked.

With a grunt he admitted that the huckleberry crop was bountiful.

"Well, they aren't any harder to pick than they used to be, are they?" she pressed.

"No."

"Then why do you ask more for them than you ever did before? What's the reason for wanting a quarter more?"

"Huckleberries up because damn big war in Europe," stated Big Joe.

Her Secret Choice

PORTER EMERSON BROWNE'S little girl came home from Sunday school one morning and said to her mother:

"Mamma, in Sunday school to-day they asked all the children whom they wanted to be like."

"And whom did you tell them you wanted to be like?" asked Mrs. Browne.

"I told 'em the Lord—but I meant Mary Pickford."

It Sounded Fatal

TWO little girls in a town in Southern California were overheard by an elder as they compared the marvelous things that had happened to them in their respective infancies.

"When I was born," stated one, "I was so small that my papa put me in his overcoat pocket."

For a moment the other eyed her, half doubtfully. Then, filled with conviction, she said:

"Oh, Helen, did you live?"

Something New in Foods

"IKEY," said a primary teacher in a New York school to a small alien who was wrestling manfully with the intricacies of the English language, "do you know the word 'chisel'?"

"Sure do I know it, teacher," said Ikey.

"Well then, suppose you use the word 'chisel' in its proper sense in a sentence."

Ikey thought a minute.

"I got it, teacher!" he exclaimed finally. "Sometimes at night my mutter she sends me by the grocery store to get a Swiss chisel for supper!"

Good Old Nick

THERE is a camera man attached to the photographic staff of a New York evening newspaper who has the reputation of never saying an unpleasant thing about anybody or anything. When the news of the success of the Russian revolution and the deposition of the reigning dynasty came over the cables, someone in the office expressed his pleasure that the Czar had been ousted from the throne.

"Oh, I don't know," said the pleasant-spoken photographer. "From all I ever heard about him he was a good guy—when he had it!"

A Victim of Reticence

A PERSON of Polish nativity who knew no English was being arraigned in a New York police court the other day for mistreating a workhorse. The regular paid language sharp attached to the court being absent, the magistrate on the bench called for someone from the spectators to do the necessary translating. A fellow countryman of the prisoner stepped forward.

His Honor waited patiently while the accused and the acting interpreter conversed at great length, with endless gestures. When the dialogue had progressed with much spirit for about five minutes His Honor lost patience.

"Well," he inquired, "what has he got to say in answer to this complaint?"

"He say he no care to say nothink," explained the volunteer.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 18)

This change of name is a matter of some importance. For, not content with the twenty or more ambulance sections operating at the Front, it has begun, as I recorded a few days ago, to form sections for transport service. If under these circumstances it pretended to be strictly an ambulance service it would be sailing under false colors, since motor-truck drivers carrying ammunition to the guns are belligerents in every respect, while ambulance men are not. The *camion* drivers, who go armed to the Front, have altered their uniforms accordingly, taking off the Red Cross buttons and tabs of ambulance drivers and replacing them by the regular buttons and tabs of that branch of the French service.

In a few days I am going up to see the first motor transport section received at the actual fighting Front and put to work. As a preliminary, I dropped into the headquarters of the service at Passy. It is housed in an old château, a country place before Paris grew outward and took in Passy. A great garden that is almost a park lies below the château. In this park several iron springs still bubble out reddish-brown waters; they are the *Eaux de Passy*, famous in French literature of the eighteenth century. In these gardens, sitting with his head bare to the sun to stimulate imagination, Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote the first of his operas. Here, tradition says, Franklin made his first experiments with the lightning rod. The window of his lodgings when he was the social hit of Paris looks down on the park. And the whole place is haunted by the spirit of Voltaire, who used to meditate and work in these gardens.

Now, the château shows little of its old splendor. It has been changed into a set of offices, among the most busy in Paris. The old and commodious servants' quarters in the basement have been transformed into dining rooms for the field-service men, and what was once a vaulted corridor, where fashionables taking the waters could get out of the sun, is a dormitory whose iron cots, furnished with gray army blankets, are ranged close side by side. Even these quarters have become insufficient, and the park that was once the Waters of Passy is dotted with white tents. Even these quarters will become inadequate in a month or two, the volunteers are coming in so fast.

THE WAR ZONE, MAY—

[If I gave the exact date maybe the censor would object.]

THE old-time war correspondent, according to his own story, used to scratch off his dispatches, on the night of battle, while sitting in a tent with the guns rumbling, and using a drumhead for a desk. This is the first time, in nearly three years of war, that I have had a chance to imitate him, even remotely.

There is no drumhead to be had; the only drum I remember to have seen in the war zone was carried by a military band that serenaded us one night at a British rest station. Otherwise, I am giving a mild imitation of the old act.

For I am scratching off these notes, before the details grow faint in memory, under a villainously dim lantern in the trailer of a *camion*, or army automobile truck. We shall be forced before long to take that word *camion* into the language; like most French military terms it is shorter and neater than ours and expresses one thing and one thing only. Therefore I propose to use it in future without apologies or quotation marks.

These two-wheel trailers, which rest their ends on steel braces when there are no *camions* to hold them up, are used in camp as offices or quarters for the officers. This one has a little board writing shelf that lets down from the wall when the trailer is at rest; I am using that instead of a drumhead. The guns are doing their part; what

(Continued on Page 53)

Secrets of the Famous Black Bag

NOT even the German Secret Service could fathom the secrets of the little black bag that Ambassador Gerard guarded so jealously on the long journey from Berlin to Washington. Questions, attempts to purloin it, intrigues to gain access to its contents, all failed.

Asked in Washington what it contained, Mr. Gerard smiled and said,

"That? Why, it's the 'dope' for my book. As a private citizen I can be an author now, you know."

AMBASSADOR GERARD'S book has now been written. In it he gives the first authentic, detailed recital of what actually happened in Germany before the United States entered the war.

GERARD IN GERMANY

"MY FOUR Years in Germany" is the most fascinating news story of the war. Mr. Gerard's disclosures are amazing and dramatic; real history that has not yet been told.

Written in forceful, vigorous style, they hold intense interest for every red-blooded American. They explain many things about which Americans have wondered—disclose facts hitherto sealed in secret archives—provide the most conclusive of all answers to the query "Why must we fight?"

Cyrus H. K. Curtis has arranged with Mr. Gerard for the first publication of this absorbing book exclusively in the

PUBLIC LEDGER

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May 10, 1917 THE AUTOMOBILE

War Reveals De
in Design—

Carbureter Problems—Lig
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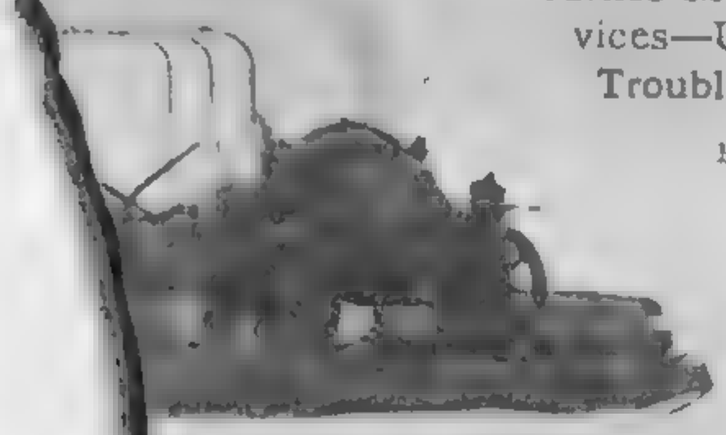
Trouble in War Service

By W F. Bradley



n fire, after being hit by a German shell

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this article Mr. Bradley, special correspondent of THE AUTOMOBILE with the allied armies, outlines in detail the chief troubles and defects brought out by war in the design of cars and trucks in the Italian service. During his work of several months [illegible] Bradley was in daily contact with army officials and the men handling them, so his knowledge of the subject is at once open and [illegible]

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Delco lighting sets on Buicks proved very satisfactory. The writer can speak from personal knowledge of half a dozen cars which since August, 1916, to the present date have been behind the trenches and ahead of the artillery and never under cover, even for repairs. Most of the drivers had very little mechanical knowledge, and it was known that some had run their cars for 12 months without oiling or giving any attention to the generator. Yet no trouble developed on these cars.

writer was connected were working so near the front that

A Proof of
Delco
Endurance
as shown in
War Service

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company

Manufacturers of Delco Starting, Lighting, and Ignition Systems

DAYTON, OHIO, U S A

(Continued from Page 50)

the communiques will call in a day or so a "bombardment of sufficient intensity" is going on at the line, a few miles away. The big fellows have just opened, and their distant blast rattled the walls of the trailer a little.

From the other side come sounds not entirely appropriate to the setting—a chorus of young male voices chanting, with a long-drawn-out, unctuous chorus, "Ise been workin' on the railroad." They have been singing for an hour every college song known between the Atlantic and the Pacific; for taps has not yet sounded; and, besides, discipline is a little lax for them this evening. To-morrow morning these singers, the pioneer American *camion* section at the French Front, are to report at the line, finished transport drivers, for their actual work; and I am going with them.

I wrote about the school for *camion* officers a few days ago. Men as well as officers need instruction in this branch of the service. When this pioneer section left Paris, a fortnight back, people supposed they were going straight to the Front. As a matter of fact they were bound for this place within range of the guns for instruction. They are almost all university men, and as such know how to drive touring cars; but driving a five-ton *camion* on bad roads is a special art.

The Cornell Section

The *camion* officers whom I saw in training last week are veterans of the ambulance service and know a thousand and one tricks about roads and shell-dodging and the ways and regulations of the French Army. These boys, most of whom were studying at Cornell two months ago, are green to the whole army game.

In case I forget, this is prevalently a Cornell section. Tinkham, who will take them out as *chef de section*—and probably, later, as lieutenant—is the bellwether who led them away from their books. An old ambulance man, he visited Cornell last winter and recruited this section for ambulance work. When they arrived the need for *camion* drivers became pressing. They volunteered, and were taken before other volunteers largely because Cornell has military drill and they had therefore a kind of preliminary army education.

I have been knocking about with the officers all the afternoon watching the second section—which will follow in a fortnight—get its schooling. The whole process of education in automobile driving on this part of the Front is in charge of a captain. Lieutenant G——, of the French Army, has charge of the Americans, largely because he speaks English. A fine, upstanding, clean-cut French gentleman, he has a roving streak in him. Early in life he yearned to know America. So for two years he wandered in our midst, picking up his living by working in department stores in New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh. This afternoon he told me that one day in Chicago a French-Canadian woman who could not speak English entered the store. He was told off to wait on her. When she had finished buying, she said:

"You speak rather good French, monsieur."

"Madame flatters me," he replied in the French formula for receiving a compliment.

"But of course," she added, "if you want the real French accent you must go to Paris. Your French is so good that it is a pity not to have it perfect!"

Lieutenant G——, as it happens, is a Parisian born and bred.

He entered the war as a second lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve. He was wounded in the leg and the back during the early fighting for Verdun. Invalided and returned to the line, he got it again—this time a shell fragment in the left forearm. Ten months in hospital followed. He came out with a deep dent along his wrist and with all the fingers except two paralyzed. So, owing to capacity for leadership and his knowledge of the language, he was put at this work.

He is popular with the men, of course; but that is the way of the French Army. Any officer who cannot hold his men by the handle of their affections is gradually shunted out of command.

The second lieutenant, who gives most of the lecture courses, is an American citizen, though he never saw America. His parents were natives of the United States who followed their business to Paris, where he was born. When he grew up and inherited his share of the business he maintained his American connections. When a French boy in his circumstances comes of age he must declare whether he wants to be a citizen of his father's country or of France. He chose the United States.

But when the war came he wanted to do something for France. "One thing I did know, I remembered, was automobiles," he told me to-day. He entered the transport service as a private and worked his way up to his commission. All through the trying days of the Verdun attack, when improvised automobile transport saved the day, he was hustling *camions* forward through towns harassed by air raids, swept with shells. Because he speaks perfect English—I cannot understand how, living always in Paris, he has acquired so much of our slang—because he knows automobiles from tire to cover, and because of his experience with army transport, he is an ideal instructor; and he does most of the teaching.

I visited his schoolroom this afternoon. We are camped in a pretty piece of wood, but a farm with ample buildings stands about a quarter of a mile along the road; and about half a mile farther, a town. There, in the mayor's office, the boys listen to lectures. Section A, which goes out to-morrow under Tinkham, with Scully, of Princeton, as his assistant, has finished its school education.

Sublieutenant O—— was working with Section B. At the moment when I entered the room the boys, grouped round a long table, were listening while he held forth on petrol—or gasoline, as we call it in defiance of English precedent. How to judge the quality of gasoline, how to look out for water, how to act when water stopped proceedings—he instructed them carefully on all that. He ended with a lecture that some of our own automobile owners who want to help in this war might take to heart.

"Remember," he said, "that every ten-gallon can of petrol takes up as much space as a sack of flour, and that our trouble at present is ocean transport. Your job, next to getting ammunition through, is to save petrol. Every time you stop your car and keep the engine running, just because you are too lazy to get down and crank up, you are burning a fluid of which there is none too much in the world; and a fluid which has to be brought here in ships. In ten minutes of useless engine work you are wasting somebody's loaf of bread."

Army Jokes

There was a short rest period before the hour for practical instruction, which means running a five-ton truck as part of a procession along calculatedly villainous roads and about sharp hairpin turns. As a visitor I was forced to make a speech, and I looked back with sympathy to the sorrows of the board visitor when I was a schoolboy.

However, what they wanted was news, not oratory. English newspapers come to them but seldom, and French newspapers not every day. They were hungry to know what was doing. As a matter of fact, not all can extract intellectual nourishment from a French paper. Most of them have a little of that theoretical French instruction favored by our American schools which breaks down when one has definite use for the language.

On the way across the ocean there were daily drills in the common practical phrases used by the French Army. One of them was *La voiture est complète*—The wagon is full. Who has ever analyzed the psychology of a family joke? And why, among all the phrases they learned, did this one appeal to their sense of humor? At any rate, *complet*, pronounced French fashion and with French meaning, is the humorous by-word of the camp. If a man has drunk too much he is *complet*. If he has eaten enough, he is *complet*. And it always brings a laugh.

The practical work has its difficulties. Most of these men, as I have said, know how to drive ordinary touring cars. But to manage these big five-ton trucks, and on country roads, not city streets, takes practice and education. Like the officers down in their own special school, these men have been instructed in the anatomy and peculiarities of these automobiles—all of which were made in America, by the way.

The instruction here is less thorough than at the officers' school, but it is designed to keep them from fool blunders and

Sparks Drop in Vain on A Self-Sentering Roof

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Self-Sentering

Form and Reinforcement for Concrete Construction

Self-Sentering is a combined reinforcing and centering for concrete—a one-piece steel lath and stud, or furring. You don't have to erect costly temporary wooden forms—pay for the labor expense of putting them up and tearing them down. Self Sentering acts both as form for the wet concrete and as reinforcement for the concrete after it has set. It becomes a permanent part of the finished structure.

Despite its strength and solidity, a Self-Sentering roof is unusually light in weight. It offers a bonding surface about eleven times as great as the same effective sectional area in reinforcing bars. Less concrete is needed, and consequently there is less weight on the beams, girders, columns, foundations and footings. And material saved is money saved.

The use of Self-Sentering does not stop with the roof. It is employed for concrete floors, ceilings, side-walls, partitions, column and beam protection, in many modern factories, office-buildings, warehouses, farm buildings and garages.

Self-Sentering can be bent into any shape. Thus it can be adapted to a wide range of curved surface work such as arched floors, silos, tanks, conduits and culverts.

For prospective builders there is a Catalog showing some of the many types of buildings in which Self-Sentering has been used.

GF

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The General Fireproofing Co., Youngstown, O.

Manufacturers of all types of Metal Lath, Concrete Reinforcements and Waterproofings

BRANCH OFFICES: New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Etc.

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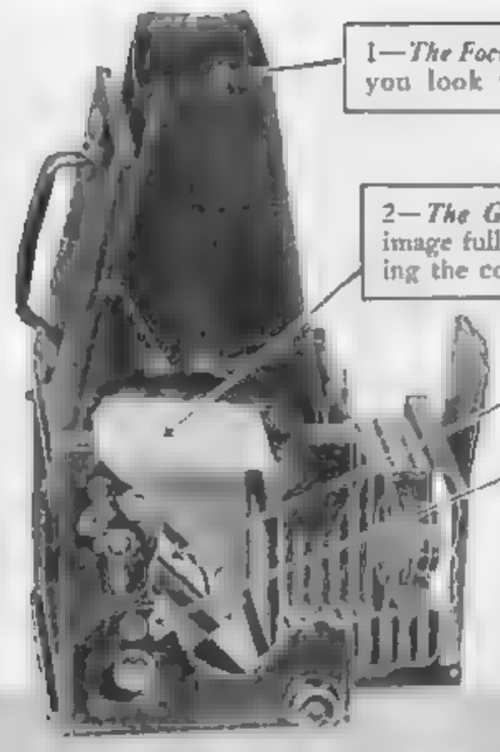

1—*The Focusing Hood* into which you look to see the picture
2—*The Ground Glass Screen* where you watch the image full negative-size—focusing it exactly, adjusting the composition up to the instant of exposure.
3—*The Swinging Mirror* which reflects image in full negative-size onto the ground glass screen.
4—*The Focal Plane Shutter* gives not only a wide range of speeds but also FULL timed, uniform exposure of the entire plate

GRAFLEX Camera

WHERE is a harder test for any camera than to catch those fleeting moments of intimate charm in a child's life? With a GRAFLEX you can take advantage of *every* opportunity to take those pictures which will mean so much to you in later years.

WHY with a GRAFLEX you are so much more likely to get every picture you go after—how it focuses EXACTLY in full size before your eyes—how the focal plane shutter gives *fully*-timed exposures—this is told in the 64-page GRAFLEX Catalog. Copy free—at your dealer's or from us.

FOLMER & SCHWING DEPARTMENT

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

to make them understand the reasons for breakdowns. They apply their knowledge on the roads. Three or four of Section A who had never driven any machine before, learned a little slowly and were replaced, for this initial venture to the line, by experts from Section B. One of these students tried to ram down the wall of a post office last week; and another once had his machine bucking like a bronco until it collided with the machine just ahead of him in the column. Taking the hairpin turns is in general the greatest trouble to the beginners. To prevent stopping the convoy—the one unforgivable sin in French automobile transport—these turns must be made on regular speed, without stopping and backing. No man is passed for the Front until he can do this with certainty.

As I was writing this I heard a rumble outside on the road. I opened the canvas cover of the trailer. A dark line of *camions* was bumping past the trees. Daly, the Yale captain in the remote peace days of 1910, who will take out Section B when its education is finished, poked in his head to explain that it is a night run.

Near the fighting Front, as all the world knows, there are no headlights. They would betray you to the enemy. One must run in darkness, looking out for traffic with a kind of sixth sense. That takes practice, and every other evening the squad must make a night run, in battle conditions. The singers have gone to bed long ago. Also, the "evening hate" along the line has stopped. The silence of forests is over the camp. And now Tinkham has added a few remarks to the record of the day.

"You know," says Tinkham, "about every few minutes, it seems to me, I have been obliged to call this squad together to get something in the way of equipment fitted on them. To-night, just as they were breaking up, one of them said:

"'Well, boss, I suppose in the morning we'll be called up to get measured for harps and halos!'"

PARIS, TWO DAYS LATER.

THE bugle turned me out of bed at five o'clock yesterday morning, blowing the old, familiar reveille of the American Army—"I can't get 'em up in the morning." It had turned out a beautiful day, and because a bright day is a good one for artillery observation the heavies were going along the Front. The water cart pulled round a turn of our pretty woodland road, and the two sections, in their undershirts, ran out with rubber collapsible washpans to get the means of morning ablutions.

This is a new camp, and the shower baths were not installed down the road until a few days ago; in the meantime the earlier arrivals, being university men and accustomed to bathing, got their first idea of the hardships of war. The camp is in a dry spot, except when it is raining, and the water has to be hauled by a foolish little tank cart, driven by a French Territorial infantryman and drawn by a shaggy gray pony. Each man gets his panful for his morning wash, and no more until the water cart comes again.

Fromage, the Camp Mascot

Assembly followed, and the ceremony of hoisting the flag—or rather two flags, for the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes float side by side at the gates of the camp. The sections, drawn up separately, presented arms. In the meantime Fromage, the small, curly, coal-black puppy who is mascot to the camp, had roused from his slumbers upon noticing that there was something doing, and was going down the line biting feet as he passed, quite contented that they were so still.

And before the cook had ladled breakfast into the grub tins the whole wood was abustle with the business of preparation for departure. The departing squad was loaded, with luggage, into four empty *camions*, while four men of Section B who needed the practice, were told off to drive. It had rained a little in the night, and the road through the wood was in bad shape, so that the leading *camion* stuck. The men of Section B had to run out and shove it free; which killed any fuss or ceremony there might have been about the departure of the pioneer section for the Front and actual work.

I rode in the staff car with Tinkham and the lieutenant; Scully, wanting the practice, mounted the driver's seat of the leading *camion*, his leather-bound road map in hand, just by way of getting a little practice in following roads. Our car was parked in the fortified farm, halfway between us and the village.

I pause here to say that this is a region of fortified farms, and they give a peculiar color to this beautiful part of dear, suffering France. In old years, Northern France suffered continually from the barbaric invader, as she is suffering now. Also, there were robbers who preyed upon the rich farms of the country that was the granary of Europe. So the peasant proprietors grouped houses, sheds and barns about a courtyard and surrounded the whole thing with a thick, ten-foot wall, pierced by long loopholes for bowmen. The finest of them had watchtowers at the corners of the wall. Here and there the loopholes and bastions are still visible. In other farms, the old walls have fallen into decay, but the peasants, by the law of habit, have rebuilt them, though without the loopholes. There were no loopholes in the wall of this farm, but it kept the old form.

Bad Roads Good Practice

One or two batteries of artillery, shifting position, passed us on the road up. They were coming out from the line; their uniforms were soiled, streaked and faded, their horses showed need of the currycomb, one of the camp kitchens, smoking with the fire that was baking bread as it bumped along the road, had a hole through its stack. There was more artillery at the farm; a battery was finding quarters and parks for its guns, and the heavy, good-humored-looking peasant woman who works the place while her husband fights was running about making arrangements. Two little girls, of about four and six, tagged her, returning shy but friendly smiles to the advances of the soldiers.

Some errand took me for a minute to the farmhouse, flanked on one side by a carriage shed and on the other by a granary. In the little hallway stood a goat—a fat and stolid goat, who looked at me out of his wide-set, heavy-lidded eyes with neither hostility nor affection, and had to be pushed out of the way before I could get into the living room. To go ahead a few hours: When we came back to the farm late that afternoon we found four officers playing cards in the courtyard. One of them, with whoops of laughter, told us that when they went in to luncheon they found the goat lying under the table. It appears that he is the privileged animal of that farm.

Section B, which was going up to the lecture hall in the village for some instruction, was piling into a *camion*. The French *poilus* crowded into the courtyard to look at them with shy friendliness. I rushed out to photograph the group; whereupon they struck poses, as people always do under such circumstances. When my shutter had snapped a soldier came out of the crowd and spoke to me in very good English. He had been a waiter in London before the war, he said; and would I do something for him? Nearly three years he had been in the army now, and had never been photographed with his comrades. Could monsieur send him a print? He would be glad to pay for it.

This happens nearly every time you take a photograph at the Front, and is a nuisance or a chance to do a great kindness, just as you look at it. For of course such photographs will become valuable family heirlooms as the years go on. One can do no more welcome favor to a man at the Front. That old German camera is dropping to pieces in my hands; I tried night before last to repair it with a pair of pincers and a hammer that I borrowed from the toolchest of a *camion*, and only made it worse. But I hope it worked that time.

The lieutenant had picked the road to the new camp, and had purposely picked a bad one. Most of it was a mere dirt road, in strong contrast to the fine French highways that the army is keeping up with such pains in order that transport of supplies may not be hampered. But this one resembled a country road in the newly settled West. It would teach the drivers how to overcome obstacles such as they might meet at the Front, the lieutenant explained to me as we bowled along by side roads or, cutting in ahead of the *camion* train, went before.

So far as I have seen it, the work of instruction in the French Army proceeds on the theory of telling the man what to do and how to do it, and then letting him learn by his mistakes. After he has made

(Concluded on Page 57)

A dog—and a gun

A dog and a gun go together. They are two of the greatest teachers in the world.

From the dog, a boy learns the meaning of friendship and unswerving loyalty. From the gun, he learns the meaning of responsibility and accuracy. These are lessons that are more valuable to him than all his schoolbooks put together.

What a gun will do for your boy

The sport of shooting is the greatest developer of mental resources—mental quickness, fair play, steady nerves, control, and the ability to mix in manly competition with companions.

It will develop in your boy the invaluable qualities of self-reliance, concentration and perseverance.

A boy's natural interest in a gun is going to make him get his hands on one sooner or later, so the sooner you teach him the correct use of a gun, the better. Remember that it is just as important for every boy to know how to handle a gun safely as it is that he should know how to swim.

Let your boy earn a Winchester Medal

To encourage marksmanship and the correct handling of a rifle among the boys and girls of America we are awarding Gold Plated and Silver Plated Medals for skill with the Winchester .22 caliber rifle.

These Medals are awarded by the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, an honorary club with membership among the boys and girls all over the United States. There are no dues and no military obligations involved.

There is only one thing a boy could show his chums with more pride than a beautiful, new shiny Winchester—and that is, one of these Winchester *"Marksman"* or *"Sharpshooter" Medals.*

Get your boy a Winchester rifle. Let him have the benefits that a gun will bring him. Get him in on this Winchester competition which will teach him the correct use of a gun from the start.

When you see the sparkle a Winchester will bring to your boy's eyes, you will be mighty glad you got it for him. Every boy knows the traditions behind the name "Winchester," so get your boy the gun he can be most proud of.

What the name "Winchester" means

The name "Winchester" stands for the best traditions in gun making. For over half a century Winchester has been the standard of pioneers and sportsmen. Winchester rifles built the West. As the need grew, Winchester originated a model and a caliber for every purpose.

Today the Winchester Company makes a greater variety and volume of small arms than any other manufacturer of firearms.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired over 50 times with excess loads for strength, smooth action and accuracy.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter. By the Bennett Process all Winchester barrels are given a finish that lasts a lifetime; hard to scratch and resists rust.

The same care that is taken with Winchester guns is taken with Winchester ammunition. The two are made for each other. This care in manufacturing explains why Winchesters are used by experts everywhere.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Winchester Medals for skill with the Rifle

The *Gold Plated "Sharpshooter Medal"* goes to any boy or girl under 16 who makes the first grade score with a Winchester .22 Rifle and Winchester ammunition.

The *Silver Plated "Marksman" Medal* goes to the boy or girl who makes the second grade score

Go to your dealer today; he will give you sample target and booklet explaining the full conditions of the contest. This booklet also tells you how to get the best results from your Winchester. The dealer will also supply you with targets.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 51, New Haven, Conn.

Let the boy have it now

Don't delay any longer giving your boy the benefits of a Winchester. There is a place near you, either in the open or at a club, where he can go shooting. If you do not know where to shoot, write us and we will tell you where and how you can, or we will help you organize a club.

Take your boy down to your dealer today and look over his stock of Winchesters. You will be surprised what a fine gun you can get for a low price. Ask for our catalog and booklet on the proper use of a gun. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., Dept. 51, New Haven, Conn.

MODEL 90 Take-down Repeating .22 caliber rifle, 24 inch octagon barrel. The standard target gallery rifle for 25 years
MODEL 06 Take-down Repeating rifle 20 inch round barrel. Shoots three sizes of ammunition. The most popular .22 caliber repeater ever placed on the market.
Take down caliber single shot rifle A low priced, light weight gun made in two sizes
MODEL 05. Automatic hammerless take-down rifle Handles only its own .22 Automatic cartridge. Shoots ten shots as fast as the trigger can be pulled.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

The Price of Safety

Safety is the most precious thing in the world. Our police, fire, and health departments, the army and navy—our Great War to make the world safe for democracy—show the price that intelligence gladly pays for safety. Weed Tire Chains are a factor in making the world safe because a motor car must have them to be safe.

To insure motoring safety for everyone—everywhere, Weed Tire Chains are sold wherever automobile accessories and hardware are sold. Most dealers carry an assortment of Weed Chains for all makes, styles and sizes of tires in general use. But if *your* tires are of an uncommon size or *your* dealer cannot supply you with Weed Chains, we will send them to you, express prepaid, on receipt of a Certified Check or a Money Order at the following prices:

Weed Chains for Pneumatic Tires

Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair
28x2½	$3.50	36x3	$6.00	30x4	$5.50	36x4	$7 50	35x4½	$8.00	34x5	$8.50	40x5	$12 00
30x2½	3 75	28x3½	4.50	31x4	6.00	37x4	8.00	36x4½	8 00	35x5	9 00	36x5½	12.00
28x3	4.00	30x3½	5.00	32x4	6.00	40x4	10.00	37x4½	8.75	36x5	9.00	37x5½	13.00
30x3	4.50	32x3½	5 50	33x4	6.50	30x4½	6.50	38x4½	9.50	37x5	9.75	38x5½	14.00
32x3	5 00	34x3½	6 00	34x4	7.00	32x4½	7.00	40x4½	11.00	38x5	10.50	38x6	14.00
34x3	5.50	30x3½	6 50	35x4	7.50	34x4½	7.50	42x4½	12.50	39x5	11.25	40x6	15.00

Weed Cross Chains—Diamond Hard, But Not Brittle

Size 2½ in	5c each	Size 3½ in	8c each	Size 4½ in	10c each	Size 5½ in	15c each
" 3 "	6c "	" 4 "	9c "	" 5 "	12c "	" 6 "	18c "

Weed Chains for Solid Tires

Made especially strong in every particular to meet the requirements of heavy truck service

FOR SINGLE SOLID TIRES

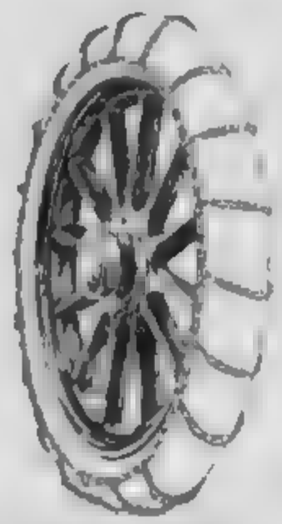
Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair
32x3	$ 6 00	34x3½	$ 8 50	35x4	$11 00	34x4½	$10.50	39x5	$15 50	40x6	$16 00
34x3	6 50	35x3½	9 50	36x4	11 00	36x4½	11.50	40x5	15 50	41x6	17 00
36x3	7 00	36x3½	9 50	37x4	12 00	38x4½	12.50	41x5	16 50	42x6	17 00
38x3	8 00	37x3½	10 00	38x4	12 00	34x5	12.50	35x6	14 00	36x7	16 00
40x3	8 50	38x3½	10 00	39x4	13 00	35x5	13.50	36x6	14 00	38x7	17 00
42x3	9 00	36x4	8 50	40x4	13 00	36x5	13.50	37x6	15 00	39x7	18 00
30x3½	7 00	32x4	9 00	41x4	14 00	37x5	14.50	38x6	15 00	40x7	18 00
32x3½	7 50	34x4	10 00	42x4	14 00	38x5	14 50	39x6	16 00	41x7	19 00

FOR DUAL SOLID TIRES

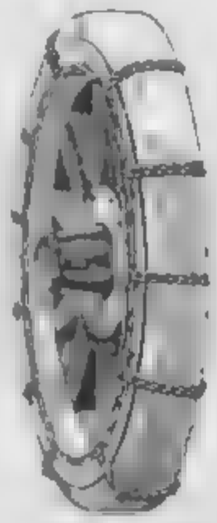
Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair	Size	Price per Pair
36x3	$12 50	39x3½	$17.00	40x4	$18.00	36x5	$17.00	39x6	$21 00
38x3	13 50	40x3½	17.00	41x4	19.00	37x5	18.00	40x6	21 00
39x3	14.50	41x3½	18 00	42x4	19 00	38x5	18.00	41x6	22 00
41x3	15 50	34x4	15 00	34x4½	15 50	39x5	19.00	42x6	22 00
34x3½	14 00	35x4	16 00	36x4½	16 50	40x5	19.00	39x7	23 00
38x3½	15.00	36x4	16 00	38x4½	17 50	41x5	20.00	40x7	23 00
36x3½	15 00	37x4	17 00	40x4½	18 50	42x5	20 00	41x7	24 00
37x3½	16.00	38x4	17 00	34x5	16 50	35x6	19.00	42x7	24 00
38x3½	16.00	39x4	18 00	36x5	17 00	37x6	20.00		

CROSS CHAINS, MADE OF SPECIAL STOCK

For Single Solid Tires		For Dual Solid Tires	
Size 3"	Price $ 9.00 per 4	Size 3"	Price $15 00 per 4
" 3½"	" 15 00 " "	" 3½"	" 28 00 " "
" 4"	" 19 00 " "	" 4"	" 30 00 " "
" 4½"	" 21 00 " "	" 4½"	" 33 00 " "
" 5"	" 24.00 " "	" 5"	" 35.00 " "
" 6"	" 27.00 " "	" 6"	" 38.00 " "
" 7"	" 30 00 " "	" 7"	" 40 00 " "



WEED CHAINS FOR PNEUMATIC TIRES



WEED CHAINS FOR SOLID TIRES

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

(Concluded from Page 54)

the mistake the instructor takes him in hand and with a pleasant word or a joke sets him right.

The first incident occurred at a sharp hairpin turn on a road that climbed past a beautiful fortified farm, the loopholes and turrets still in place. The three leading drivers made it in pretty shape; the fourth and last turned too late and was forced to stop and back up. Confused by his mistake, he nearly backed too far, and all but went over a steep bank. The *camions* spilled lithe brown bodies; the section ran back and pushed him out. We stuck again, and had to be pushed out, on a muddy stretch near the top of a hill; but that, as the lieutenant informed the men, was not the fault of the drivers but of the road.

Over beyond the hill was a fair-size town—gray, rambling, lined with rows of old elms and with solid stone walls over which the lilacs tossed. A *camion* or two were bowling down the road, bearing the sign of the Bee.

Those heraldic devices give variety to the monotony of the *camions*. Sometimes during the days of that battle of the *camions*, Verdun, the groups of sections took to painting devices on their sides so that they might be identified at a glance. It began with the four aces of a pack of cards, printed in red or black on a patch of white. The idea spread, and now there are hundreds of devices.

The transport service even grew artistically ambitious. There are the group of the Nurse, for example; that of the Jockey; and that of the Ballet Girl. These three designs are rather crude; but often the workmanship is good. The Cat's Head, for example, is both pleasing and whimsical. Perhaps the best of all is that on the group of *camions* that they use at the school—the Jumping Rabbits. Two anxious-looking little white rabbits, dressed in blue breeches and jumpers, are leaping a hurdle shaped like the letter M. It symbolizes, to the French mind, the manner in which the officers are putting the recruits over the jumps.

The Men of the Bee

The men of the Bee smiled and bubbled with French excitement as our men came along; they took off their hats to the flag floating from the seat of the leading *camion*. We turned into officers' quarters and met the captain of the group to which Section A was about to add itself, the lieutenant who will have command of the Americans until Tinkham and Scully grow expert enough to go it alone. When more sections arrive, when the officers finish their course in the training school, there will be an all-American group officered entirely by Americans. That will be accomplished, and more, before these lines reach print.

The captain was a fine, gray-eyed gentleman, a business man before the war, a mighty hustler of motor transport since. The lieutenant, who was to take command, was a stocky, pleasant Frenchman, in the silk business before he was called to the army. He speaks, as he admitted on introduction, only theoretical English; but he added that he expected a great deal of practice in the next few weeks.

The men of the Bee had learned, somehow, that there was to be a little ceremony before the captain's quarters, and that they would get a chance to see the Americans. They found places behind a row of bushes, half of them with cameras. I walked back to a street where our men were lining up. It was one o'clock, and their chief emotion at this historic moment seemed to be an overwhelming sense of hunger. My one common observation on the soldiers of all nations is that they are always hungry. Fill them up, and they will eat again an hour later with appetite and thanksgiving. "Any line on the grub question?" they asked me out of the corners of their mouths as Tinkham formed the company.

So they were drawn up before the captain, and introduced. The captain made a speech, in English. He also speaks theoretical English. Once or twice he came to a full stop; on these occasions he turned to Lieutenant G——, who was standing by his side, said what he wanted to say in French, and got the English translation. This might have been ridiculous on the part of another man. On the part of a Frenchman it was perfectly fine and dignified.

Having been photographed by all the cameras in sight, including that of the captain, the squad marched away. I sneaked up to the side of Hastings, of Stanford—my own university—and remarked:

"It's a long way from Palo Alto."

"It sure is," said Hastings, keeping step and talking with his eyes forward. "Say, have you any notion when we eat?"

The lieutenant and I begged a basket luncheon from a headquarters down the road and ran back, eating as we went, by a more direct road, which took us through a French town famous in this war. It is under fire nearly every day; the night before, I remembered, the lieutenant had stopped his dinner to listen to the bombardment with the practiced ear of a modern soldier and to remark "That was an arrival—on Blank." We passed the wreck of that arrival, and passed, too, hundreds of other houses battered or dented since the war began. But still women walked the streets with colored parasols raised against the sun, though signs here and there read: "Public shelter in case of bombardment."

Beyond the town we ran parallel to a range of hills where lay the line; and on the edges of the next road beyond ours burst out now and then a geyser of black—it was getting its daily shelling. I mentioned that fact to one or two of the Section B men when I got back to camp. By dinner time a rumor had spread over camp that Section A had been under fire all the way up! Such is the mind of war.

A Rough Night

I had a two days' permission. A journalist going into the war zone is supposed to have a chaperon. Usually an officer goes with him from Paris. In this case, since I was visiting a place where I could not learn any very deep military secrets, Lieutenant G—— was that chaperon. The greatest sin possible to a military chaperon is to let his charge overstay his leave. However, the French officers, together with Daly and Taylor, in command of Section B, started a mightily entertaining symposium at dinner, and when we glanced at our wrists, warned by the lowering shades, we realized that the run to the train, some fifteen or twenty miles down the road, must be made in fast time.

As we pulled away I found that another French battery had bivouacked in our beautiful wood—tall, mature elms with fern underfoot. In passing, I caught one of those glimpses that make one long to be a painter. The evening shadows, thick under the trees, were a deep, mysterious blue. The uniforms, of lighter blue, seemed to blend with the softened gray-blue of the gun carriages, the camp kitchens, all the wheeled transport. The horses, scattered through the bivouac, were all bays, making reddish-brown spots—a study in blues and browns.

When we came out on the highlands we were looking across a deeply cleft valley, looking down on that fortified farm; and we could see why the freeholder of the Middle Ages picked that spot. It overlooked, it guarded that valley, which was doubtless his farm. And the whole landscape, valley and forest alike, was so thick with greenery, so bursting with fertility, that the sense of beauty in living things pressed against the heart until it hurt. And the lieutenant burst into a fine French enthusiasm.

"The most beautiful forest in Northern France!" he said. "When they told me to choose a site for the school I picked this. One has the right to enjoy himself while he lives—isn't that so?"

In spite of furious driving we missed the train after all. The station was in a war-zone town—not a light showing anywhere, but packed with the activities of an army. There was no train, the gendarme at the station informed us, until five in the morning; also there was no hotel. But the five o'clock train was only the return trip of a train due to arrive at this terminus in a half hour. It would stay all night in the station. Would monsieur mind sleeping on the seat of a first-class compartment?

So I turned in, my raincoat rolled up under my head and a copy of Le Matin under my muddy feet to save the cushions. An hour later a French officer groped his way in and stretched out on the seat opposite. I suppose I snored, for I was wakened now and then by drowsy protests in French. I am sure he did, and he was wakened by drowsy protests in English. I asked him in the morning how he had slept, and he answered "Rotten!"—or its equivalent.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of letters by Will Irwin. The fifth will appear in an early issue

From Professor Faraday's famous lecture, "Chemical History of a Candle"

"You remember that when a candle burns badly it produces smoke; but if it is burning well there is no smoke. *And you know that the brightness of the candle is due to this smoke, which becomes ignited.* Here is an experiment to prove this: So long as the smoke remains in the flame of the candle and becomes ignited, it gives a beautiful light and never appears to us in the form of black particles."

Let This Principle Cut Your Coal Bills ½ to ⅔

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Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔ Guaranteed

The Williamson Heater Co., 721 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ⅓ to ½ with a Williamson UNDERFEED.

Warm air_____ Steam or Hot Water _____
(Mark X after system interested in)

Name_____

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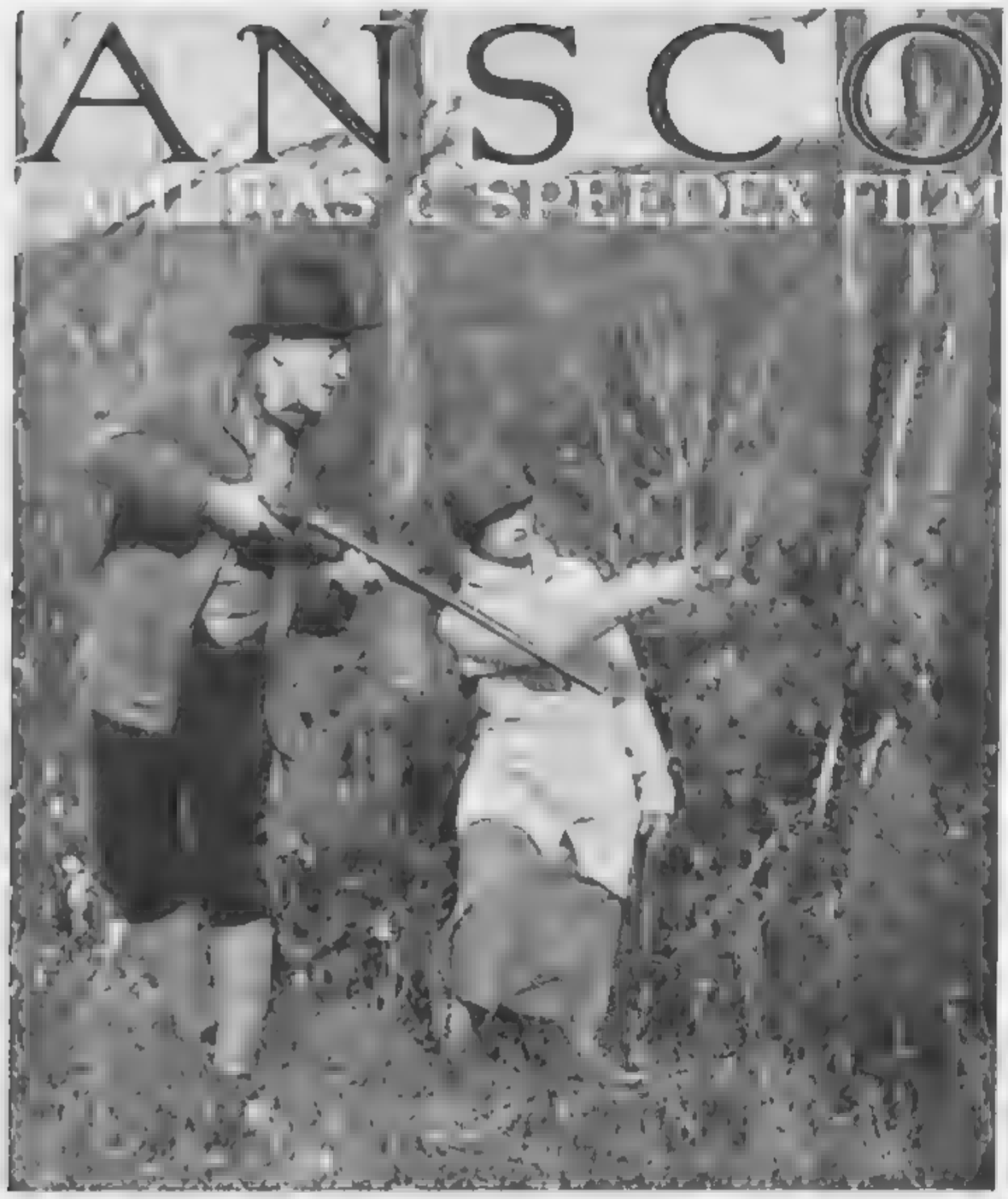
My heating contractor's name is _____

HEATING CONTRACTORS: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition. Both are winners.



The owner of an Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 2 never apologizes for the pictures it takes.

Be the day sunshiny or cloudy, this efficient little camera snaps the events as they occur, and turns out pictures that are clear and sharp. It is the smallest and lightest camera made to take 2¼ x 3¼ pictures. The negatives make fine enlargements.

Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 2 equipped with Modico Anastigmat lens, F 7.5, $18.50; with Ansco Anastigmat lens, F 6.3, in Extraspeed Bionic shutter, $27.50.

The micrometer focusing device is an exclusive Ansco feature without which an anastigmat lens would be no better than a cheap lens.

See the different Vest-Pocket models at the Ansco dealer's—or write to us for a catalog and specimen picture on Cyko Paper made by the camera illustrated.

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PHOTO SUPPLIES
The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

ANSCO COMPANY
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

'TWIXT THE BLUFF AND THE SOUND

(Concluded from Page 15.)

playlets so well chosen and well directed—that the companies were enabled—and encouraged—to move uptown, where in regular theaters they played to clients who found in these offerings smartness and an agreeable relief from the run of Broadway pieces. The shorter works of Shaw and Lord Dunsany were by these volunteer players put on with understanding, with skill and with finish.

But some of the second crop—wowie! Bob-veal actors, reading the lines of half-baked young realists, who somehow figured—as half-baked realists are so apt to figure—that all life was smut-colored and that the only worth-while drama to be found these days based itself on one form or another of marital infidelity. They had the idea that immorality was a dainty topic and an especially pretty thing to talk about and think about. Their fount of inspiration was the city sewer.

In the course of the season a good deal of garbage masquerading as drama and offensively pungent of the swill pail found its way to the amateur footlights. And pseudo-Bohemians bobbed up on every hand to claim the credit for this outpouring of moral muck, leading a part at least of the public to infer that from their ranks had sprung the inception of the neighborhood-theater idea, whereas those acquainted with the facts knew very well that the real parents of this new movement in the drama were not Bohemians, but men and women with a real vision and the ability, moreover, to translate their germ of inspiration into the accomplished and rounded-out creation.

No inquisition, however brief, into the mirage land of Bohemianism would be complete without some passing reference to those persons of great wealth who, being avowedly actuated by a desire to know life beyond the confines of their own narrow and dollar-bound horizons, deem it at once a pleasure, a duty and a boon to bestow spare moments of their society upon men and women who, as the cant phrase has it, do things—individuals who write or paint or draw, or act in public on the stage. Along the outer edges of the imaginary lines which bound the imaginary realm of Bohemianism, and upon a somewhat higher social and economic level than the level whereon abide the typical Hazels and the typical Phil Berts, there reside divers members of the artistic community whose energies and whose abilities have made them notable and affluent. It is this group that enjoys the patronage—I use the word patronage advisedly—of those bellwethers of the fashionable sheepfold who, in the charity and the goodness of their own hearts, would occasionally stoop to commune with persons living by the labor of their hands and their brains.

Lap Dogs of Two Dimensions

When I get on this subject I call to mind some great ladies, prominent in the peerage of Bradstreet and of Dun, who specialize in seeking the acquaintance of artistic folk.

In the Victorian Era, so we are told, every woman of fashion owned her pet lap dog. Her modern prototype finds an agreeable substitute in the form of a youngish person of the opposite sex who, almost invariably, is to be distinguished by a certain compression of physical aspect and mental viewpoint rather difficult to describe in words, although easy enough to recognize when encountered in the flesh. An age of compactness in a crowded city has had its way with this party. He is flat all over. That is the only term I can think of which seems in a few words to sum him up—flatness.

Nearly always his form is flat; his thoughts, if any, are flat and very thin; his voice is flat, too, and he wears his hair flat upon his head, and his shirt front pressed in flatly against his flat abdomen, and he carries his cigarettes in a flat gold case. His hands are flat, and so are his feet. He looks as though he might have been born under a smoothing iron, cradled in a bench vise and reared to manhood in a collection of pressed wild flowers. He is so flat he has but two dimensions. There is no more profile to him than there is to a shingle. One conceives of him as living in a flat, and some day dying of some flat disease—flatulency, probably—and then of being buried in a flat grave under a flat stone. But while he lives he plays squire to some grand dame in the joint capacity of caddy, lackey boy, cloak bearer and drawing-room attendant.

Until recently a society woman deigning to give of her leisure to the company of artistic folk must needs depend upon her own sense of the eternal misfitness of things for the properest key in which to pitch the tone of her intercourse with such persons. But for her guidance in these delicate situations an article lately was printed, this article being called very sweetly and very appropriately The Lions and The Lambs. I quote from it to the extent of one particularly aromatic paragraph:

"The old form of 'lionizing'—that is, treating an artist with mingled condescension and curiosity—is not used, but instead a nice spirit of comradeship and mutual sympathy must be attained. Artists of every description have become too rich and powerful to permit any patronizing, and every astute layman should know it."

See, here we have it, as it were, in a nutshell—a gold-mounted nutshell, set with rare gems. In the houses of the wealthy, artists should no longer be graded for social purposes somewhere between the hired entertainer, who comes after the feast is done, and the head butler. They have become rich—that is, they have become rich for artists. And richness must be recognized even in one who was not born so, but attained to richness by his or her own endeavors. Let snob, nob and nabob bear the fact in mind. A nice spirit of comradeship and mutual sympathy—that is the correct idea. But have a care lest one go too far. Pamper your captive artist, madame, but do not spoil him. Give him a tidbit now and then of real luxury, but strive to avoid making him discontented with the lot to which destiny has called him.

No Vulgar Dross for Him

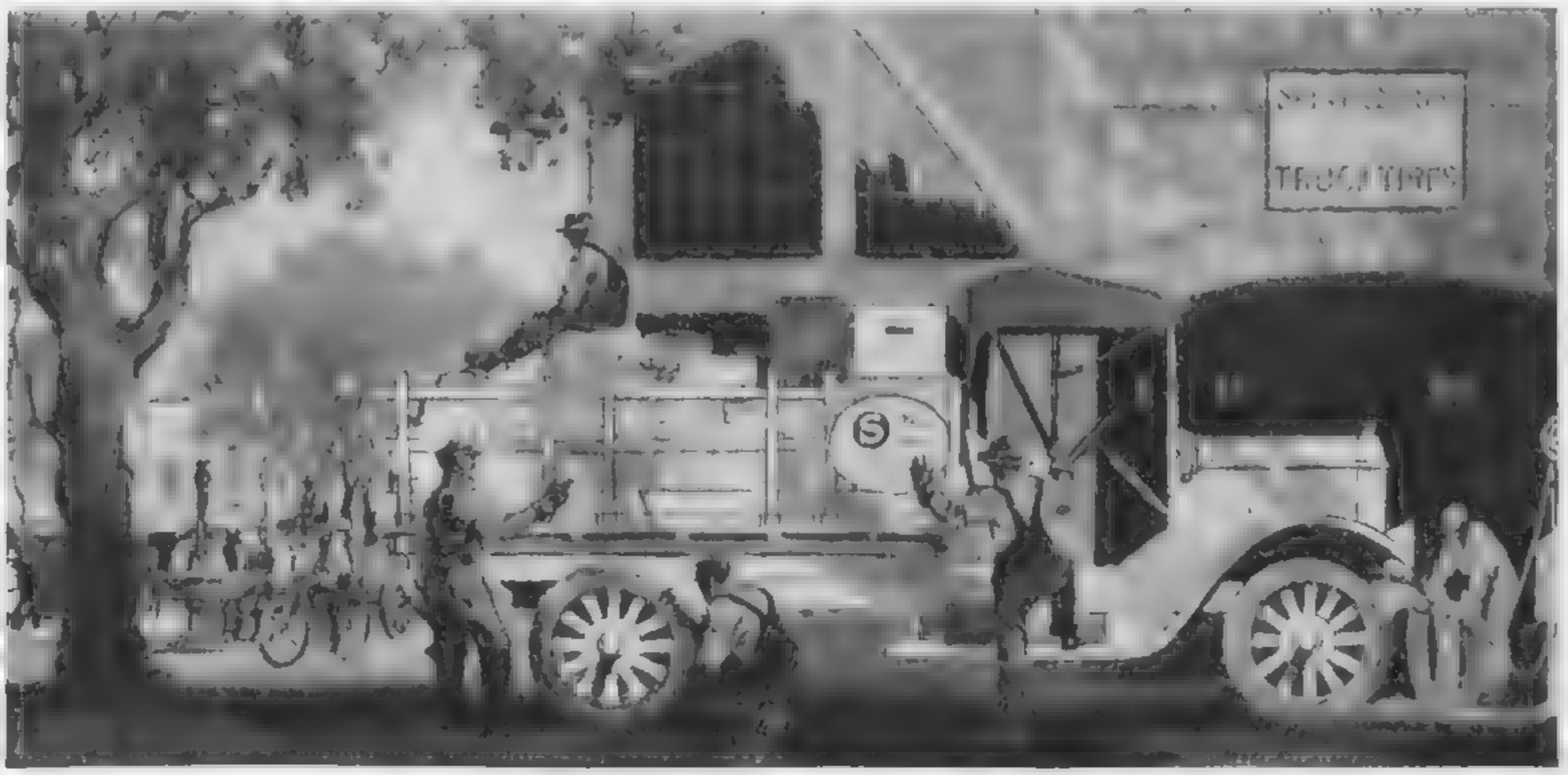
I came near forgetting to mention the only real Bohemian I ever found in the course of my explorations. I shall speak of him now, for I feel this chapter would not be complete without a word or so for him on his own account. He did not live among the table-d'hôtentots of Greenwich Village, and Washington Square knew him not. He lived over on the East-Side. He had some of the traits that have been attributed to the late François Villon, and some of the physical characteristics that are associated in the popular mind with the fragrant memory of the late Herr Most. He might have been a tramp poet, except for two things: Tramping entailed bodily exertion, and he was constitutionally averse to such. When it came to avoiding muscular endeavor he was the original labor-saving device. And the other reason against him was that he did not write poetry.

He did not have to worry about working, anyhow. His lady friend had a steady job in a box factory. He cared naught for vulgar dross. A loaf of bread, a jug of wine beneath a bough, and a handy little Thou or so to wait on him, and he would have been satisfied clear down to his in-soles. He had the true mark of the true Bohemian: he was never financially embarrassed—unless he had money.

I heard of him only the other day. An unsympathetic soul engaged in settlement work, who laughed in a raucous manner when divulging the tidings, told me my shaggy Bohemian friend had been moved to enlist to avoid conscription and was now a soldier laddie, required by heartless taskmasters in shoulder straps or chevrons to tote a gun, and learn to drill, and go on practice marches, and put up tents and take them down again, and all such as that. If I know the innermost sentiments of his heart he is going to come out of this war a confirmed enemy of the military spirit. For, as I said at least twice before, he and he alone of all the horde of so-called Bohemians I have met in my day is the one true Bohemian I have ever known.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

GOODYEAR HAND-ATTACHABLE BROADENS FIELD FOR TRUCKS



Irresistibly the motor truck carries on its economic revolution, reducing waste, cutting costs, speeding distribution—making business run where it walked before.

Every season new trucks are made to meet new uses; new industries turn to the modern transport; new territories, or kinds of territory, open to the truck's advance.

In these developments Goodyear assists vitally the manufacturers of trucks. New Goodyear Tires are made to shoe new types of machines or to fit new types of service.

Sometimes a new Goodyear Tire, or a tire improvement, actually opens up whole new fields of usefulness for the truck, or vastly broadens old fields.

Such has been the case with the Goodyear Hand-Attachable, which now is bringing the truck into much wider use in small towns and rural districts.

This tire has all the stamina of the highest grade pressed-on tire—and all the cushioning power. It averages thousands of miles more than ordinary wear.

But its unique virtue lies in making the truck owner *independent of special machinery for applying tires*. Hammer and monkey-wrench are the only equipment necessary—and anyone can do the job.

No need to lay the truck out of commission and send the wheel away for re-tiring. A dealer around the corner has the tire and puts it on at once, or you put it on yourself.

Naturally, where trucks can be used without lay-offs, more of them are used.

So the Goodyear Hand-Attachable Tire, distributed in the smaller cities through hundreds of Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers, is helping to transform "three-truck towns" into "six-truck towns," and "sixes" into "tens"—thus playing a leading part in the truck's revolution of our economic structure.

The Goodyear Hand-Attachable Truck Tire is of the type specified by the U. S. Government to be used on all trucks bought for Army Service.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR

AKRON

The Habit of The Alert

Anybody can chew gum, of course, if they have the teeth, and the price, and are sufficiently emancipated. But there is ONE CLASS to whom Chewing Gum particularly appeals.

(And when we speak of Chewing Gum, of course we refer to the CHICLE products of the old, established HOUSE OF ADAMS.)

Chewing gum is especially a habit for the ALERT.

That means those who have to be physically up to pitch, on the job, and ready for prompt, decisive action.

The word "Alert" comes from the Italian "all' erta," meaning "on the watch," or "on the lookout."

The picture it calls to the mind is that of the sentry, pacing to and fro in the woods, hearkening, peering for the enemy. And it is a pat picture, for chewing gum is a favorite custom with soldiers.

Where a man's playing with death every minute, where his life and the lives of his comrades depend on his instant decision, somehow there is nothing he can do that will keep him so well up to the mark as to chew a bit of gum.

It doesn't give you false courage. It has no chemical effect on the nerve tissues. There's simply something about chewing gum that lines every one of a man's faculties up to the one hundred percent efficiency mark, without any injurious effects.

There's no kick to chewing gum, as there is to almost every other nerve steadier. No reaction. No come-back. No letting down.

In the trenches, in France, in the greatest battle of history, men chewed gum, when they had to go without food for days.

The sailor at the wheel, and the lookout in the crow's-nest, chew gum while the eye searches for the deadly derelict or the lurking submarine.

The engineer — hand on the throttle — gaze on the gleaming rails — conscious of guiding a thousand tons of steel, freighted with humanity, through the gloom of night, a mile a minute, chews gum.

The baseball player who knows that winning the game means that he is to put every ounce of strength into play in a second, chews gum.

The farm hand, pitching hay in the broiling sun; the iron worker stripped to the waist, handling molten metal, chew gum; the automobile racer, driving his machine a hundred miles an hour, chews gum; the golfer, the tennis player, the Marathon runner, chew gum.

All those who have to make good and understand that no excuse goes, chew gum.

It is the one ideal habit of the alert.

And the wise ones are careful to use the chicle gums of THE HOUSE OF ADAMS.

Look for the name Adams. It means pure chewing gum made with Chicle.

These leading Adams Gums, and fifty other brands, are made by American Chicle Company, Founded on the House of Adams.

ADAMS PEPSIN
ADAMS CHICLETS
ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT
ADAMS BLACKJACK
ADAMS SPEARMINT
ADAMS CLOVE

TISH DOES HER PART

(Continued from Page 6

Dear Tish had sewed one of the sleeves in the neck opening, and had opened the sleeve hole and faced back the opening and put buttons and buttonholes on it.

"Not only that," said Mrs. Ostermaier, "but she has made the trousers of several suits wrong side before and opened them up the back. And men are such creatures of habit—they like things the way they are used to them."

Well, I had to tell Tish, and she flew into a temper and said Mrs. Ostermaier never could cut things out properly, and she would leave the society. Which she did. But she was very unhappy over it, for Tish is patriotic to her finger tips.

All the spring, until war was declared, she was restless and discontented, and she took to long trips in the car, by herself, returning moodier than ever. But with the announcement of war she found work to do. She made enlisting speeches everywhere, and was very successful, because Tish has a magnetic and compelling eye, and she would fix on one man in the crowd and talk at him and to him until all the men round were watching him. Generally, with everyone looking, he was ashamed not to come forward, and Tish would take him by the arm and lead him into the recruiting station.

It was on one of these occasions that we saw the young man of the blackberry cordial again.

Tish saw him first, from the tail of the wagon she was standing in. She fixed him with her eye at once, and a man standing near him said:

"Go on in, boy! You're as good as in the trenches already. She landed me yesterday, but I've got six toes on one foot. Blessed if she didn't try to take me to a hospital to have one cut off."

"Now," said Tish, "does anyone wish to ask any questions?"

I saw the blackberry-cordial person take a step forward.

"I would like to ask you one," he said: "How do you reconcile blackberry cordial with the W. C. T. U.?"

Tish went white with anger, and would no doubt have flayed him with words, as our blackberry cordial is made from her own grandmother's recipe, and a higher principled woman never lived. But unluckily the driver of the furniture wagon we were standing in had returned without our noticing it, and drove off at that moment, taking us with him.

It was about this time that Charlie Sands came to see me one day, looking worried.

"Look here," he said, "what's this about my having appendicitis?"

"Well, you ought to know," I replied rather tartly. "Don't ask me if you have a pain."

"But I haven't," he said, looking aggrieved. "I'm all right. I never felt better."

He then said that once, when a small boy, he had been taken with a severe attack of pain, following a picnic when he had taken considerable lemonade and pickles, followed by ice cream.

"I had forgotten it entirely," he went on. "But the other day Aunt Tish recalled the incident, and suggested that I get my appendix out. It wouldn't matter if she had let it go at that. But she's set on it. I may wake up any morning and find it gone."

I could only stare at him, for he is her favorite nephew, and I could not believe that she would forcibly immolate him on a bed of suffering.

"I used to think she was fond of me," he continued. "But she's—well, she's positively gruesome about the thing. She's talked so much about it that I begin to think I have got a pain there! I'm not sure I haven't got it now."

Well, I couldn't understand it. I knew what she thought of him. Had she not, when she fell out of the tree, immediately left him all her property? I told him about that, and indeed about the entire incident, except the secret in the barn. He grew very excited toward the end, however, where we met the blackberry-cordial person, and interrupted me.

"I know it from there on," he said. "Only I thought Culver had made it up, especially about the gun's being leveled at him, and the machine in the creek bed. He's on my paper; nice boy too. Do you mean to say—— But I might have known, of course."

He then laughed for a considerable time, though I do not consider the incident funny. But when I told him about Mr. Culver's impertinent question at the recruiting station he sobered.

"You tell her to keep her hands off him," he said. "I need him in my business. And it won't take much to send him off to war, because he's had a disappointment in love, and I'm told that he walks out in front of automobiles daily, hoping to be struck down and make the girl sorry."

"I consider her a very sensible young woman," I observed. But he was already back to his appendix.

"You see," he said, "my Aunt Letitia has a positively uncanny influence over me, and if I have it out I can't enlist. No scars taken."

I put down my knitting.

"Perhaps that is the reason she wants it done," I suggested.

"By George!" he exclaimed.

Well, that was the reason! I may as well admit it now. Tish is a fine and spirited woman, and as brave as a lion. But it was soon evident to all of us that she was going to keep Charlie Sands safe if she could. She was continually referring to his having been a sickly baby, and I am quite sure she convinced herself that he had been. She spoke, too, of a small cough he had as indicating weak lungs, and was almost indecently irritated when the chest specialist said that it was from smoking, and that if he had any more lung space the rest of his organs would have had to move out.

One way and another she kept him from enlisting for quite a time, maintaining that to run a newspaper and keep people properly informed was as patriotic as carrying a gun.

I remember that on one occasion when he had at last decided to join the navy and was going to Washington Tish took a very bad attack of indigestion, and nothing quieted her until after train time but to have Charlie Sands beside her, feeding her peppermint and hot water.

Then, at last, the draft bill was passed, and she persuaded him to wait and take his chance.

We were at a Red Cross class, being taught how to take foreign bodies out of the ear, when the news came. Tish was not paying much attention, because she considered that if a soldier got a bullet or shrapnel in his ear a syringe would not help him much. She had gone out of the room, therefore, and Aggie had just had a bean put in her auditory canal, and was sure it would swell before they got it again, when Tish returned. She said the bill had passed, and that the age limit was thirty-one.

Mrs. Ostermaier, who was using the syringe, let it slip and shot a stream of water into Aggie's right eye.

"Thirty-one!" she said. "Well, I suppose that includes your nephew, Miss Tish."

"Not at all," said Tish. "He will have his thirty-second birthday on the fifth of June, and he probably won't have to register at all. It's likely to be July before they're ready."

"Oh, the fifth of June!" said Mrs. Ostermaier, and gave Aggie another squirt.

Now Tish and I have talked this over since, and it may only be a coincidence. But Mrs. Ostermaier's cousin is married to a congressman from the West, and she sends the Ostermaiers all his speeches. Mr. Ostermaier sends on his sermons, too, in exchange; and every now and then Mrs. Ostermaier comes running in to Tish with something delivered in our national legislature which she claims was conceived in our pulpit.

Anyhow, when the draft day was set, it was the fifth of June!

Aggie and I went to Tish at once, and found her sitting very quietly with the blinds down, and Hannah sniveling in the kitchen.

"It's that woman!" Tish said. "When I think of the things I've done for them, and the way I've headed lists and served church suppers and made potato salad and packed barrels, it makes me sick."

Aggie sat down beside her and put a hand on her knee.

"I know, Tish," she said. "Mr. Wiggins was set on going to the Spanish War. He said that he could not shoot, but that he would be valuable as an observer, from church towers and things, because he was used to being in the air. He would have gone, too, but ——"

"If he goes," Tish said, "he will never come back. I know it. I've known it ever since I ran over that black cat the other day."

Well, we had to leave her, as Aggie was buying wool for the Army and Navy League. We went out, very low in our minds. What was our surprise, therefore, on returning late that afternoon to find Tish cheerfully hoeing in the garden she had planted in the vacant lot next door, while Hannah followed her and gathered up in a basket the pieces of brick, broken bottles and buried bones that Tish unearthed.

"You poor dear!" Aggie said, going toward her. "I know just how you feel. I ——"

"Get out!" Tish yelled in a furious tone. "Look what you're doing! Great heavens, don't you see what you've done? That was a potato plant."

We tried to get out, although I could see nothing but a few weeds, but she yelled at us every moment, and at last I gave it up.

"I'd rather stay here, Tish," I said, "if you don't mind. I can keep the dogs away; and along in the autumn, when it's safe to move, you can take me home or put me in a can, along with the other garden stuff."

Here Tish fired a brick at Hannah's basket, but struck her in the kneecap instead, and down she went on what Tish said was six eggplants. In the resulting conversation I escaped, and went up to Tish's sitting room.

Tish followed us soon after, and jerked the window shades to the top.

"There's nothing like getting close to Nature," she said. "I feel like a different woman after an hour or so of the soil."

She then took Hannah's basket and placed it on the window sill overlooking the vacant lot, explaining that she used its contents to fling at dogs, cats and birds.

"It makes a little extra work for Hannah," she commented, "but it's making a new woman of her. It would be good for you, too, Lizzie. There's nothing like bending over to reduce the abdomen."

But Aggie, having come to mourn, proceeded to do it.

"To think," she said, "that if they had only made it a day later, dear Charlie would have been exempt. It's too tragic, Tish."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Tish in a cold tone. "He does not have to register. He was born at seven in the morning, June fifth."

"In the evening, Tish," said Aggie gently. "I was there, you know, and I remember ——"

Tish gave her a terrible look.

"Of course you would know," she observed icily. "But as I was in the room, and recall distinctly going out and telling old Amanda, the cook, about breakfast ——"

"Supper," said Aggie firmly. "You were excited, naturally. But I was in the hall when you came out, and I was expecting my first gentleman caller, which no girl ever forgets, Tish. I remember that Amanda was hooking my dress, which was very tight, because we had waistlines in those days and I wanted ——"

"Aggie," Tish thundered, "he was born early in the morning of June fifth! He will be thirty-two years of age early in the morning of Registration Day. And if he tries to register I shall be on hand with the facts."

Well, whether she was right or not she was convinced that she was, and it is useless to argue with her under those circumstances. Luckily she heard a dog in the lot just then, and threw down a broken bottle and some bricks at him, and the woman in the apartment below raised a window and threatened to report her to the Humane Society. But, as usual, Tish was more than her equal.

"Come right up, then," she said. "Because I am a member of the Humane Society and have been for twenty years. I consider throwing bricks at that dog as patriotic a duty as killing a German, any day."

Here, by accident, the basket slid off the window sill, and Tish closed the window violently.

"It hit her on the head," she said in what I fear was an exultant tone. "I wouldn't have done it on purpose, but I guess it's no sin to be thankful."

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We should like to have you on our staff of spare-time money-earners. If you have an hour a day that you'd like to sell, we will buy it.

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Because the incident I am about to relate concerns not only Registration Day but also Mr. Culver and the secret in the barn, I have been some time in getting to it. And if, in so doing, I have reflected at any time on either Tish's patriotism or her strict veracity, I am sorry. No one who knows Tish can doubt either.

In spite of Aggie—in spite of Charlie Sands, who protested violently that he distinctly remembered being born in the evening, because he had yelled all the ensuing night and no one had had a wink of sleep—in spite of all this, Tish remained firm in her conviction that seven A. M., on Registration Day, when the precincts opened, would find him too old to register.

On the surface the days that followed passed uneventfully. Tish sewed and knitted, and once each day stood Aggie and myself on the outskirts of her garden and pointed out things which she said would be green corn and tomatoes and peppers and so on. But there was a set look about her face, to those of us who knew and loved her. She had moments of abstraction, too, and during one of them weeded out an entire row of spring onions, according to Hannah.

On the second of June I went into the jeweler's to have my watch regulated, and found Tish at the counter. She muttered something about a mainspring and went out, leaving me staring after her. I am no idiot, however, although not Tish's mental equal by any means, and I saw that she had been looking at gentlemen's gold watches.

I had a terrible thought that she intended trying to purchase Charlie Sands by a gift. But I might have known her high integrity. She would not stoop to a bribe. And, as a matter of fact, happening to stop at the Ostermaiers' that evening to show Mrs. Ostermaier how to purl, I found that dear Tish, remembering the anniversary of his first sermon to us, had presented Mr. Ostermaier with a handsome watch.

It was on the fourth of June that I had another visit from Charlie Sands. He is usually a most amiable young man, but on that occasion he came in glowering savagely, and on sitting down on Aggie's knitting, which was on steel needles, he flung it across the room, and had to spend quite a little time apologizing.

"The truth is," he said, "I'm so blooming upset that I'm not myself. Let me put these needles back, won't you? Or do they belong in some particular place?"

"They do," Aggie retorted grimly. "And for a young man who will be thirty-two to-morrow morning ——"

"Evening!" he corrected her with a sort of groan. "I see she's got you too. Look here," he went on, "I'm in trouble, and I'm blessed if I see my way out. I want to register to-morrow. I may not be drawn, because I'm an unlucky devil and always was. But—I want to do my part."

"Well," I observed tartly, "I guess no one can prevent you. Go and do it, and say nothing."

"Not at all!" he replied, getting up and striding up and down the room. "Not a bit of it! I grant you it looks simple. Wouldn't anyone in his senses think that a young and able-bodied man could go and put his name down as being willing to serve his country? Why, she herself—she's crazy to go. I'd like to bet a hat she'll get there before long, too, and into the front trenches."

"Oh no!" Aggie wailed suddenly.

"But not I," went on Charlie Sands fiercely. "Not I! How she ever got round that old fool Ostermaier I don't know. But she has. He's appointed her an assistant registrar in his precinct, which is mine. And she'll swear until she's black in the face that I'm over age!"

"Can't you have the place opened before seven in the morning?" I suggested.

"I've been to him, but he says the law is seven o'clock. Besides," he added bitterly, "she knows me, and as like as not she'll sleep there, to be on hand to forestall me."

As I look back I am convinced that a desire to do his part, as he termed it, was only one cause of his anger that evening. The rest was the feeling that Tish's superior acumen had foiled him. He had a truly masculine hatred of being thwarted by a woman, even by a beloved aunt.

"Well," he said at last, picking up his hat, "I'll be off." He went to the door, but turned back and glowered at us both, although I am sure we had done nothing whatever. "But mark my words, and remind her of them the day after to-morrow: This thing's not over yet! She's pretty devilish clever"—I regret to record this word, but he was greatly excited—"but she hasn't all the brains in the family."

For a day that was to contain so much, however, the fifth of June started quietly enough. We telephoned Hannah, and she reported that Tish had left the house at five-thirty, although obliged to go only one block to the engine house, which was her destination.

So far as I can learn, for Tish is very uncommunicative about the entire matter, the morning passed quietly enough. She had taken the precaution of having her folding card table and two pillows sent to the engine house, and when Aggie and I arrived at midday she was seated comfortably, with her hat hung on a lamp of the fire truck. When we arrived she was asking the sexton of the Methodist Church, whom she had known for thirty years, if he had lost a leg or an arm.

Aggie had brought a basket with some luncheon for her, and she placed it on the truck. But there was an alarm of fire soon after, and the thing went out in a rush, with the lunch and also with Tish's hat.

Tish was furiously angry. Indeed, I have since thought that much of what followed was due to the loss of the luncheon, which the firemen declared they had not seen, although Aggie was positive she saw one of them eating one of the doughnuts that afternoon behind a newspaper.

But, worst of all, Tish's hat was missing. It reappeared later, however, but was brought in by the engine-house dog, after having been run over by the chief's machine, two engines and a ladder truck.

As I say, that was part of her irritation, but what really upset her was the number of married men. More than once, as she grew excited, I heard her say:

"Married? How many wives?"

She meant how many children.

She had registered twenty-four married men and two single ones by one o'clock, and she was looking very discouraged. But at one o'clock the clerk from the shoe store at the corner came in, and said he had dependent on him a wife, four children, a mother-in-law, a sister-in-law and his sister-in-law's husband.

"Of course," Tish said bitterly, "you claim exemption."

"Me?" he said. "Me, Miss Carberry. My God, no!"

Well, about two o'clock Charlie Sands came in. Tish saw him the moment he entered the door, and stopped work to watch him. But he made no attempt to register. He said he was doing a column on slackers for the next morning's paper.

"There aren't many," he said, "but of course there are some. The license court is the place to nail them."

"Do you mean to tell me," Tish demanded, "that there are traitors to this country who are getting married to-day?"

"There are," said Charlie Sands, sitting down on the fire truck. "Even so, beloved aunt. They are getting married so they can claim exemption because of a dependent wife. And I'll bet the orphan asylums are full of fellows trying to get ready-made families."

Tish is a composed and self-restrained woman, but she spoke so distinctly of how she felt about such conduct that Charlie Murray, our grocer's assistant, who has four children, did not so much as mention them when she made out his card.

"Of course," Charlie Sands observed, "I don't want to dictate to you, because you're doing all that can be expected of you now. But if someone would go to the license court and tell those fellows a bit of wholesome truth it might be valuable."

"You do it, Lizzie," Tish said.

"I? I never made a speech in my life, Tish Carberry, and you know it."

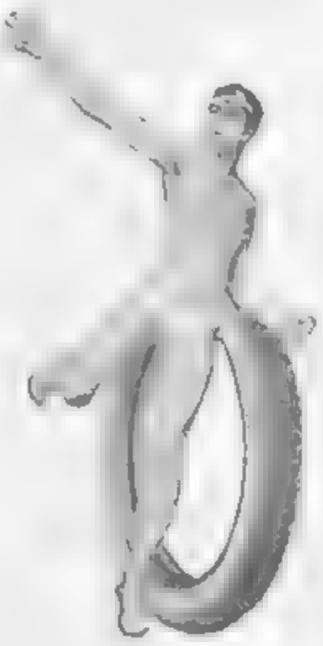
"And I never before tried to get the truth from an idiot who says he is twenty-eight and has a daughter of eighteen! See here," Tish said to a man in front of her, waving her pen and throwing a circle of ink about, "I'll have you know that I represent the Government to-day, and if you think you are being funny you are not."

Well, it turned out that he had married a widow with a child, but he had a cork leg anyhow, so it made no difference. But Tish's mind was not on her work. However, she was undecided until Charlie Sands said:

"By the way, I saw your friend Culver among the Cupid-chasers to-day. And this is his district. You'd better round him up."

"Culver!" Tish said. "Do you mean that—Lizzie, where's my hat?"

(Continued on Page 65)



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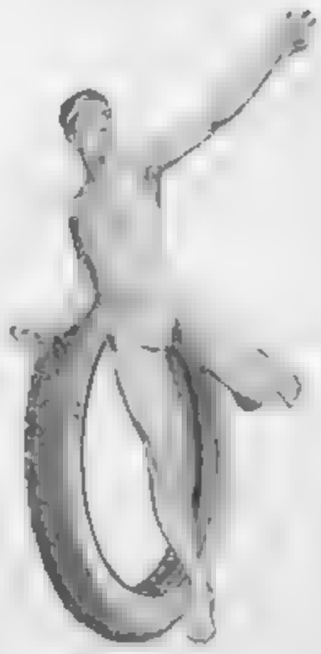

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A Waste in the Shoe Business that Taxes Every Pair You Buy

RIGHT now the thought of every patriotic American is to do away with extravagance and waste, to live well but to spend wisely.

One of the greatest extravagances in the shoe business is the effort each season to anticipate the styles. Shoe stores are expected to buy too far in advance: to place orders, let us say, in September for shoes to sell in April or May of next year.

The manufacturer gambles and makes up hundreds of samples representing his guess at the coming styles. Your dealer gambles and orders certain lots representing his guess at what will sell next Spring.

Many of these styles never sell to the consumer because they are designed before anybody knows what the style is to be. Or when they *do* sell for some individual dealer and he wants to reorder, he is likely to find the style discontinued by the manufacturer and is unable to refill his size ranges.

Here is a needless expense, an economic waste, a hardship on the dealer and an injustice to the consumer—who in the end pays his share of wasteful methods in any business.

Just consider your own experience. Think what you know of the ordinary shoe-store. The shelves are loaded with goods, but how hard it is to find what you want. Or if you find the shoe—they're out of your size. They have too many styles, odds and ends, broken lines. The dealer is carrying a big investment and his turn-over is slow.

No one in particular is to blame for these methods in the shoe business. They have always existed. They are a "practice of the trade." They date from the time transportation was difficult, stores were scattered, manufacturers were few and far away.

The Regal business is an American Institution of twenty-four years' standing. It was established on advanced ideas of service to the consumer. Its popularity is attested by fifty Regal stores in the Metropolitan centers, a thousand special Regal representatives in other towns and cities.

Beginning this Fall, the Regal Company inaugurates its new policy of styling and manufacturing after the styles are known—closer to the needs of the dealer; nearer to the season when the shoes are worn.

We will concentrate our four great factories on certain lasts and styles of known merit and desirability: the choice things, the wanted leathers. Experience in our Fifty city stores helps us to know the right lasts, gives us a keener sense of style.

These right shoes will be ready for your Regal dealer in ample time and in ample quantity.

This new Regal policy means to the storekeeper a quick turn-over, clean, fresh stock, complete size ranges all the season and authentic styles. It tends to bring the maker, the store and the consumer close together; to get fresh goods to the dealer quickly; to replenish his shelves often; to cut out guesswork; to relieve him of the burden and risk of carrying heavy stocks.

It gives you what you want when you want it, new things while they're new, the right styles in all the sizes at a right price. And it makes a right price possible. For a waste in methods means a tax on the goods that the consumer has to pay.

REGAL SHOES

268 SUMMER STREET BOSTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 62)

Well, we had to recover it again from the engine-house dog, whom we found burying it in the back yard. Tish's mind, however, was far away, and she merely brushed it absently with her hand and stuck it on her head. Then she turned to Charlie Sands.

"I'm going to the license court," she said between clenched teeth. "And I am going to show that young fool that he is not going to hide behind any petticoats to-day!"

"It's his privilege to get married if he wants to."

"When I finish with him," said Tish grimly, "he won't want to!"

All the way to the courthouse Tish's lips were moving, and I knew she was rehearsing what she meant to say. I think that even then her shrewd and active mind had some foreboding of what was to come, for she called back unexpectedly to Aggie:

"Look in the right-hand pocket, and see if there is a box of tacks there."

"Tacks!" said Aggie. "Why, what in the world ——"

"I had tacks to nail up flags this morning. Well?"

"They are here, Tish, but no hammer."

"I shan't need a hammer," Tish replied cryptically.

I am afraid I had expected Tish to lead the way into the license court and there break out into patriotic fury. But how little, after all, I knew her! Already in that wonderful brain of hers was seething the plot that was so to alter certain lives, and was to leave an officer of the law—but that comes later on.

Mr. Culver was at the desk. Just as we arrived a clerk handed him a paper, and he walked across the room to an ice-water cooler and took a drink.

"The slacker!" said Tish from clenched teeth. "The coward! The poltroon! The ——"

At that moment Mr. Culver, with a paper cup in his hand, saw us and stared at us fixedly. The next moment he had whipped off his hat and was coming toward us.

"Well!" he said as he came up to us, "so it really did happen!"

Tish took a deep breath to begin on him, but he went on blithely:

"You see, when I got back home that day, I felt that it hadn't really been true. I had not gone rabbit shooting and found three ladies half buried in a haystack. And of course I had not driven an automobile along a creek bed and through the old swimming hole, with my own gun leveled at my back."

Tish took another breath and opened her mouth.

"Then, the other day," he went on, smiling cheerfully, "I thought I had had a return of the hallucination, because I fancied I saw you all on a wagon. But the next moment the wagon was driving on, and you were nowhere in sight."

"That was because," said Aggie, "when the wagon started we all sat down unexpectedly, and ——"

"Aggie!" Tish said in a savage tone. "Now, young man, I want to say something to you, and I'd thank you ——"

"Oh, I say!" he broke in, looking suddenly depressed, "I can see you are still down on me. But don't scold me. Please don't. Because I am a sensitive person, and you will ruin what was going to be a perfect day. I know I was wrong. I apologize. I eat my words. And now I'll leave you, because if you should vanish into thin air again I should have to go and lock myself up."

Well, with all his gayety he did not look particularly gay, and he was rather hollow in the cheeks. I came to the conclusion that he was going to marry another young woman, partly to keep out of going to war, but partly to spite the first. I must say I felt rather sorry for him, especially when I saw the way he looked at her. Oh yes, I picked her out at once, because she never took her eyes off him.

I didn't think she was fooled much, either, because she looked as if she needed to go off into a corner and have a good cry. Well, she got her wish later if that was what she wanted.

But Tish is a woman of one idea. While he chattered, with one eye on the girl, Tish was eying him coldly. At last she caught him by the arm.

"I have something to say to you, young man," she commenced. "I want to ask you what you think of anyone who ——"

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted, and freed his arm. "Awfully sorry. I think a lady over there wishes to speak to me."

He left us briskly enough, but he slowed up before he got across the room. He stopped once and half turned, too, with the unhappiest face I've ever seen on a human being. Aggie was feeling in her knitting bag for the glasses.

"Is she pretty?" she asked.

"Too pretty to be a second choice," I replied shortly. "She's a nice little thing, and deserves something better than a warmed-over heart."

Tish had been angry enough before, but when I told her that he had been disappointed in love, and was merely making the girl a tool, her eyes were savage.

"She is pretty," Aggie observed. "Perhaps, after all, he does love her. Or if not he may learn to. And he cannot be very unhappy about marrying her. He said, you know, it was a perfect day."

"Go down and get into the car," Tish said in a choking voice. "I'll fix his perfect day for him. Go down and start the engine."

I took a last glance as Aggie and I left the license court, and if we had had any doubts they vanished then, because he was speaking to the girl with angry gestures, and she was certainly crying.

"Brute!" Tish said with her eyes on him. "A bully as well as a slacker. Never mind. She won't have to put up with him long. If I have any influence in this community that youth will be drafted and sent to a mudhole in France. Mark my words," she went on, settling her hat with a jerk, "that boy will be registered as a single man before this day's over! Go and start the engine, Lizzie. I dare say you remember that much."

Seeing that she had a plan, and "ours not to reason why, ours but to do and die," as Aggie frequently quotes, we went down to the street again. I was even then vaguely apprehensive, and apprehensive not without reason, as it turned out. For, reaching over to start the engine, as Tish had taught me, by turning a lever on the dashboard and moving up a throttle on the wheel, what was my horror to see the car moving slowly off, with Aggie in the rear seat and as white as chalk.

Tish, in her patriotic fervor, had stopped the thing in gear!

I ran beside it, but was unable to get onto the running board. I then saw Aggie, generally so timid, crawling over the back seat, and called to her to put on the brake. She did so, but not until the car had mounted the sidewalk and struck a policeman in the back.

This would not be worth recording, as there were no immediate results, had it not been for the policeman. It brought us to his attention, and came near to ruining Tish's plan. But of this later on.

I do not, even now, know just what arguments Tish used with Myrtle. Yes, that was her name. We had a great deal of time later on to learn her name, and all about her. The matter is a delicate one, and we have not since discussed the events of that day. But Aggie said later on, when we were sitting in the dark and wondering what to do next, that Tish had probably waited until Mr. Culver went out to look up a minister.

Whatever Tish said or did the result was that only a short time after Aggie had jammed on the brake they came out together, and Tish was carrying a suitcase. Myrtle was hanging back, but Tish had her by the arm.

At first she did not see us. When she did, however, she worked her way through the crowd and opened the rear door.

"Get in!" she said in an uncompromising tone.

"But I really think," said Myrtle, "that I should ——"

"Get in!" Tish said again firmly. "We can talk it over later."

"But are you sure he sent for me?" she demanded, looking ready to cry again. "I think it must be a mistake. He said to wait, and he would come back as soon as ——"

It was the crowd that really settled the matter, for someone yelled that the girl had been eloping and that her mother had caught her in the license court. Most of them were men, but they called to Myrtle not to let the old lady bully her. Also one young man said that if her young man didn't come back she could have him and welcome. It frightened Myrtle, and she got into the car and asked Tish to drive away quickly.

"I know it will be in the papers," she said forlornly. "And my people think I am at a house party."

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But the next moment I caught her looking at Tish's hat, and her lip quivered.

"I guess I'm nervous," she said in a choking voice. "I had no idea it was so much trouble to get married."

Tish heard her, although she had her hands full getting the car back to the street. She said nothing until we were in the street again and moving away slowly.

"Then you might as well settle down and be quiet," she said. "Because you are not going to be married to-day."

Myrtle may have suspected something before that, perhaps when she first saw Tish's hat, for she looked dazed for a moment, and then stood up in the car and yelled that she was being kidnaped. Tish threw on the gas just then, and she had to sit down, but I looked back just in time to see Mr. Culver and the policeman standing in the center of the street, gesticulating madly.

"Little fool!" Tish muttered, and bent low over the wheel.

Well, they followed us. At the top of the first hill the girl was crying hard, and there were eleven automobiles, Aggie counted, not far behind us. At the end of the next rise there were still ten. It was then that Tish, with her customary presence of mind, told us to scatter the tacks over the road behind us.

The result was that only four were to be seen when we got to the top of Graham's Hill, and they had lost time and were far away. Tish was in a terrible way. Her plan had been merely to take the girl away, because Culver belonged in her precinct and it was her business, as ordered by the Government, to gather in all the slackers, matrimonial or otherwise. Then, after Culver had registered as a single man, he could, as Tish tersely observed later, either marry or go and drown himself. It was immaterial to her.

But now we were likely to be arrested for abduction, and the whole thing would get in the papers.

"Tish," Aggie begged, "do stop and put her out in the road. That Culver and the policeman are in the first car. I can see them plainly—and they can pick her up and take her back."

But Tish ignored her and kept on. She merely asked, once, if we had any scissors with us, and on Aggie's finding a pair in her knitting bag said to get them out and have them ready.

I pause here for a moment to reflect on Tish's resourcefulness. How many times, in the years of our association, has her active brain come to our rescue in trying times? And once the danger is over how quickly she becomes again one of us, busy with her charities, her Sunday-school class, and her knitting for the poor! Indomitable spirit and Christian soul, her only fault, if any, perhaps a slight lack of humor—that is Letitia Carberry.

"Watch for a barbed-wire fence, Lizzie," she said as we flew along. "And see how near they are."

Well, they were very close, but owing to Tish's leaving the macadam at this point they lost time at a crossroads. At the top of the next hill Aggie said she could not see anything of them. It was then that Myrtle tried to jump out, and would have succeeded had not Tish speeded up the car.

I could hear Aggie trying to soothe her, and telling her that Tish was not insane, but was merely saving her from a terrible fate.

"I have never been married, my dear, owing to an unfortunate circumstance," she said in her gentle voice, "but to marry without love ——"

The girl sat up, startled.

"But how do you know I don't love him?" she demanded.

"I am speaking of the young man," said Aggie. "My dear child, all over this great land of ours to-day, here and there, are wretches who would use a confiding young woman in order ——"

"Barbed wire!" said Tish exultantly, and stopped the car with a jerk. In an instant she was out in the road, cutting lengths of barbed wire from a fence with the scissors and placing them across the road behind us. Her expression was set and tense. When she had placed some six pieces of wire in position she returned to the car.

"We can thank the war for that," she observed coolly. "As long as the barbed-wire fences hold out they'll never get us."

The first car was in sight by that time, and we could see that Mr. Culver and the policeman were in it. They shouted with joy when they saw us, but Tish merely smiled and let in the clutch. Soon after we heard a series of small explosions, and Tish observed that the enemy attack was checked against our barbed wire, and that she reckoned we could hold the position indefinitely.

Aggie looked back and reported that they were both out of the car, and that the policeman was standing on one foot and hopping up and down.

It had been Tish's intention, as I learned later, merely to take the young woman for a country ride, and there to strive to instill into her the weakness and folly of being married by Mr. Culver for an exemption plea. But as we had been making forty-five miles an hour by the speedometer there had been little opportunity.

However, as the last car was now standing on four rims in the barbed-wire entanglement behind us, and as Tish's farm was not far ahead, she improved the occasion with a short but lightly patriotic speech, flung over her shoulder.

"I don't believe it!" said Myrtle sullenly. "He loves me. We only ran away to-day instead of some day later because my father is leading the parade in my town, and mother is presenting a flag at the schoolhouse."

"Very well," said Tish. "If he loves you, well and good! When your young man has registered I'll see that you get married if I have to kidnap a preacher to do it. But I'll tell you right now, I don't think you'll be getting anything worth having."

Well, Myrtle grew quieter then, and I heard Aggie saying that Miss Tish never made a promise she could not fulfill. She then told about Mr. Wiggins, and had just reached the place where he had slipped, on the eve of his wedding, and fallen off a roof, when the car stopped dead.

Tish pushed a few things on the dashboard, but it only hiccuped twice and then stopped breathing.

"No gasoline!" she exclaimed in a rage. "We'll have to run for it."

The farmhouse was in sight now, about a half mile ahead. Aggie groaned, but got out and turned to Myrtle. But Myrtle was sitting back in the car with a gleam of triumph in her eyes.

"Certainly not!" she said calmly.

"Very well," Tish replied. "I don't know but you are just as well where you are. That last car is done for if I know anything about barbed wire, and they're not likely to chase a machine on foot. They're probably on their way back to town now, and I hope the policeman has to hop all the way. It's only forty miles or so."

She then started up the road, but turned.

"Bring her suitcase, Lizzie," she said. "There's no use leaving it there for tramps to come along and steal."

She then stalked majestically up the road, and we followed. I am not a complaining woman, but if that girl had left any clothes at home they couldn't have amounted to much. Aggie refused to help with the suitcase, as she had her knitting bag, and as any exertion in summer brings on her hay fever.

It was perhaps five minutes later that I heard a faint call behind me, and turned to see Myrtle coming along behind. She was not crying now, and her mouth was shut tight.

"I suppose," she said angrily, "that it does not matter if tramps get me!"

"Miss Tish invited you to the farm," I replied.

"Invited!" she snapped. "If this is what she calls an invitation I'd hate to have her make it a request."

However, although misguided, she seemed to be really a very nice girl, for she took one end of the suitcase. But I learned then how difficult it is for the average mind to grasp the high moral purpose and lofty conception of a woman like Tish.

"I might as well tell you now," she said, "that I don't believe they'll pay any large sum. They're not going to be very keen about me at home, since this elopement business."

"Who'll pay what sum?"

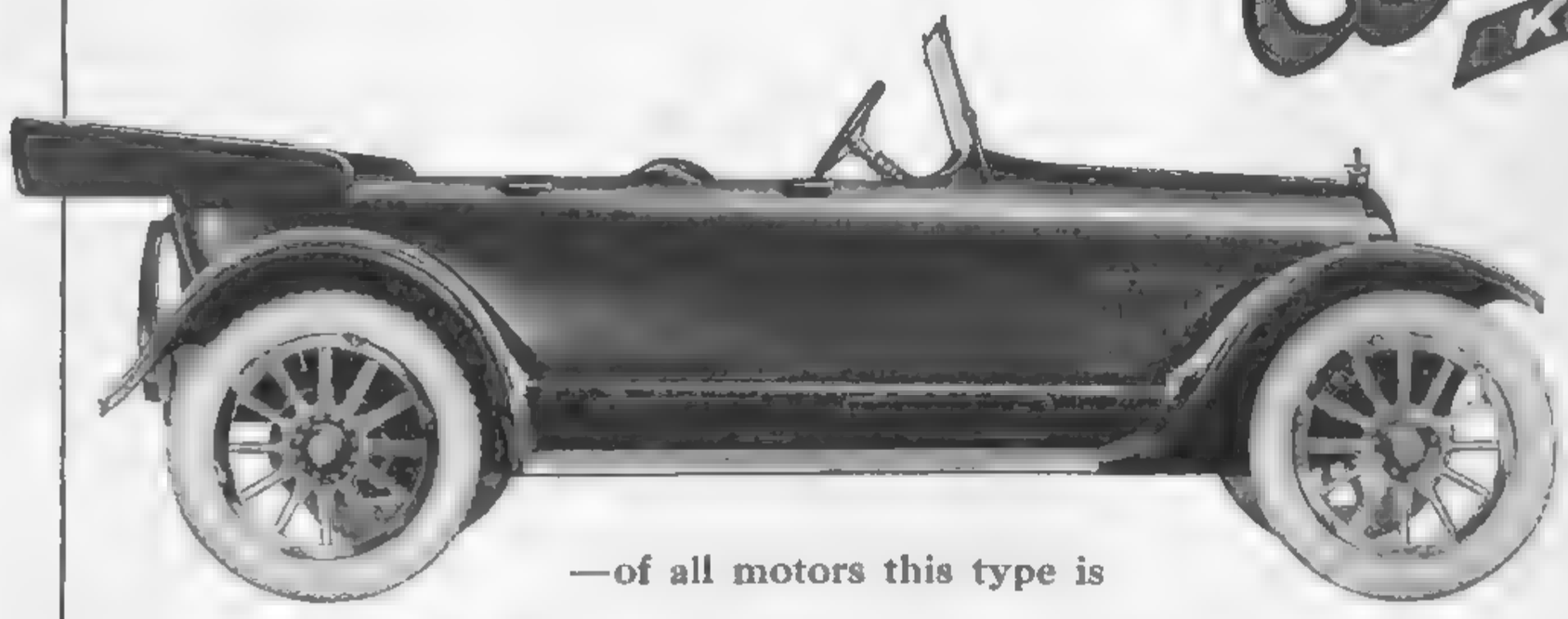
"The ransom," she said impatiently. "You don't suppose I fell for all that patriotic stuff, do you?"

I could only stare at her in dumb rage.

"At first, of course," she said, "I thought you were white slavers. But I've got it now. The other game is different. Oh, I may come from a small town, but I'm not unsophisticated. You people didn't send

(Continued on Page 68)

Willys Knight



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Continued from Page 66)

my father those Black-Hand letters he's been getting lately, I suppose?".

"Tish!" I called sharply.

But Tish had stopped and was listening intently. Suddenly she said "Run!"

There was a sort of pounding noise somewhere behind, and Aggie screeched that it was the Knowles bull loose on the road. I thought it quite likely, and as we had once had a very unpleasant time with it—spending the entire night in the Knowles pigpen, with the animal putting his horns through the chinks every now and then—I dropped the suitcase and ran. Myrtle ran, too, and we reached the farmhouse in safety.

It was then that we realized that the sound was the pursuing car, bumping along slowly on four flat tires. Tish shut and bolted the door, and as the windows were closed with wooden frames, nailed on, we were then in darkness. We could hear the runabout, however, thudding slowly up the drive, and the voices of Mr. Culver and the policeman as they tried the door and the window shutters.

Tish stood just inside the door, and Myrtle was just beside me. Aggie had collapsed on a hall chair. I have, I think, neglected to say that the farmhouse was furnished. Tish's mother used to go out there every summer, and she was a great woman for being comfortable.

At last Mr. Culver came to the front door and spoke through it.

"Hello, inside there!" he called in a furious voice. As no one replied he then banged at the door, and from the sound I fancy the policeman was hammering also, with his mace. "Open, in the name of the law!" bellowed the policeman.

"Stop that racket," Tish replied sternly, "or I shall fire."

Of course she had no weapon, but they did not know this. We could hear Mr. Culver telling the policeman to keep back, as he knew us, and we had any other set of desperadoes he had ever heard of beaten for recklessness with a gun.

There was a moment's silence, during which I heard Aggie's knitting needles going furiously. She learned to knit by touch once when she had iritis and was obliged to finish a slumber robe in time for Tish's birthday. So the darkness did not trouble her, and I knew she was knitting to compose herself.

Tish then stood inside the door and delivered through it one of the most inspiring patriotic speeches I have ever heard. She spoke of our long tolerance, while the world waited; then of the decision, and the call to arms. She said that the sons of the nation were rising that day in their might.

"But," she finished, "there are some among us who would shirk, would avoid the high and lofty duty. There are some who would profane the name of love, and hide behind it to save their own cowardly skins. To these ignoble ones there is but one course left open. Go! Put your name on the roster of your country as a free man, unmarried and without impediments of any sort. Then return, and these doors will fly open before the magic of a blue card!"

It was at that time, we learned later, that the policeman, who was but a rough and untutored type, decided that Tish was insane—how often, alas, is genuis thus mistaken!—and started off for the Knowles farm to bring help. Mr. Culver made no reply to Tish's speech, and we learned later he had gone away in the midst of it. Later on he was reported by Aggie, who looked out from an upper window, to be sitting under the chestnut tree where he had once rescued Tish's black alpaca skirt, sulking and watching.

Tish then went up and spoke to him from the window.

"See here," she said angrily, "do you think that I did not mean what I said through that door?"

He had the audacity to yawn.

"I didn't hear all of it," he said. "But judging from what I know of you, I dare say you meant it. Would you mind tossing me a tin cup or something to drink out of?"

"You are not going back to town to register, then?"

"It's early," he replied coolly. "If you mean do I intend to walk back, I do not. I shall wait for the sheriff and the posse."

It was then that Tish saw the policeman crossing a field toward the Knowles farm and she tried to reason with the young man. But he dropped his pretense of indifference, and would not even listen to her.

"I've only one thing to say," he said fiercely: "you be careful of that young lady! As to whether I register or not, that's my business and has nothing to do with the case. When you open that door and send her out, with four good tires to take the place of the ones you ruined, I'll talk to you—and not before!"

He then got up and walked away, and Tish came downstairs and lighted a candle with hands that shook with rage. We had heard the entire conversation, and I could see that Aggie was as white as wax.

Well, the situation was really desperate, but Tish's face forbade questions. Aggie ventured to observe that perhaps it would be better to unlock the door and release the girl, but Tish only gave her a ferocious glance.

"I am doing my duty," she said firmly. "I have done nothing for which the law can punish me. If a young lady comes willingly into my car for a ride, as you did"— she turned sharply to Myrtle—"and if a young fool chooses to sit in my front yard instead of registering to serve his country, it is not my fault. As a matter of fact I can probably have him arrested for trespass."

As I have said, the farmhouse is still furnished with Tish's mother's things. She was a Biggs, and all the things the Biggses had not wanted for sixty years were in the house. So at least we had chairs to sit on, and if we had only had water, for we were all thirsty from excitement and dust, we could have been fairly comfortable.

"And I want to wash," Myrtle said fretfully. "If I could wash I'd change my blouse and look like something."

"For whom?" Tish demanded. "For that slacker outside?"

Suddenly Myrtle laughed. She had been in tears for so long that it surprised us We all stared at her, but she seemed to get worse and worse.

"She's hysterical, poor child," Aggie said, feeling for her smelling salts. "I don't know that I blame her, Tish. No one knows better than I do what it is to expect to be married, and then find the divine hand of Providence intervening."

But Myrtle suddenly walked over to Aggie and, stooping, kissed her on the top of her right ear.

"You dear thing!" she said. "I still don't get all the idea, but I don't much care if I don't. I haven't had so much excitement since I ran away from boarding school."

She then straightened and looked at Tish. It was clear that her feeling for dear Tish was still vague, but was rather more of respect than of love.

"As for the—the young man outside," she said, "I seem to gather that he hasn't registered, and that I am not to marry him until he has. Very well! I hadn't thought about it before, but that speech of yours—— Suppose you tell him that I won't marry him until he has a—a magic blue card. I should like to see his face!"

But Tish is a woman of delicacy, and she suggested that Myrtle do it herself, from an upper window. I went up with her, and we found Mr. Culver again under the tree. The conversation ran like this:

MYRTLE (*looking very pretty indeed but very firm*): Look here! I—I've decided not to marry you.

MR. CULVER (*rousing suddenly and staring up at her*): I beg your pardon!

MYRTLE: I know now that I was making a terrible mistake. No matter how much I care for you, I cannot marry a slacker.

MR. C. (*furiously angry and glaring at her*): You know better than that!

MYRTLE: Not at all! Can you deny that you haven't registered yet?

MR. C.: What's that got to do with it? I dare say I'm losing my mind. It wouldn't be much wonder if I have. When I think of the way I've suffered lately—look at me!

MYRTLE (*in a somewhat softened voice*): Have you really suffered?

MR. C.: I? Good Lord, Myrtle—why, I haven't slept for weeks! I ——

But here he stopped, with his eyes fixed on the roof overhead.

"Watch out!" he yelled. "Get back! Myrtle, she'll fall on you!"

"Not at all," said Tish's calm voice from overhead. There was a rasping sound, and then a long wire fell past the window. "Now," she called triumphantly, "let your policeman telephone for the sheriff and a posse! That was a party wire, and that farmhouse over there is on it. There isn't another telephone for ten miles."

Well, I looked round for Myrtle, and she was on the guest-room bed, face down.

"Oh," she groaned, "I wouldn't have missed it for a trip to Europe. And his

face! Miss Lizzie, did you see his face?" She then got up suddenly and put her arms round me. "I'm simply madly happy, Miss Lizzie!" she said. "I have to kiss somebody, and since he—may I kiss you?"

Well, of course I allowed her to, but I was puzzled. It was not natural, somehow.

We went down soon after, and Myrtle said that Mr. Culver was bringing some water from the well, and would he be allowed to come in with it? But Tish was firm on this point. She gave her consent, however, to his leaving the pail on the porch and then retiring to the chestnut tree. He did so, whistling to signify that he was at a safe distance; and I then carried it in.

"I say," he called to me when he saw me, "this situation' is getting on my nerves. I carried off that policeman, for one thing. He was on duty."

"You needn't stay here."

"I dare say not," he replied rather bitterly. "But what I want to ask is this: Won't it be deucedly unpleasant for you three when I report that you deliberately put my car out of commission so I could not get back by nine o'clock to register? Of course," he went on, "a box of tacks may have spilled itself on the road, but I never heard of a barbed-wire fence's trying to crawl across a road and getting run over, like a snake."

I reported this to Tish, and I saw that she was uneasy, although she merely remarked that he still had two legs, and that she had not asked him to follow us. All she had set out to do was to see that he didn't get married before he registered, and she was doing that to the best of her ability. The rest was his affair.

It was six o'clock by that time, and Tish had had nothing to eat since five in the morning, and none of us had had any luncheon. Although a woman who thinks little or nothing of food, I found her shortly afterward in the pantry, looking into jars. There was nothing, however, except some salt, a little baking powder and a package of dried sage. But Aggie, going to an attic window to look for the policeman, discovered about a quart of flour in a barrel up there and, scraping it out, brought it down.

"I might bake some biscuits, Tish," she suggested. "I feel that I'll have to have some nourishment. I'm so weak that my knees shake."

"Myrtle," Tish said abruptly, with that quick decision so characteristic of her, "you might tell that worthless young man of yours to look in the granary. Sometimes the Knowles hens come over here, and I dare say they've eaten enough off the place to pay for the eggs."

But Myrtle, after a conference from the window, reported that Mr. Culver had said he would get the eggs, if there were any, on condition that he get his *pro rata* share of them.

"If there are ten eggs," she said, "he wants two. And if there is an odd number, he claims the odd one."

This irritated Tish, but at last she grudgingly consented. In a short time, therefore, Mr. Culver knocked at the kitchen door.

"I am leaving," he said, "eleven eggs—eight of undoubted respectability, two questionable, and one that I should advise opening into a saucer first. Also some corn meal from the granary. And if you will set out a pail, and come after me if I am wounded, I shall go after a cow that I see in yon sylvan vale."

His voice was strangely cheerful, but indeed the prospect of food had cheered us all, although I could see that Tish was growing more and more anxious as time went on and no policeman appeared in the Knowles machine. However, we worked busily—Myrtle building a fire and setting the table with the Biggs dishes, and Aggie making biscuits, without shortening, while Tish stirred the corn-meal mush.

"Many a soldier in the trenches," she said, "would be grateful for such a frugal meal. When one reflects that the total cost of mush and milk is but a trifle ——"

Here, however, we were interrupted by Mr. Culver outside. He spoke in gasps and we heard the pail clatter to the porch floor.

"I regretfully report"—he said through the keyhole—"no milk. Wrong sex. Sorry!"

Ten of the eggs proving good, we placed two of them on a plate with three biscuits and a bowl of mush, and Tish carried it out, placing it on the floor of the porch much as she would have set it out for the dog.

"Here!" she called. "And when you have finished you might go after that accomplice of yours. He's probably asleep somewhere."

"Dear lady," said Mr. Culver, "I would, but I dare not. A fiery creature, breathing fury from its nostrils, is abroad and ——"

But Tish came in and slammed the door.

It was after supper that we missed Tish. She was nowhere in the house, and the kitchen door, which had been bolted, was unlocked. Aggie wrung her hands, but Myrtle was quite calm.

"I shouldn't worry about her," she said. "She's about as well able to take care of herself as any woman I ever saw."

It was now quite dark, and our fears increased. But soon afterward Tish came in. She went to the stove and pouring out a cup of hot water drank it in silence. Then she said:

"I've been to the Knowles'. The dratted idiots are all away, probably at the schoolhouse, registering. The car's gone, and the house is closed."

"And the policeman?" I asked.

"I didn't see him," said Tish. But she did not look at me. She fell to pacing up and down the kitchen, deep in thought.

"What time is it, Lizzie?" she asked.

"Almost eight."

Here Tish gave what in another woman would have been a groan.

"It's raining," she observed, and fell to pacing again. At last she told me to follow her outside, and I went, feeling that she had at last made a decision. Her attitude throughout her period of cogitation had been not unlike that of Napoleon before Waterloo. There were the same bent head and clasped hands, the same melancholy mixed with determination.

Mr. Culver was sitting under his tree, with his coat collar turned up round his neck. Tish stopped and surveyed him with gentle dignity.

"You may enter the house," she said. "The country will gain nothing by your having pneumonia, although personally I am indifferent. And, after thinking over your case, I have come to this decision." She paused, as for oratorical effect. "I shall deliver you to your registration precinct by nine o'clock," she said impressively, "and immediately after that I shall see that you two are married. I am not young," she went on, "and perhaps I do not think enough of sentiment. But it shall never be said of me that I parted two loving hearts, one of which may, before the snow flies, be still and pulseless in a foreign grave."

She then, still with that new air of melancholy majesty, led me to the barn, leaving him staring.

It was there, by means of a key hanging round her neck, that Letitia Carberry, great-hearted woman and patriot that she is, bared her inner heart to me. In the barn was a large and handsome ambulance, with large red crosses on sides and top, which she had offered to the Government if she might drive it herself. But the Government, which she was even then so heroically serving, had refused her permission, and Tish had buried her disappointment in the bucolic solitude of her farm.

Such, in brief, was Tish's tragic secret.

"I shall take it into the city to-night, Lizzie," she said heavily. "And to-morrow I shall present it to the Red Cross. Some other hand than mine will steer it through shot and shell, and ultimately into Berlin. It has everything. There's a soup compartment and—well," she finished, "it is doing its work, even to-night. Get in!"

We found Aggie on the porch, having with her usual delicacy of feeling left the lovers alone inside.

When she saw the ambulance, however, she fell to sneezing violently, crying out between paroxysms that if Tish was going to the war she was, also. But Tish hushed her sternly.

There was a good engine in the ambulance. Tish said she had ordered a fast one, because it was often necessary to run between shells, as it were. She then shoved on the gas as far as it would go, and we were off. After a time, finding it impossible to sit on the folding seats inside, we all sat on the floor, and I believe Mr. Culver held Myrtle's hand all the way.

He said little, beyond observing once that he felt a trifle queer about leaving the policeman, who had been on duty when he picked him up at the courthouse, and who was now lost, some forty-five miles from home, in a strange land.

I am glad, in this public manner, to correct the report that on the evening of June fifth a German Zeppelin made a raid over our county, and that the wounded were hurried to the city in a Red Cross ambulance, traveling at breakneck speed.

At nine o'clock Mr. Culver was registered at Engine House Number Eleven, Fourteenth Ward, Third Precinct.

At nine-fifteen Mr. Culver and Myrtle were married at the same address by Mr. Ostermaier, standing in front of the fire truck.

But this should be related in detail. So bitter was Charlie Sands, so uneasy about the license, and so on, that I feel in fairness to Tish that I should relate exactly what happened:

At ten o'clock that night everything was over, and we had gathered in Tish's apartment while Hannah broiled a steak—for Tish felt that the occasion permitted a certain extravagance—when Charlie Sands came in. Behind him was a disheveled young man with wild eyes and a suitcase.

Charlie Sands stood and glared at us.

"Well!" he said. And then, "Where's the young lady?"

"What young lady?" asked Tish coldly.

The young man stepped forward with his fists clenched.

"Mine!" he bellowed. "Mine! Don't deny it! I recognize you! I saw you—the lot of you. I saw you drag her into a car and kidnap her. I saw that ass, Culver, and a policeman chasing you in another car. Oh, I know you, all right! Didn't I pay twenty-two dollars for a taxicab that got three punctures all at once thirty miles from the city? Now where is she?"

"Just a moment," said Tish's nephew, holding him back by an arm across his chest. "Just remember that whatever my aunt has done was done with the best intentions."

"D—— her intentions! I want Myrtle!"

The dreadful truth must have come to Tish at that moment, as it did to the rest of us. I know that she turned pale. But she rose and pointed magnificently to the door.

"Leave my apartment!" she said majestically. And to Charlie Sands: "Take that madman away and lock him up. Then, if you have anything to say to me, come back alone."

"Not a step!" said the young man. "Where's my marriage license? Where's ——" But Charlie Sands pushed him out into the hallway and closed the door on him. Then, with folded arms, he surveyed us.

"That's right!" he said. "Knit! I believe most pirates knit on off days. Now, Aunt Letitia, I want the whole story."

"Story?"

"About the license. He says the girl has the license."

"What license?"

"Don't evade!" he said sternly. "Where were you this afternoon?"

"If you want the truth," said Tish—"although it's none of your business, Charlie Sands, and you can unfold your arms, because the pose has no effect on me—I was out rounding up a young man who had not registered. I got him and brought him into my precinct at five minutes to nine."

"And that's the truth?"

"Go and ask Mr. Ostermaier," said Tish in a bored tone.

"But this boy outside ——"

"Look here," Tish said suddenly, "go and ask that noisy young idiot for his blue card. It's my belief he hasn't registered, and more than likely he's been making all this fuss so he'll have an excuse if he's found out. How do we know," she went on, gaining force with each word, "that there is a Myrtle?"

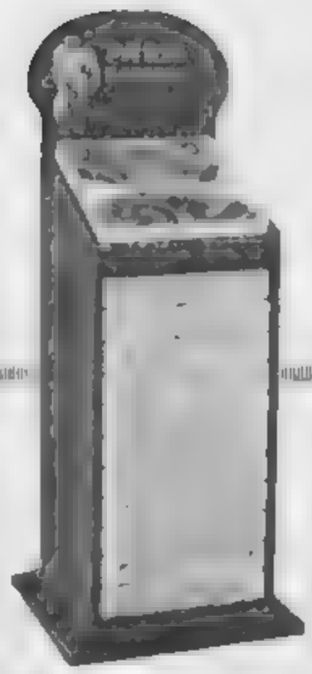
"By George!" said Charlie Sands, and disappeared.

It was then, for the first time in her valiant life, that I saw our Tish weaken.

"Lizzie!" she groaned, leaning back in her chair. "That Culver was married with another man's name on the license. What's more, I married him to that flibbertigibbet who had just jilted him. What have I done? Oh, what have I done!"

"They both seemed happy, Tish," I tried to soothe her. But she refused all consolation, and merely called Hannah and asked for some blackberry cordial. She drank fully half a tumblerful and had recovered her poise by the time Charlie Sands stuck his head through the door again.

"You're right, most shrewd of aunts," he said. "He's been playing me for a sucker all right. Not a blue card on him! And he belongs out of town, so it's too late."



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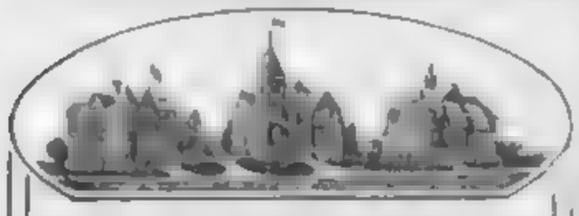

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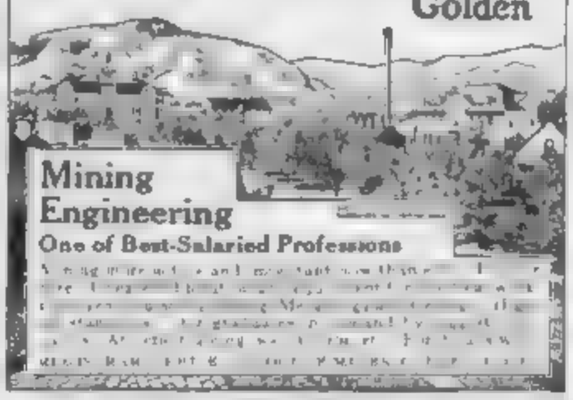

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"It's a jail matter," said Tish, knitting calmly, although we afterward discovered that she had put a heel on the wristlet she was making. "You'd better get his name, and I'll notify the sheriff of his county in the morning."

Charlie Sands came over to her and stood looking down at her.

"Aunt Tish," he said, "I believe you. I believe you firmly. I shall not even ask about a young man named Culver, who went to get our marriage-license list at the courthouse this afternoon and has not been seen since. But I want to bring a small matter to your attention: That policeman had not registered."

He then turned and went toward the door.

"But I did, dear Aunt Letitia," he said—and was gone.

Tish came to see me the next afternoon, bringing the paper, which contained a glowing account of her gift to the local Red Cross of a fine ambulance. An editorial comment spoke of her public spirit, which for so many years had made her a conspicuous figure in all civic work.

"The city," it finished, "can do with many like our Miss 'Tish' Carberry."

But Tish showed no exultation. She sat in a rocking chair and rocked slowly.

"Read the next editorial, Lizzie," she said in a low voice.

I have it before me now, cut out rather raggedly, for I confess I was far from calm when I did it.

A Shameful Incident

Perhaps nothing has so exposed this city to criticism as the conduct of Officer Flinn, as shown in a news item in our columns exclusively. Officer Flinn has been five years on the police force of this city. He has until now borne an excellent record.

But he did not register yesterday, and on limping into the Central Station this morning told a story manifestly intended to indicate temporary insanity and thus still further to disqualify him for the service of his country. His statement of seeing three elderly women kidnap a young girl from in front of the courthouse, with his further statement of following the kidnapers far into the country—with a young man he cannot now produce—is sufficiently outrageous.

But, not satisfied with this, the inventive ex-officer went further and added a night in a pigpen, constantly threatened by a savage bull, and a journey of forty-five miles on foot, when, early this morning, the animal retired for a belated sleep!

Representatives of this paper, investigating this curious situation, found the farmhouse which Officer Flinn described as being the den of the kidnapers and which he stated he had left in a state of siege—the bandits and their victim within, and the young man who had accompanied the officer, without. Needless to say, nothing bore out his story. A young married couple, named Culver, who are spending their honeymoon there, knew nothing of the circumstances, although stating that they believed a neighboring family possessed a belligerent bull.

It is a regrettable fact that the only scandal which marred a fine and patriotic outburst of national feeling yesterday should have involved the city organization. Is it not time that loyal citizens demand an investigation into ——

"Never mind the rest, Lizzie," Tish said wearily. "I suppose I'll have to get him something to do, but I don't know what, unless I employ him to follow me round and arrest me when I act like a drafted fool."

She sighed and rocked slowly.

"Another thing, Lizzie," she said: "I don't know but what Aggie was right about Charlie Sands. I've been thinking it over, and I guess it was evening, for I remember seeing a new moon just before he came, and wishing he would be a girl. But I guess I was too late. If I'd known about this war I'd have wished it sooner. I'm a broken woman, Lizzie," she finished.

She put on her hat wrong side before, but I had not the heart to tell her, and went away.

However, late that evening she called me up, and her voice was not the voice of a broken creature.

"I thought you might like to come over, Lizzie," she said. "That woman below has told the janitor she is going to pour ammonia water down on my tomato plants to-night, and I am making a few small preparations."

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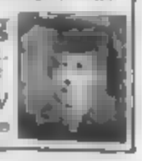

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Manager of the Girls' Club

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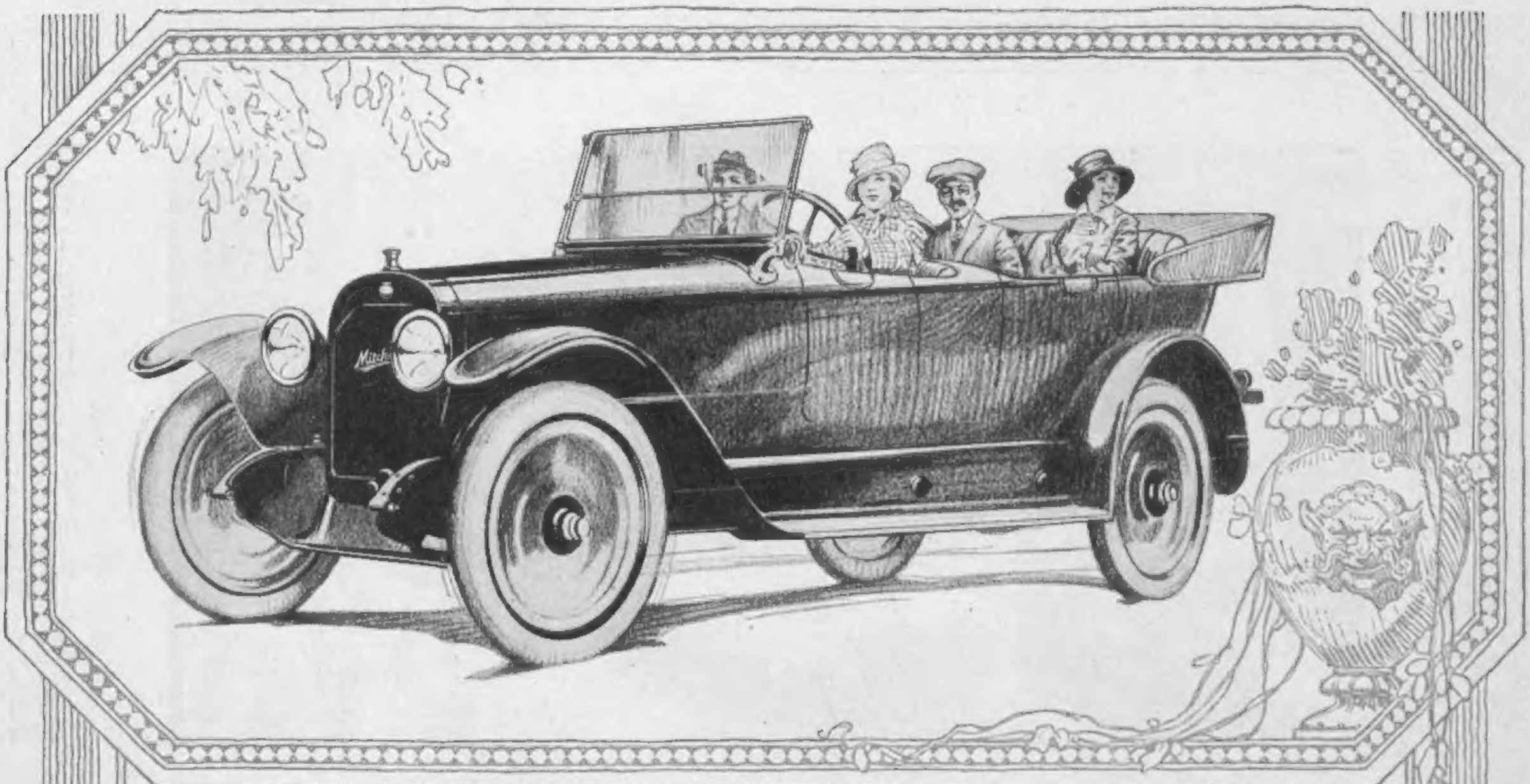

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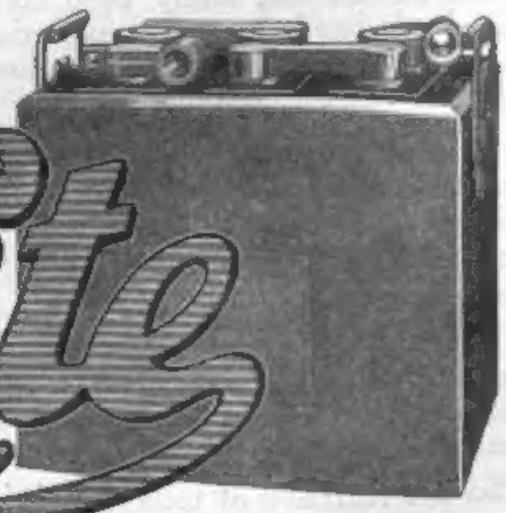

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